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Bachelors of Arts

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON STEVENSON

I REMEMBER Paley dropping the newspaper and stretching his arms over his head in one of those enormous yawns of his ending with a sort of gratified groan; and this parable:

"They are just like ants! Something happens, like stumping your toe, and you turn up the ant-hill—and notice 'em for the first time. You haven't even thought of 'em before, but there they are all the time busy as the deuce, working like—like ants."

Paley isn't very good at parables; his verbal forte is explicitness. The idea thus shabbily clothed was that the progress of science was for the greater part of the time unnoticed by all the Roger Paleys, an unoriginal and irrefutable truth.

"Remember Jenkins?" he inquired.

I did. For two years he had lived on the same staircase in a college dormitory with Paley and me.

"Well, wasn't he just like an ant?"

I admitted I saw the point. That is one of the charms of Roger Paley. Any point he makes is invariably visible.

"Now look at him," continued Paley, "just look at him!" he entreated.

He stirred the newspaper which had fallen to floor with the toe of his shoe. The name was spelt in headlines in that paper: "Professor Thomas W. Jenkins." He was about to receive his fourth degree that very June, and a Frenchman with innumerable degrees was crossing the Atlantic Ocean to confer on him a sensational scrap of red ribbon.

"Just look at him," repeated Paley.

"You ought to be ashamed to look at him," I observed.

"Why?" said Paley, "I got a ribbon too, haven't I?"

That was true; he had. But then Roger got his ribbon for not being afraid, and it was about as difficult for him not to be afraid as for a wolf to be hungry; while it must have been unimaginably difficult for even Jenkins's industry to have spied out so thoroughly that a tiny fraction of an atom of lead that got him his ribbon; industry and patience and intellect and courage too. There was really no comparison fairly to be made between the two ribbons.

I pointed this out to Paley. We were having lunch together down-town at Piatt's, and being habit-bound animals were waiting for a particular table in that little front room at Piatt's that aforetime was the bar.

"There is no comparison possible," I pointed, "and besides, you oughtn't to brag about it."

"I didn't say there was any comparison." Roger flushed up like a little boy. "And I wasn't bragging either, and you know it. All I said was he was like an ant."

"Bug!" I retorted. "That's just it. He's an insect, and a great hulking thing like you who never had an idea in his life—what do you suppose a fellow like you figures as compared to a man of genius in the eyes of the Supreme Intellect?"

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"In the eye of the what?" asked Paley.

"The Supreme Intellect," I repeated.

"Good Lord," said Paley, "Now you've got me all balled up. I meant ant as a sort of compliment."

"You should be more careful about your flattery," I warned him, "when you talk of men of genius."

He had got up, at a signal from a waiter, and stood looking down at me—very far down. "You are awfully personal about men of genius to-day. Supreme Intellects! You haven't started any particular brain waves yourself, have you, recently? What do you want me to do with the fellow? Go down there and black his boots or kiss him, or something!"

"You might," I suggested, "invite him up here to dinner."

"Really?" He stood looking down at me with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets.

I nodded.

"Why he probably wouldn't even remember who I am," he objected.

Remember him! I remembered Jenkins, the shabby, timid little figure climbing past our door on that old college staircase, up, up to his own room at the very topmost height. I remembered the quivering eagerness, the sudden illumination of that sad little face when, as I saw happen once or twice, it had a nod to respond to from that other, that swift gaily clad triumphant figure bounding up or down that same staircase. Roger Paley will always have a certain radiance about him, no humanly possible number of years will ever quite dim it, but he will never again shine with the same pure effulgence of those years. Perhaps it is only the hot breath of youth, breathed forth in hero-worship, that can kindle it. Later, cooler, more judicial approbation can't blow any metal to such incandescence.

"Forget you!" I cried to Roger Paley in Piatt's little front room that aforetime was the bar; "he'll forget his atoms first."

Perhaps I was so sure because I had not been entirely unlike Thomas W. Jenkins in those days. Even then I looked upon Roger Paley with a sort of pride. After all there is something in wearing one's virtues easily. Roger's may not have been rare or difficult of acquirement, but as they were they sat upon him as gracefully as antlers on a stag.

"If you mean it," he said, "I'll do it."

Piatt's little front room has in its very darkest corner a writing-table. In fact it is officially a writing-room. I pointed to the almost invisible desk.

"But what are you going to call him?" I asked.

"What did we use to call him?" said Roger.

The truth slowly dawned that we had never called him anything.

"Lived in the same entry with him for years, in the same class, in the same college," Roger recounted slowly, "and never spoke to him. Oh damn, weren't we little rotters!"

"How about Tommy?" I suggested.

"Punk," said Roger, "what about Jenks?"

Beneath contempt I thought it.

Then Paley suffered what he is fond of describing as a brain wave. His pen scratched paper. "I'll call him," he announced, "'Professor.' But," he added over his shoulder, "quotation marks. Do you see?"

It seemed only a casual proceeding, the despatching of that letter from Piatt's little front room, one time the bar. In reality it was a ceremony. I did not recognize this at the time. True ceremonies are generally difficult to recognize; that's why they have to be emphasized so much. This not being emphasized at all, I missed its significance completely, failed quite to see that it was the christening of Thomas W. Jenkins by Roger, the establishing of one of the most mystic and powerful relations between the Vanity of Man and the Diversity of Things. To be sure, Paley did not invent Thomas W. or even discover him, but he named him. So Vespucius was probably the hottest one hundred per center of us all—far more than Columbus, who seems always to have been slightly pro-Indian. So doubtless many of Thomas W. Jenkins's fellows feel in their hearts for some fragment of the world's foundations. So baptism meets us at the threshold of all cults and creeds and mysteries. And so when Paley wrote down "Professor" in quotation-marks he assumed a sort of inward and spiritual guardianship for that eminent

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scientist that lives in his honest heart even to this day.

"See," he pointed out gleefully when he showed me the answer, "I hit the bulls-eye." The letter was signed "sincerely your old classmate the Professor."

"Pretty good, don't you think?" he asked.

"Splendid," I agreed. Paley had come to my office and was wasting what I endeavored to believe was my valuable time.

He sat down on the corner of the desk and put his feet on my chair-arm. To Paley no time was valuable.

"But why does he talk about academic duties?" he asked doubtfully. The Professor had regretted that just at that time his academic duties kept him at home. "Isn't that sort of laying it on a bit thick, don't you think?"

I thought it was not. I told him that to the mind of Professor Jenkins, academic duties were not distinctions. American universities, I explained, in my editorial manner, were still unfortunately subject to the needs and perversities of boys. In time, it was fondly believed, we might have universities without any boys in them. But that Elysian state was still in the future and meantime great scholars were still degraded by examinations and the punishment of sophomores for sticking pins in one another's trousers. Such were the Professor's academic duties; and certainly there was no laying it on thick in referring to them, was there?

Paley dropped his feet and agreed there was not, that it seemed to him more or less of a damn shame. "We will have to get hold of him later," he said firmly, and the baptismal spirit sounded in his voice as he said it.

It was there I first noticed it, and was a little alarmed. Paley is difficult to stop. He was called the greatest halfback of a decade, and it is the supreme virtue of a halfback to be difficult to stop. So I spoke to Elsie, Roger's wife, about it. I found her enthusiastic. Oh yes, she hoped that Roger would do it. She said the association was what he needed. It was speeches like that which illuminated the vast extent of Elsie's happiness.

"Good for whom?" I asked.

"For Roger, of course," she answered.

That had not been my idea at all, but I thought it best not to say so. In fact, like most meddlers, I was only too glad to get out of the affair by that time. Let her have my place and be grateful.

As a matter of fact she would have pushed me out, anyway. I verily believe she would not even have asked me to what was properly my own dinner. I recognized that only on the night of the third of June, when the dinner did, after two postponements, finally take place, and I found that I was assigned to Mrs. Thomas W. Jenkins.

Mrs. Jenkins wore black and it was the third of June and hot for that date. In addition she carried a lorgnette, a thing no woman can manage successfully on less than fifty thousand a year. She lifted the thing to her nose when I was introduced and said calmly, "You are the only person in the room I never heard of."

"Really?" said Elsie, with delight. "Why, he's a newspaper reporter and a great friend of Roger's."

I braced up to meet the glasses, confident of their fundamental sham, and met, flowing softly through them, the kindest, simplest glance any mortal ever encountered through so horrid an aperture. I instantly decided the lorgnette was a wedding present. Later in the evening, when we had become confidential, she told me the guess was correct. She had been married in Wakefield, Mississippi, where she and her husband had been born, and the glasses had been the graceful tribute from an uncle in Toledo, who apparently remembered nothing of the niece except that she was near-sighted. But by that time I would have forgiven her even if she had bought the machine expressly to look at me with.

The others, the ones whom Mrs. Jenkins had heard of, were solid proof of Elsie's authority: the president of the university, with that air of bland dignity all American presidents of things assume; two of the trustees, whose wives could have worn any number of lorgnettes but forbore; Professor Mielle, who had just crossed the Atlantic Ocean carrying Tom Jenkins's new ribbon, and a Mrs. McCarter, who was put next him because she once got a divorce in Paris and was supposed to speak French fluently in con-

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sequence. The extra man gave just that little touch of negligence which so distinguished a gathering needed. It was as perfect as Elsie could make it.

I turned to my neighbor in black. The lorgnette was down now in her lap. Her bare eyes were peering at the melon in front of her. When I made some comment on the people, she merely lifted her glasses and looked at the people thoroughly. She had beautiful brown eyes. They were incapable doubtless, as the uncle in Toledo remembered, but perhaps it was just this incapacity that made them so tremendously appealing. They were the prettiest eyes at the table, I thought, and I had a sudden desire to tell her so, I was so sure it was such a long time since Professor Jenkins had. It is one of my few philanthropic instincts. If I had to go around doing good, which God forbid, I should choose the job of paying compliments to women like Mrs. Jenkins. And I should make an awful mess of it too, if my experience with her should be typical.

"They make me feel so small," she had said, ending her scrutiny.

"They shouldn't," I replied; "you have the prettiest eyes and the most distinguished husband at the table."

She went on with her melon in silence. I thought I was snubbed and then she said quietly: "Even if it's true it doesn't do either of us much good. I can hardly see out of the eyes, and Tom . . . "

She paused.

"Yes," I urged. "And Tom! What about Tom?"

"Poor Tom," she said softly—so softly that I was not sure I was meant to hear. I thought it better to look at Tom intently. I did not remember him, but I had no difficulty in identifying the figure of the savant with the shabby little figure of the undergraduate who used to climb our staircase to the very topmost room. Elsie was being very attentive to him at that moment, and he reminded me somehow of a conscientious missionary being wooed by a cannibal princess. His collar was a great deal too large for him and inside it I could see his throat contracting and enlarging as if a great pulse-beat in it and his head nodded time to his hostess's observations.

"You are a great friend of Mr. Paley's, aren't you?" asked the little woman in black.

"That," I explained, "is my only reason for being here."

She put up her glasses and stared in her soft kind way at the silver centrepiece. "I used to hate him," she said suddenly.

"But," I exclaimed, "I never knew you knew him before."

"Know him," she repeated, "I have known him ever since his freshman year. I used to know the color of the socks he wore, the kind of cigarettes he smoked, the way he brushed his hair."

She went through the catalogue with her eyes still fixed on the centrepiece. When she had finished, and it was a good deal longer catalogue than this, she brought her eyes back to me and added gravely, "Poor Tom."

"I see," I answered.

I did see. I had even caught a glimpse of part of it before—his part of it—the little figure on the staircase. I had never an inkling of the other figure in Wakefield, Mississippi. I wondered, as I looked at her, how those eyes looked when they read the letters full of socks and cigarettes and the rest of the catalogue. When she glanced down the table at her host a moment I watched them and they were not—no, distinctly they were not—so altogether gentle as I had seen them. For the first time in my life a woman's eyes turned more softly to me than to Roger Paley.

I stifled my gratification with an aphorism, "None of us," I observed safely, "can have everything."

"No," she agreed, as I expected. She paused. Then she added, as I certainly did not expect: "But some of us can seem to."

The more I think of it, the more certain I become that just there she touched the heart of the matter. The true pathos of Tom Jenkins's fate was an invincible sincerity. He could never, however ardently he might aspire, appear other than what he was. A fair day's wage, in the economist's phrase, for a fair day's work, would probably always be his—an adequately filled pay envelope at the end of the week, but no sweetly unexpected dividends, no luscious unearned increment.

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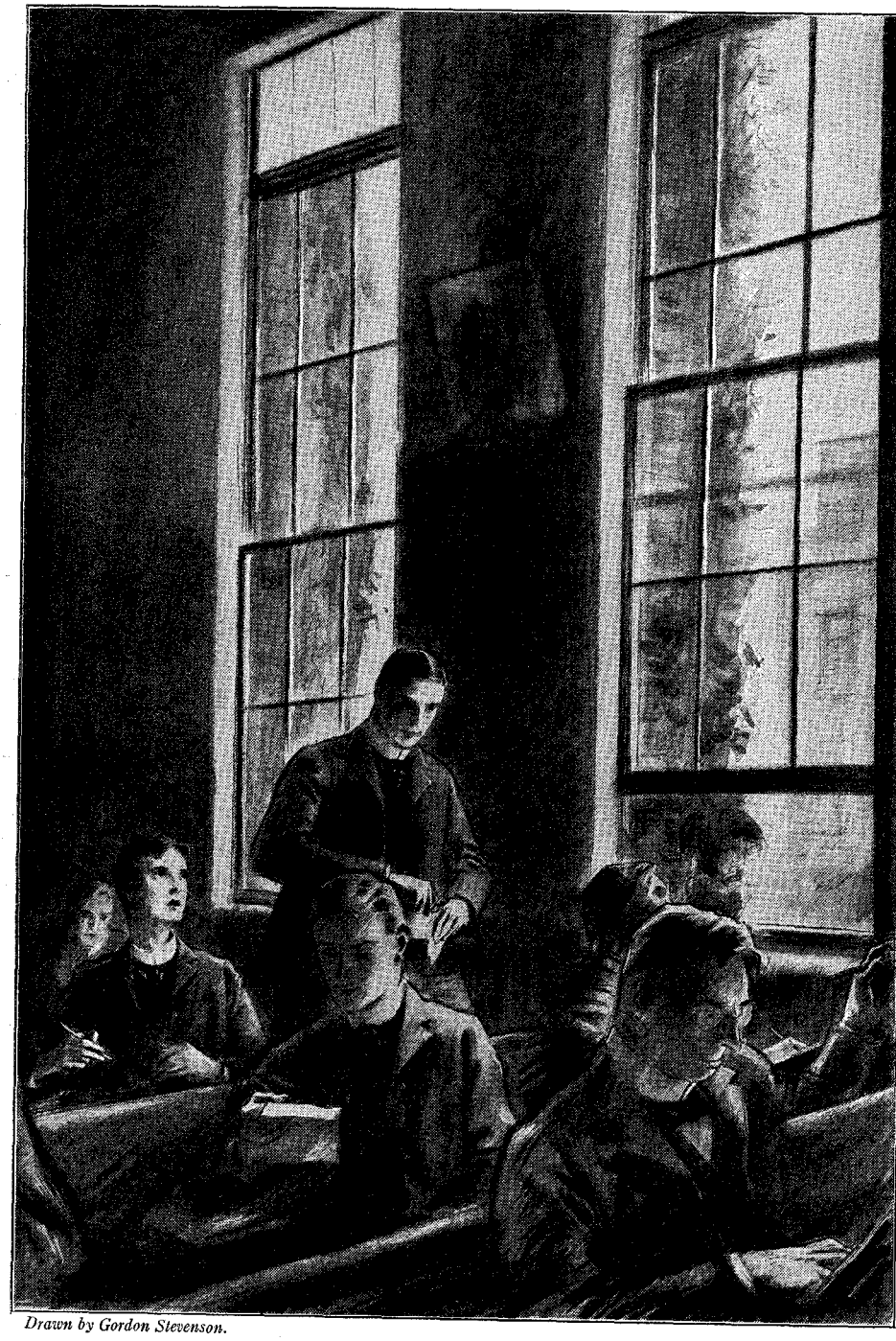

Drawn by Gordon Stevenson.

Then he read the paper of questions and just tore it up and threw it on the floor and walked out again.—Page 252.

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When she had pointed it out, this destiny seemed visibly stamped upon him in that company. Two feet away sat one of the richest trustees in the world, Fortescue Lloyd, with his nobly filled shirt front, his immaculate skin, his pure white hair and mustache and eyebrows which seventy years of stiff brushing had moulded to the consistency of fine wax, with his string of honorary degrees and directorships and presidencies—what a magnificent philanthropic old brigand he was, how gloriously he had looted life!

But the little black witch at my side waved her broomstick, and the immoral vision passed. "It really doesn't matter," she was saying, "except with the boys."

She had turned away to struggle with an immense fish the servant had thrust under her elbow.

"You mean his classes?" I asked.

She was silent, absorbed in her struggle, striving to draw out Leviathan with a spoon.

"They give him a great deal of trouble," she explained presently.

I supposed they would; I have long believed that turning over men of thought as teachers to boys was the last survival of the gladiatorial games.

"He simply can't manage them," she said severely.

"It's more difficult," I explained, "to —to just *seem* to boys."

"Is it?" she appeared doubtful. "I don't know; mine are all girls. And I am very glad of it."

I hastily agreed: "I loathe boys."

"Beasts!"

The word seemed to form on her lips and float out, a soft butterfly of sound, by itself over the table. It seemed to touch with strange emphasis the foreign ear of Dr. Mielle.

"Be-yeasts," he repeated vaguely, "What is it a be-yeasts?"

Mrs. Jenkins bowed her head over her plate, so I answered for her.

"Boys," I explained.

"Une espèce d'animal," translated the fluent Mrs. McCarter, and the savant's eyeglasses glittered as he bowed his head again before her fluency.

"I didn't know they were listening," whispered Mrs. Jenkins.

"They aren't any more," I assured her.

"It might be serious, you know," she explained, "if the president heard—. They are so particular about it—discipline, influence." She raised her eyes frankly to mine, and her voice rose too, "it's his weakness, you see—Tom's—influence, discipline. He hasn't any."

"What does it matter," I argued, "if he has everything else?"

She sighed. "That's just the way Tom talks," she said.

Strangely I did not feel flattered by the comparison as she made it.

"Now *he*," she said, and, though she did not stir a finger, the pronoun struck Roger Paley as unmistakably as if she had thrown a potato at him. "Now he would do all that so splendidly."

I was silent. I was quite as ready to throw Paley to the wolves for her as Paley was to do so to me for that perfectly commonplace woman he married, but I didn't care to betray him at his own dinner-table. So I was silent.

"And yet," continued Mrs. Jenkins serenely, "he couldn't even graduate."

"Oh," I interrupted.

"No," she insisted, "He never really got any degree."

When I met her glance I knew better than to insist. Instead I asked, "Tell me about it."

Ten days later I retold her story at the alumni luncheon, but I did not tell all of it. I only repeated the scandalous part of it. That audience was not fit to hear it all. It was an immense gathering in the university gymnasium and a great part of that dinner company was there: The president and the same two trustees, and Roger and Professor Mielle, the guest of honor on both occasions; and when I finished there was a roar of applause that made even the undergraduates outside jealous for their favorite sport. But when she told it there was at the end only a soft rustle of murmur from chairs and skirts, for the telling lasted from that big fish to the end of the ices.

"We weren't engaged until later," she began.

I nodded.

"So those first two years at college were awfully lonely for Tom. Oh, you know, I sometimes think he has never got over how lonely he was. He some-

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times shows me places he still remembers being lonely in. He had a room very high up in one of the older dormitories, over Mr. Paley's, and he told me he used to like to sit at the window there just because he could see the railroad tracks that led back home."

What a splendid audience she had! How much better than mine I could remember that dormitory. I could remember those rails, though I had never looked at them very much.

"Later," she went on, "things were a little better. But it happened just at the end of them. Tom, you know, was awfully poor. His people in Wakefield were even poorer than mine. His father was a minister and awfully strict. And I don't suppose Tom could afford much fun even if you all had asked him to—so he just went around by himself and studied terribly hard."

I could have told her all of this as well as she told it to me, and she seemed suddenly to remember this because she said: "probably you know all this, anyway."

"A little," I had to admit.

She frowned and looked away and just for an instant her glance rested on Paley.

"It was then, I suppose," she went on, "he got so silly about your friend Mr. Paley. He was captain of something or other, wasn't he?"

"He was about everything," I said, "that we all wanted to be then."

"Well, Tom thought he was, anyway. I suppose you all despised him and I don't blame you. I even did myself, though I understood it better. He had always been an awfully lonely boy. His father was so strict with him. There wasn't very much to do in Wakefield, but what little there was Tom did less than anybody else. So when he got up there among all those strangers I suppose he just naturally took a back seat."

Quite unconsciously she had drifted back in her narrative to Mississippi, I could see. It was "up there" and "among all those strangers," though she had lived up there among them now more than half her life. It is the first half as well as the first step that costs. There was even a dash of her old accent when she spoke of Roger.

"I suppose maybe I was jealous of him. Almost anybody would have been in my place. And I used to hate him. I don't any more. I don't admiah Mr. Paley, but I don't dislike him."

"You might even admire him," I ventured, "if you knew him better."

"Maybe," she answered; "certainly Tom did. He wrote more about him than anything else. And I have always thought maybe it was the only thing Tom wasn't quite truthful about—I mean seeing a good deal of him. Did he?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, "they used to see each other nearly every day at one time, I imagine."

"Where?" she asked.

"Oh, just around," I answered.

"Perhaps," was her reply but I knew from the word that I had wasted breath.

For the first time I saw her look across the table at her husband. It was not a particularly tender glance. "Sometimes," she said, "when I think of his doing it I could shake him."

I was not the only one who detected that glance. Fortescue Lloyd, who rarely missed anything that was close to him, nodded to her with a laugh. "Why didn't you shake him, then, Mrs. Jenkins?" he called out. "That is what I am always urging, you know, shaking up these great scientists. That's my métier."

The little woman in black actually quivered. I thought for an instant she would collapse quite into stammering embarrassment at so direct a shot from so great a gun. I imagine it was the most public moment of her life. Never before had so direct a beam from so great a light fallen upon her. And at the signal every other countenance at the table turned upon her too. She was centred as fairly by the whole cluster as any prima donna of comic opera in the first act. Our whispered tête-à-tête was thus suddenly lifted up into a great dramatic dialogue. It was a close thing. For a moment I thought the wedding present of the uncle in Toledo was snapped, she grasped it so in both hands. Then she rose fairly steadily, evenly to the levels of her occasion.

"Shall I, Tom?" she asked.

By Jove, she was the prima donna of that table. And it was her first act—the first of all her life. Nobody heard

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what Tom said. Probably he said nothing, merely gulped and got red.

"It was just something awfully silly Tom did when he was in college. I didn't know anybody else could hear—I didn't believe anybody else ever did hear of it except us."

It did not occur to me then, but since I have puzzled over the disingenuousness of that speech. Had she meant nobody except me to hear? Or was it all—? It is only these simple, sincere timid women that arouse suspicions like that.

"Maybe," she ventured, "some of you won't think he did right. I know his father wouldn't if he had ever heard of it." She turned her glance full upon the president. "Maybe you won't either."

The president, muttering something about the statute of limitations, shrank visibly in his chair—just as if he had been singled out from the stage by a real prima donna of musical comedy.

"Tom, you know, was a great friend of Mr. Paley's. They were classmates and they had rooms near together. Didn't you, Mr. Paley?"

Paley only nodded and emptied his glass nervously, but on the whole held his ground much more firmly than the president had done.

She turned to Professor Mielle. It was rather like watching an expert billiard player. I wondered what pocket she was going to put him in. "Mr. Paley," she explained, "was a great athlete, a very great athlete, but perhaps you don't understand what a great athlete is, Professor?"

Then I saw exactly what pocket she was going to put him in. He answered explosively, "Ah, yes, truly, magnificent, splendid."

"Well," she paused as if carefully considering this definition an instant, "then that's what Mr. Paley was, and Tom wasn't an athlete at all. He studied all the time."

She held the great Frenchman's eye.

"Splendid," he ejaculated, "a combined American. Together they dominated the college."

The thought of Tom Jenkins dominating made me look thoughtfully at Paley. He was pink and twitchy and looked away.

"I never heard Tom say that," she answered, "but that's perhaps what they did. You see, Mr. Paley didn't have time to study much. We have so many games in our colleges. Almost every month we have a different one, and some of the very great athletes play all of them. Tom used to write me how worried he was about Mr. Paley, he was so afraid he wouldn't pass all his examinations—I mean enough of them to keep on playing all the games he knew how to play. You see, they went to the same lectures, so Tom knew that Mr. Paley wasn't as well prepared as he should have been. He used to write me all about it."

She paused to glance across at her husband. She wasn't in the least afraid of looking any one in the face then—any men, that is. Except myself, I don't think there was a happy male at that table, nor an unhappy woman. Elsie was openly smiling down the whole length of the table at Roger.

"Yes," she said brightly, "Roger used to write me about it."

"Well," continued Mrs. Jenkins, "it got Tom really upset, so that he could hardly do his work. They get terribly excited over these games, Professor, even those who can't play them, like Tom. He used to go over to the dean's office and look up Mr. Paley's marks, and when they weren't as high as they ought to be he would worry himself almost sick. Indeed, he did worry himself sick about it, because that summer, after what I am going to tell you happened, he was awfully sick and he could not go back to college until after Christmas holidays."

So that was when Jenkins dropped completely out of sight. I saw Roger start and look at her then. Certainly we could not have said we had missed Jenkins, but now, looking, we could remember not seeing him.

"It was in June, you see, it happened, and it was awfully hot. Tom told me about it in August when he was so sick and he thought he was going to die. He was afraid to confess to his father. I told him not to unless he got a great deal worse."

There was a laugh and I heard somebody say admiringly, "I'll bet you did," and there was another laugh.

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Mrs. Jenkins laughed too. "Well, he would have died if he had told him," she insisted. "There was one examination—I can't remember which one, there are so many of them—and Tom wrote me he just knew Mr. Paley couldn't pass. It was physics, I think. Wasn't it physics, Tom?"

"I don't know." It was the first time I had heard Jenkins speak. "I don't know," he said. "I am afraid I don't remember very much about it any more."

"Oh, yes," she said brightly, "it was physics, I know it was, and Mr. Paley came in late. Tom said he had almost finished his paper when Mr. Paley came in. He came in and sat down in the seat next to Tom. Then he read the paper of questions and just tore it up and threw it on the floor and walked out again."

"Oh, Paley, Paley," sighed Mr. Lloyd, "what trouble you used to give us in those days!" But Roger didn't answer.

"Tom told me afterward," her voice went on, "I mean that summer when he was so ill, that he didn't intend to do anything at all at first—that he just sat on and finished his work, but I believed he unconsciously meant to do it all along, but he wouldn't admit it to himself. He was afraid, you see, he had been raised so strictly and those examinations meant so much to him—why, they meant everything to him."

"Yes," commented the president, "they meant a good deal."

"So I don't believe," she declared, "that he forgot to sign his paper; I think he just deliberately didn't sign it. He told me that summer that he forgot all about it until the afternoon, when he was by himself in his room. He said he had been thinking all day about what they were going to do to Mr. Paley for throwing away his paper like that, and how much he was going to miss him next year, if they didn't let him come back to college. Then when he did remember his own paper it was almost dinner-time. He went right over to Professor Thorley's house—he was professor of physics then, before Tom—and the maid who answered the door told him the professor was at dinner but he could wait in his study and see him right afterward."

"When Tom told me about it that summer when he was so ill he said he believed that the devil did that—arranged it just that way. He thought he was not going to get well then—he had some horrible ideas."

I saw the big Frenchman raise his eyebrows and glance down at his confrère, but he said nothing.

"You see," she continued, "it all happened so easily then. When Tom went into the study intending just to explain his mistake, he says, there were all the papers of the examination piled up on the desk, waiting for Professor Thorley to go over them, and Tom was all alone with them for fifteen minutes. He told me he picked out his own paper just so as to have it ready to show Professor Thorley when he came in. He held it in his hand all finished but no name on it—just as he had thought, so he took out his pencil and on the top across the paper, in the space where he should have written 'Thomas W. Jenkins' he wrote instead 'Roger Paley.'"

She made a gesture with her fingers on the table-cloth of one scrawling a signature. But, like even experienced prima donnas at the very end, the strain showed and the tip of her finger which finished the gesture was nervous, uncertain, and struck the water-glass and tipped it over, spilling the water on to the cloth.

It was, I thought, the only flaw in an otherwise perfect performance. I have never known, even pretended to know, what her purposes were, but it was easy to see they were accomplished. Even the upset tumbler did not disturb her. Without righting it and without a pause she added:

"Then he crept out of the house before Professor Thorley came in, and so of course nobody ever knew he had been there."

There were a great many supposedly clever people at that table. Perhaps the only one of the whole company who was not supposedly clever was Paley. It is a curious thing that in that pause it was he, Paley, who found and spoke just the right word.

"By Jove," he cried, "that was the finest piece of nerve I ever heard of."

It seemed as if little Jenkins at the word almost sprang from his chair. His very collar seemed to tighten, his voice

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rang as it never could ring, I know, in any lecture-room, to any audience.

"Do you think so, Roger? By Jove, I am glad of that."

For an instant the rest of us, presidents, trustees, savants, prima donnas, had fallen away and left the ring of the table to those two.

It was the great Frenchman's voice which put an end to the instant, pronouncing as it were its benediction, "The charming friendships of youth."

Paley choked awkwardly, looked at his wife, and rose. Later he complained bitterly of the great Frenchman. "He is an ant," he insisted. He had kept me to arrange that I should tell the story, as I finally had to, ten days later, in the gymnasium of the university. And that was a great success, just as Paley said it would be, but of the two endings I shall always prefer the one where the great scientist, so naïvely imitating Roger's oath just as he would have done twenty years ago, cried:

"By Jove, Roger, I am glad of that."

The West as I Saw Her

BY SHAW DESMOND

Author of "The Soul of Denmark," "The Drama of Sinn Fein," "Passion," "Gods," etc.

This article is based upon the writer's experiences gathered during three visits to America, in which he spent nearly a year, lecturing in the chief cities and covering some fifty thousand miles.

LIKE a true Irishman, I will begin my West in the East.

Before I was catapulted across the Continent from New York, I was solemnly assured by every New Yorker that "the Middle West was the hub of America," and that the farther West I got, and, presumably the greater the mileage I managed to put between myself and what a friend of mine calls "The City of Jews governed by Irishmen," the better, the bigger, the breezier, and the more bountiful and beautiful would I find it. They should really have said "the better would I find *her*," for the West is a woman—and a splendid creature at that.

In this lightning survey of the mainspring of God's own country, I, unlike nearly every other writer who has essayed to write upon her (America to me is not "Uncle Sam," but a beautiful young woman—Miss Columbia to wit), lay no implicit claim to omniscience. The honest to God is that I know nothing about America—I just love her and leave it at that, and no man knows anything about the woman he loves . . . until after he has married her, when he only thinks he knows.

I had on my road to the West, tamed and untamed, been vomited by a leviathan Pullman into a place called "Terry Hut" (at least that is how the Terry Hutters pronounced it), much as Jonah was vomited by the whale. The thermometer that morning had registered the lowest temperature ever recorded in that town of overturned biscuit boxes and desperate Sundays, and I believed I had reached the limit of mortal endurance.

But I did not know Chicago.

Three times have I been in the City by the Lake, three times have I been frozen to death, and three times have I returned to life. Lake Michigan in February . . . ugh!

Chicago is not only the City of Winds but the City of Adventure. Anything can happen to a man, or, for that matter, to a woman, in Chicago. Anything, in fact, *does* happen.

I know a club in Chicago in which the

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poor, bewildered, and doubtless effete European can, any lunch-hour he likes, see the crystallized phenomenon of the Business Man of the Middle West playing leap-frog after a gargantuan lunch of corned beef, coffee in pint mugs, and a lecture upon King Tut both as dessert and dissertation. This is the club where one meets "The Man One Used to Know ever so Long Ago." I was hailed by an American major who had known me in northern Europe before I had been five minutes inside the "Adventurers," for that is the name of the club which can only be reached by the help of a guide, an armed Irish policeman, a "Ward-heeler," and the Luck of the Devil.

The Business Man of the Middle West which I have called the "tamed," as opposed to the untamed West of the Pacific, is not a man but a boy. A Great Big Boy. He comes to the Adventurers because he is himself a compound of adventurer, freebooter, pirate, booster—a man of reckless and daring enterprise.

But he is something more, is the Man of the Middle West. He is, so to speak, a pious pirate.

He has his own code of honor, which, in its way, is as rigid as that of Lombard Street, but with an elasticity born of the Chicagoan's motto: "Nothing succeeds like Success." But he has other mottoes.

The following Creed, which I found framed and hung up in one of the largest banks in Chicago, would cause a revolution in Lombard Street. I have sent it to the Governor of the Bank of England for his kind consideration.

OUR CREED

To be obliging, courteous, and fair to our customers.
To always render full measure of service to the patron.
To insist that every employee treats our patrons with respect.
To remember that kindness and gentleness win the respect of those with whom we come in contact.
TO NEVER FORGET that our Customers are responsible for our SUCCESS.

The fact is that Chicago is desperately moral and alarmingly pious. I have never visited a city so full of pious resolution, and I should think that Chicago has as many churches as she must have had saloons before Prohibition. Philadelphia has nothing on Puritan Chicago, nor, indeed, has Boston, which, like her big, dirty sister, is ruled by the Irish, God bless them!

I met some Irish in Chicago. In fact I think I met nearly every Irishman who had ever left Ireland, but few of my countrywomen. (Query: What happens to the Irishwoman when she comes to Chicago?) I met policemen and politicians; lawyers and liars, not always the same thing. One of the politicians, a gentleman from Clare, told me that the story of Chicago "graft" was, like the report of Mark Twain's death, "greatly exaggerated" . . . in point of fact, "New York was much worse." (Chicago affects to despise New York, but I notice that when a Chicagoan makes his pile, you are very apt to find him a year or two afterward in Sixty-sixth Street, Central Park East.) One of the lawyers, from Meath, a man with a great criminal practice and a fine field for its exercise, told me in a weak moment, after dinner, in a city that is "wide open," that "everybody was in IT with the exception of one high official." (This high official he named, but wild horses and stockyard steers will not drag his name from me. I saw him, and he had a chain of office like a halo around his neck.)

There is a warm hospitality and a cold cruelty about Chicago which is like an ice-cream soda on a hot day—but the other way about, if you "get" me. With the wind coming iced off Michigan to race along Lake Shore Drive and sweep into the heart of the Loop to chill to the marrow the driven hordes, the beat of whose feet upon the icy surface of South Clark and Washington Streets at five of the afternoon is the beat of the hoofs of driven cattle, one might be in an ice-box. Nothing more hopeless, nothing more pitiless than the sight of these driven human beings have I seen in any city of America. Nothing more terribly impressive, nothing more splendidly cruel than Chicago's towering façades is to be seen across the whole face of the North American continent—this Chicago which, driving iron and steel through flesh and blood in her streets, stands fourth on the list of "the cities that kill."

For this is the strange contrast which

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meets the stranger within the gate—the contrast between some of the warmest and most hospitable people in a country in which hospitality has become an article of religion, and their city; between these people who live and move and have their being within the bowels of a monster of which they know as little the purport and the purpose as the baccili in the human intestinal canal, and this city where the Man serves the Machine instead of the Machine serving the Man.

But there is another side to this city of the Machine and of Big Business, this "City of Smoke and Steel."

It is out of the grandeur and the terror of such cities that the American poet of the future will weave his fancies. It is out of such horrific beauty that the American Literature of to-morrow will be born. Men with the clanging tongue of a Swinburne, the imagination of a da Vinci, and the dark fantasy of a Poe, will yet arise in the City by the Lake to sing to the world the story of the birth of a civilization which is to change the history of the White Race.

And so to the "Continental Limited," en route for Salt Lake.

Here I want to say one or two things lying heavy on the chest about American travel.

Englishmen (I think I have said I am not an Englishman) invariably criticise American travel—why, Heaven and the British phlegm alone know. A well-known London publisher, and himself a man of fine, generous instincts, said to me after my last coast-to-coast trip: "How did you manage to stand those awful Pullmans with their moth-eaten curtains?" Now, I have never seen a "moth-eaten curtain" in a Pullman.

What I found in my Pullman to Salt Lake was a perfectly clean car, as easy running as a "velvet" auto on a macadam surface; a negro porter, like all the negro porters I have met, absolutely courteous and anxious to please, keeping order in his little domain as perfectly as Crusoe's Friday on his island; a restaurant car which gave me the menu of a first-class New York restaurant, and a bed as easy and swinging as the berth of a liner. But I also found something else in many Pullmans. I found bad air.

Nothing in the luxury that is America's struck me more forcibly than the often fatal omission of the one thing which the traveller wanted more than anything else. It is, one supposes, the "cussedness" innate in all things human. Sometimes that "one thing" was air, sometimes silence, sometimes something else. But it was always there, or, rather, not there.

Thus my friend, the owner of five of the largest hotels in the West, is aggrieved because I tell him that in one of these palatial caravanserai "there is everything in the world except the two things I most want." He asks me what they are, with the face of a First League ball-player who has been told that he can't deliver the goods. I reply: "Fresh air and cold water." "But," he replies, now almost weeping, "you can open your windows to get the first, and, for the second, you have your cold shower."

When I point out as gently as may be that in his super-steam-heated hotel, in which the very walls are warm, no cold air is possible even with the windows open and the heat shut off and no cold water is to be had from pipes which themselves are hot, he is frankly astonished.

So with many of my Pullmans. The air in some of these cars at night, with twenty-four adults of both sexes and varying degrees of obesity and cleanliness and snoring, is so "dirty" that one has to suck it in rather than breathe it. Not a man or woman in any of those cars would wash in dirty *water* after their travelling companions, but they do not mind breathing dirty *air*. Millions of germs. A cold caught in every car. Such are the facts.

All that is necessary is a torpedo extractor in every car, a thermometer rigidly adhered to, and a conductor with full powers. So can American travel in the Twentieth Century be made what it already is in other ways—a perfect means of human transport.

The American is the best travelling companion on earth. I have ridden from King's Cross, London, to Edinburgh, some three hundred miles odd, with four fellow passengers, the sum total of our conversation being: "Would you mind if I put the window down?" This from a red-nosed gentlemanly Londoner to a bearded Scotsman, who just grunted assent.

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Everybody wants to talk to me. And I want to talk to everybody. A Nebraskan lawyer, obviously on the up-grade of a snug practice, tells me with pride that he "pulled in" twenty thousand "dallars" this year more than last. He asks me what I do for a living, with that delightful freedom of the Westerner which carries no offense with it, and when I tell him that I try to write when my conscience and my editors will let me, he comes back: "Here's my card. Should be glad to hear from you, sir, in my home town."

I don't tell him that on my person or in my suitcase I carry a hundred cards just like his. Why should I? Anyhow, he is going to forget all about me before Salt Lake.

A rather vinegarish-looking man, with a face cut rather long and a temper cut rather short, who has said nothing for the fifty miles we have sat opposite each other in the dining-car, finally shows signs of thawing and even, rather painfully, tries to get into conversation with me. Until he opened his mouth, I had put him down as a sour-faced Westerner of a type I suspected but had not met (all prejudices, racial and local, are founded upon "things we suspect but don't meet.") He turns out to be an Englishman, and a very decent, intelligent Englishman who has been out here for some five years. He likes the Americans, or "the Yanks" as he calls them, for to the Englishman all Americans, including New York Jews, Philadelphia Quakers, and Western bronco-busters are "Yanks."

He says: "I'd got all sorts of queer ideas about the Yanks before I came out here. Decent people, in their way." ("In their way" was a bit of the old Adam of benevolent condescension.) "They talk a lot, of course, and, to be frank, they don't always know what they are talking about, but then . . ." (in a burst of confidence) "we don't always know it either." With that charming disregard for the finer feelings sometimes shown by one part of Anglo-Saxondom to the Celtic fringe, he insists upon regarding me as a "Britisher," lumps Dublin, Belfast, and London together, but, all the same, is a very fine fellow, offering an interesting study for the psychologist who cares for the effect of the North American environment upon the Anglo-Saxon. (*N. B.* With one other exception, this man was the only Englishman I met in America who had been affected by his environment.)

Has any other man ever travelled twenty thousand miles in America without going out on to the observation platform? I, at any rate, had done so, but then, my travelling so far had been largely in the East.

It may seem incredible, but I saw my first observation-car on the "Continental Limited"—I who prided myself upon seeing everything that crept or climbed or "cavorted" upon the American landscape. I had seen the observation-car as I boarded my train, and found myself on the rear platform for the rest of the trip save when night and sleep forced me into the jungle of the interior, to be greeted by an infernal cacophony of snores and grunts and cries of men apparently being murdered in their sleep.

We had crossed the Mississippi—as big as the sea. We had rushed over the Palisades Cedar River and now, as I came out on the rear, I saw a quite new America.

I was looking at Cedar Rapids receding in the distance. I cannot well describe the strange sensation of seeing the rails run away from under my feet, the streets of Cedar Rapids flush with the railroad instead of being shut off and bridged as in England, and the general impression of men, women, and children, Fords, trolleys, and taxis—all running over the railroad track and flying in the face of Providence. No American I suppose thinks about the strangeness of streets and rails together. But, then, no Englishman, or Irishman for that matter, thinks about the strangeness of locomotives no bigger than toys and wagons the size of tea-trays on wheels.

It was not very far from Chicago that a little red-headed, freckled-nosed man crept into the corner of the tiny writing-room where I was using my machine. He sat there hour after hour "watching out" at me with a sort of scared apprehension in his gray-green eyes which finally began to get on my nerves.

There was something strangely significant about this insignificant little Jew—

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for he was a Jew—and about the scared look in his eyes. Finally, I could not bear it any longer and, putting my machine to one side, I began to talk to him. Then, after an hour or so, he told me his story.

He had crawled on to our train when we stopped at a little town of perhaps ten thousand people to have the ice broken out from under the train, where it had frozen everything into one solid mass. He was in flight. He looked like a man in flight. His counterpart could be seen in Russia at any moment at the time of the pogroms.

He was flying from the Ku Klux Klan.

He had a little business as clothier in the town we had left. There was one other Jew in the town—"a man, who to get favor with the 'K. K. K.' had sacrificed his principles." He himself had received a note warning him "to clear out within three days or take the consequences." Such was his story. It may have been a lie, but it did not sound a lie.

Here he was adrift on the American landscape without the slightest idea as to where he was heading. He had left his wife and three children behind him, meaning to send for them later. He looked like a scared man who did not know what he was doing.

When I asked him why he did not appeal to the authorities—he said they were all of them members of the "Klan."

I know little of the dreaded Klan. It may be that the reports of it by its enemies are lies, and it may be that "unauthorized" associations calling themselves "Klanners" do unlawful things in the name of the Klan—but I do know that I came upon its traces along seven thousand miles.

A millionaire manufacturer in Philadelphia told me he had been asked to join the Klan, and that "it was growing there." A man in the South had confided to me that he was a member and had shown me a certain badge, although I had understood that the membership was secret. I found men throughout the West who were high politicians as well as prominent business men who obviously had sympathy with the Klan, and it is only fair to say that these men in speaking of it used a phraseology of high ethics, and spoke as men who believed in virtue and goodness and as men who had a sincere desire to be "good American citizens."

But, however that may be, the Ku Klux Klan is a phenomenon of vast interest to the sociologist, and a phenomenon of perhaps vital import to the future of America.

There is a City of Dreams in America as little known, so far as I have read her guide-books, as one of Rider Haggard's "Lost Cities of Africa." Nobody that I have met in America knows anything about this City, and this especially applies to those who say they have visited it.

It is easily the most beautiful city I have seen on the North American Continent. I think it must be one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and the way to it in mid-winter is hard and cold and cruel.

It was useless for North Platte to greet me with a sign like the side of a house which read:

WELCOME

North Platte

BUFFALO BILL'S TOWN

Fifth City. Population 10,466

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

I felt no welcome in North Platte. Cheyenne, all on the way to my beautiful city, was cold as Christmas. Blizzards swept Laramie—that town of the romantic name—and how infinitely more significant and more poetic are the North American Indian names than those awful "Burgs" and "Villes." Rawlins, on the edge of the Continental Divide, was bleak as the face of a Scot without his whiskey. And then, as the dawn came up, I found myself running through a new and strange country as different from what I call "the Country of the Indian Trail" as that country is different from the wooded uplands of Oregon.

On my left were dwarf mountains—they looked dwarfed, but they really run up some thousands of feet—snow-capped with the roseate hues of early dawn touching their highest points. On my right, a cultivated country telling of land wrung

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from the desert places at the cost of human sweat and blood incredible. Then, all at once, it burst upon me, my City Beautiful.

I was running into Salt Lake.

Once more I, with whom the Indians had ridden along the invisible trail by the side of which the iron rails had been laid, seen by the eye of imagination, was looking at a tented wagon, at the "prairie-schooner" of the old days, about it a body of silent men, with mouths of leather and jaws of steel, as they broke through the last pass in the mountains to find the Land of Promise laid out before them with the snow-capped mountains eternally sentinelling, inside which they were to build their City, the City to be the most beautiful of the cities of the continent.

Europe believes two things about Salt Lake and believes them periodically. It believes that every man there has at least four wives and that every now and then its streets "run with blood." (Europe still has confused ideas about Avenging Angels.)

My first difficulty in Salt Lake was to find a Mormon. A red-faced man in a wondrous uniform of gold and crimson with a badge in his hat looked like the real thing, but upon nearer inspection and conversation, turned out to be a Baptist—and a red-hot Baptist at that. He had some mystic job at "meeting strangers," though I did not find that he "took them in." I rather think they had to be Baptist strangers.

The Utah University young man who came to me at my hotel looked more like an Episcopalian than anything else, but he ultimately, after four days and secret investigation, turned out to be a Mormon, and a pretty determined Mormon at that. Then came to me the grandson of Brigham Young, that Brigham Young who walks to-day through those streets of Salt Lake upon which he has forever set the seal of his hand and personality as much as he ever did in life, who turned out to be Professor Levi Young, one of the "Seven," and in point of fact as open-minded and generous an American as I had met. His wife, a graduate of Chicago University and a sweet-faced gray-eyed woman with a real grip upon modern problems, showed me with pride their three strangely beautiful daughters, one of whom looked like the Sleeping Princess, another like a Swedish princess, and a third . . . like herself and a very beautiful imitation too!

Salt Lake City is the City of Shocks.

I received shocks to every preconceived opinion I had ever had about the Mormons. Not only did I discover that to-day plural marriages are unknown, but that it was quite impossible, save by a doubtful effort of imagination, to separate the sheep from the goats—that is to say, the Mormon from the Gentile; and to you, kind reader, I leave it to decide which are the sheep and which the goats. I discovered a quiet respect for the Mormons by their Gentile friends—a constant and ever-flowing tribute to Mormon industry, Mormon art, and Mormon initiative. The Mormons I discovered were not "100" but "101" per cent Americans, obviously loyal to the American flag, proud of their American citizenship and proving it all by shedding their blood under Uncle Sam in the Great War.

I hold no brief for the Mormon Church or the Mormon outlook, but in a rather lengthy stay in Salt Lake, during which I was afforded unexampled opportunities of investigation free from "suggestion," I accumulated enough genuine data, checked from Gentile sources, to cause a revelation of the real Mormon whenever it is given to the world.

There are two tendencies in the wild, wild West which show themselves ever more strongly the farther west you go. These tendencies are absolutely anti-American, or are in apparent contradiction to everything hitherto associated with the American character and the American contempt for forms. I refer to the gregarious tendency of the modern American to form himself into societies and to that associated tendency—to wear a uniform or a badge.

It seemed to me that every second Chicagoan wore a badge of one kind or another in his buttonhole. It might be the badge Masonic, or the badge of some local or national society, but it was nearly always there. In Salt Lake, I found this tendency enormously accentuated; I could hear the accentuation in my bed at the Hotel Utah in the shape of a distant

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roaring. The roaring of "Lions," or that other strange breed—the Kiwani.

"The lions roaring after their prey" came resistlessly to my mind as I looked on my first gathering of "Lions," kin to the Rotarian, who rotates instead of roars. There were perhaps two thousand of them, waiting to be fed in one of the magnificent halls of this hotel.

The thing that struck me about these gentlemen was their exact similarity to one another. They all wore the same type of coat and boot and jaw. They all talked "dallars." They all looked as though nature had turned them out, one after another, from exactly the same mould. All had a badge in the buttonhole. All used exactly the same phraseology. All seemed almost boastfully unconscious that the Machine and the "Pile" were not the only ends of life on this planet. And then I wondered.

I wondered whether America, individualistic, assertive America, stressing the individual almost to the point of obliteration, might not be about to pass through a transition stage—a nightmare stage in which every man is to look like every other man, in which independence of thought and outlook, save as shown in the development of new "systems," might not be as taboo as saints in Hades, and in which a spurious Puritanism might not be made to do duty for genuine religion and the feeling of the Things Invisible.

These "Lions" were such splendid quadrupeds though—so "human." They were so obviously in earnest when they spoke to me. They believed so unequivocally in Lionism and Big Business. The System, and great is its name, was so much to them—so transparently to be developed and changed and worked over at all costs—often at the cost of Efficiency, its twin brother, for many of these Lions seemed to spend half their working hours in devising new systems and never, by any chance, giving any particular system a real "try-out."

But these be solemn thoughts—too solemn for the scope of a lightning-survey type of record like the present. Yet they would come up again and again—furies at the feasts of the Lions and the Kiwanis—as they have come up in the minds of many thoughtful Americans as they read about those other feasts, midnight feasts, of the "K. K. K." But because America *is* America, young and vital, I, for one, believe that she will pass through what are but transient phases, to find herself at the end of the twentieth century a finer, better, stronger America than ever.

I made hosts of friends at Salt Lake, where I lectured to all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the Chamber of Commerce to a lecture under the auspices of the University of Utah. I came to the city without expectations. I left it with the picture of its rosy snows under the dawns descending as I lay in my room with its glass walls, left it with the memory for all time of its broad streets, of its giant organ upon which my Mormon friends permitted me to play, of its "white" Mormon funerals, its Lake of the Dead, and the limitless sage and salt surrounding it. It remains for me the remembrance unforgetable.

Boarding the "Los Angeles Limited" for Los Angeles, I saw a young man walking up and down the platform, like a leashed panther. He was a tall young man with a dark brooding face and blood in the eye. He had the shoulders of a wrestler but with the fine-knit "deltoids" of a boxer, a torso set into his slender hips like a "V," and the step of a dancing-master. Such a springy thing of air as the step of this young Titan has surely never before been seen in so big a man, a man who looked sleuthily formidable.

The man was Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion of the world.

I sat opposite Dempsey for two days. I watched him eat and sleep and play cards. I noted his saturnine gentleness. And I came to the conclusion, quite involuntarily but inevitably, that I was looking at the incarnation of the spirit of the Physical West.

Dempsey was born, I believe, in Salt Lake. In him, I understand, he has both Irish and Indian blood. But if I had to point to any single human being as the embodiment of certain sides, and especially the nervo-physical side of the West, I would unhesitatingly point to Dempsey.

It was physically, as nervously, impos-

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sible for this man to remain in one place more than five minutes, to read a book or a magazine longer than three. He was eternally jumping up to go on some imaginary errand or other—to see what time it was—to find out where we were—to know how long it had taken to cover so many miles. There are millions like him West, men of tremendous nervous energy driving at them like some hidden force, uncontrollable and uncontrolled.

Between Salt Lake and Los Angeles we passed through the most "terrific" country on God's earth. It was country of a terrible naked beauty—a country of cactus and "Joshua" trees, a country of coyotes and "rattlers," a country of salt and sage and sand. The deserts, the "valleys of death," the rivers running underneath the sands, the rocks threatening to bury us at each turn of the wheels, the gingerly laid rails, the desert vultures wheeling overhead, all to make way for a land of smiling beauty—California, for its green orange-groves, for its black stunted vines—millions of them—and for all the opulence and hypertrophy of that excessive State . . . all these things were for wonder and fear.

But the men in the car neither feared nor wondered. Never in Chicago had I seen a Chicagoan lift his eyes above the roof-tops to God's sky. Never in this car, or scarcely ever, did I see one of my fellow travellers raise his eyes to look upon the cradle of a new civilization.

In the Pullman washing-car in the morning I look out, to stand paralyzed at the beauty of what I feel mistakenly must be a spur of the Sierra Nevadas just aglow under the morning sun. Transfixed. Then I turn to ask my washing companion, a dry-goods traveller, the name of the mountains. The reply comes with good-humored carelessness:

"Search ME. I've travelled this road fifteen times, but blamed if I know the name of a mountain or a river. Haven't got the time, boss."

Three things my fellow travellers, who are apparently all "knights of the road," talk about in car and probably out of car. Time. System. Money.

"What time do we reach Los Angeles?" "We've just been trying out a new system." "So I said to him: 'Jim, you can't get away with it. That cost me ten thousand dollars.'" That is the eternal conversation to which I listened along three thousand miles of railroad going out and three thousand coming back.

Yet these very men, many of them of a simple idealism, are keenly interested in Europe. They will listen to me by the hour and encourage me to go on when I tell them about Lloyd George, or Winston Churchill, or the League of Nations. But everything I say they are apt to link up with money in one form or other. Yet their comments are shrewd enough, sometimes disconcertingly frank.

Jack Dempsey may be the epitome of certain sides of the West. Los Angeles is the microcosm of the macrocosm of the Pacific coast.

Here is an amazing town in which Chinaman rubs shoulders with Japanese and Mexican slides alongside of the last arrival from Greece. Here is a town which seems to have sprung up the day before yesterday, packed as tight as it will hold of "Jews, Turks, and infidels," of charlatans and oil-kings, of those who suck and those who are sucked.

It is a city of a dream. No artist setting down these things in cold black and white on the printed page would be believed, especially by the Los Angeleans. No "Arabian Nights" ever held half the wonder and impossibility of the City of Angels and Devils.

Here is a city with Greek shoemakers who earn their living by teaching the mandolin (I have sat in line with five other learners in one of the streets off South Main), and earnest self-sacrificing priests in a chapel of stucco and stars armed with a bell that calls vainly to the faithless against the clang of the gong of the shooting saloon over the way. A city with open doors inside which one sees men, their shirt-tails hanging out of their trousers, potting the red, white, and black unerringly in the pool-rooms, and just cheek by jowl with them a garish Salvation Army Rescue Home on the walls of which are painted: "DAY AND NIGHT —EVERLASTINGLY ON THE JOB— GLORY BE TO GOD!" A city where Fat Ladies to be seen at "a Dime a Time" jostle cadaverous saviors of souls alive before the Lord who stand at the corner

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outside. A city of superb hotels and mean lodging-houses, of gaudy cinema shows, like everything else in this "City of Night and Day," "always open," showing the body unbeautiful and unclothed, and of "Sons and Daughters of the American Volunteers," or some similar name, whispering behind closed hands dreadful secrets of the Los Angeles underworld and asking the passer-by for his dime, "to save our daughters from the Devil."

A city of saint and sinner, of poor glittering creatures that walk in the shadows of the palms of Pershing Square, and of the man and woman in one of the restaurants, with broken nails and dirty diamond-covered hands, who within twenty-four hours of the striking of "The Biggest Gusher on Earth," have been lifted from obscurity to the fame of an hour, before being hurled into outer darkness. A city of fortunes made and lost on the turn of a hand. A city in which the love troubles of Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin make literature a thing to laugh at, and life one long pulsating story of passion and high adventure. A city as full of cranks and crooks, of artists and near-artists, of Holy Rollers and Holy Apostolics—the only difference between whom is that the former roll both on back and belly and the latter on belly only—as an egg is full of meat.

My adventures amongst the thirty-two sects of Los Angeles, in the bosoms of Hollywood and Pasadena, and along that fringe of stucco and green that runs the length of the coast from Santa Monica to Venice, alone would fill a book. But it would, I am convinced, be a book unbelievable, simply because no Westerner that I met, outside three really fine artists who live in Pasadena, had any more concept of the meaning of the Pacific coast civilization which Los Angeles and her sister cities are building up than a man thrown into the bowels of a marine engine has of the working of the machine.

But who has any concept of that vast complex of desert and mountain and sea, of granary, greenery, and garden, comprised in the fan-like sweep, far-flung in rays of a thousand miles from Chicago as the base, to those two cities, bounding the sweep and so strangely unlike, which I visited—Seattle in the north and San Diego in the south? What son of man has the sheer brain and vision intangible to sense what is churning in those limitless stretches of sand and cactus in the desert spaces between Salt Lake and the sea—those yellow wombs of new life, haunted to-day by coyote and rattlesnake, which to-morrow, under the gentle stimulation of water swishing in the cool channels made for it by the hand of the American engineer, may become a Western Garden of Paradise?

Men write glibly of "Western America." But what man of them all can forecast even one hundred years of evolution in this "continent of countries," this continent which, a nest of Chinese boxes, carries civilization within civilization, and on its broad bosom a hundred races of white and black and brown and yellow?

Only the "Red" has vanished or is vanishing. Only the original man who trod these sandy wastes, drove his paddle deep into the silvery bosom of the shining rivers, or flung his piercing gaze upon the towering mountains—he only, of all the five races, he and his color alone, has passed. He has passed to leave upon the visitor from the Old World one dominant, insistent impression—the impression, whether in the icy wastes of North Dakota, the broad pine-clad hills of Oregon, or in the Garden of the Pacific itself, California, that the present inhabitants, white or brown or black or yellow, have but just fallen from another planet to scratch the surface of the soil with hoe and plough, but have not yet had time to "dig themselves in," to delve deep into mother earth and to become part of her.

But the White at least is already part of the new America of the West—the Brown and Black but incidentals of the landscape—and the Yellow—the Yellow a shadow, never an essential part, but always there.

In San Diego as in Los Angeles, in San Francisco as in Seattle, I found once more that strange, undefined fear of the Yellow Man. Nothing defined or definable as yet. Nothing tangible or determined. But always there.

The day I left San Diego by motor-

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coach, left that southern city with its mixture of race and type, of culture and of reckless gambling which to any European mind defies explanation, that mixture which one was so often finding on the Pacific—I saw overhead a wedge of twenty or thirty airplanes as they rose from America's Pacific Air Station, to turn and twist like shoals of giant fish in the cool ether.

As I looked at them there came to me once again the vision of the Yellow Man which throughout the West had never been far from me. There came to me the vision of "aerial navies grappling in the central blue," of little yellow men, with faces beady-eyed and mask-like, clawing in silent desperate struggle with their White opponents. I saw yet again the bland, almond-eyed Chinaman, smiling, sleek, but unfathomable, I had seen in Figuaroa Street, Los Angeles, gazing sleepily up at the blue sky, and, running through the riot of the streets of many Western cities, the little Japanese, smiling as his Chinese cousin, though utterly different . . . but always, like him, inscrutable. I saw Europe once more getting ready to fling the remnants of White Civilization into the melting-pot of the Greatest War of All, for which she is now preparing her "poison-gas" and "wireless dirigibles." And I saw the smiling, patient Yellow Man waiting for the day when America, simple idealist America of the West, hoping to save a civilization which cannot be saved, throwing herself into the White Mêlée of Europe, gives the Yellow Man his chance.

Yet these be dismal thoughts. But they are the thoughts which haunted the whole of my seven-thousand-mile journey through the West. Of the West I could not write without also writing of them.

But, like all Irishmen, I am a hopeless optimist.

"God is still in his heaven," though all may not be right with the world. In the midst of my forebodings, there comes to me the inexhaustible vitality, the splendid youth of the West and of the Western American. There comes to me, sometimes apparently out of the nothingness, unconquerable belief in a race which has a "humanness," a virility, and a "naturalness" unique amongst the white races, a race that I, at least, love.

Man has but a life span in which to work and with which to measure. God has all eternity before him. And so with this America of the West. "Give God a chance!" Give him five hundred years, itself but a heart-beat within eternity, five hundred years in which to work over and through and with the peoples of the Far West, and, perhaps when a little Yellow Man, instead of Macaulay's New Zealander, is sitting on the ruins of London Bridge to watch the rats scuttle over the wharfs of a vanished civilization, we may find the White Race, phœnix-like, rising from its ashes, out there in the America of the West—that West which is the Nursery of the Gods.

Scent of Sage

BY HELEN BOWEN

SCENT of sage on the sun-thrilled air
(Aye and my heart is home again),
The mesa's breadth to the sky-line there
Where the crested buttes rise red and bare
(Sage and pine and home again).

Beat of hoof on the luring trail
(River below and cliff above),
Cloud on the peak and the aspens a-quail,
Sun a-glint on the dashing hail—
(Home to the land we love).

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From a French Sketch-Book

BY A. B. FROST

THESE drawings from the leaves of one of Mr. Frost's sketch-books were made in the Normandy countryside about Giverny, a village best known to Americans as the home of Claude Monet, but which has sheltered, from time to time, a number of notable American artists. Its valley, through which march long rows of poplars, its hillsides divided, like patchwork quilts, into tiny multicolored fields, have supplied innumerable subjects for painters; but Mr. Frost, in these pen drawings, has dwelt more particularly upon the homely beauties of the lanes and by-paths and upon the rustic charm of the surrounding villages. In them we see the gossips stopping to exchange a word in the street; the donkey-cart; the pointed church spire surmounted by its iron cross and cock; the water-wheel; the old stone bridge with its pollard willow; the smithy and the big farm gates that admit the loaded wains; and in these small sketches the artist's agile pen has caught for us the very essence of the humble scenes.

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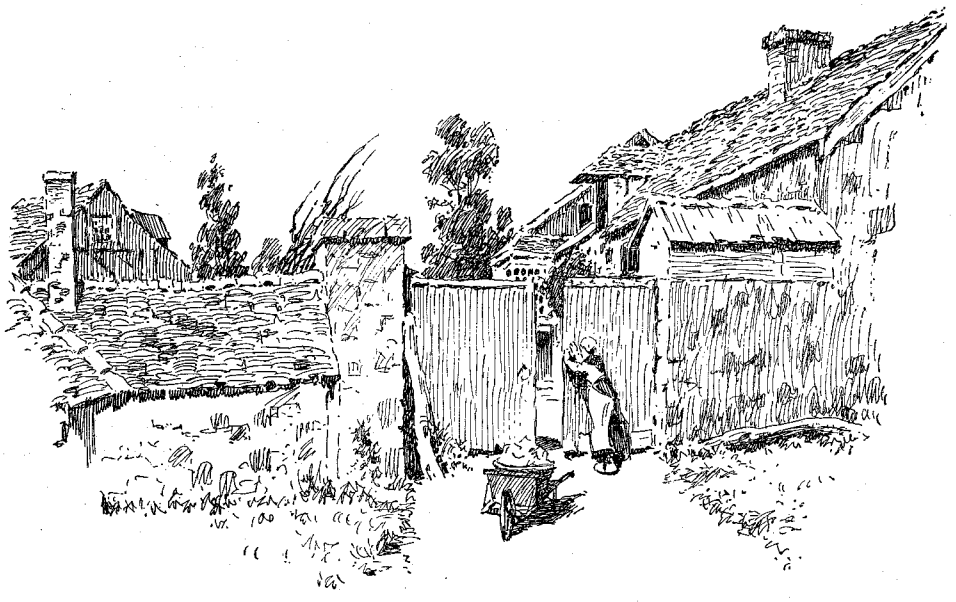

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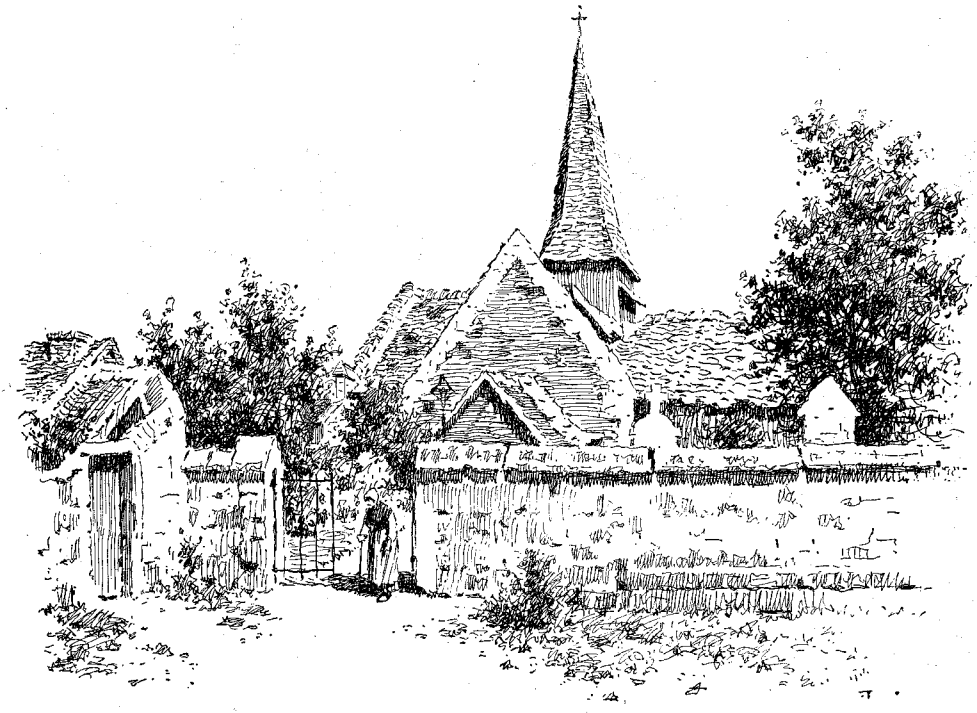

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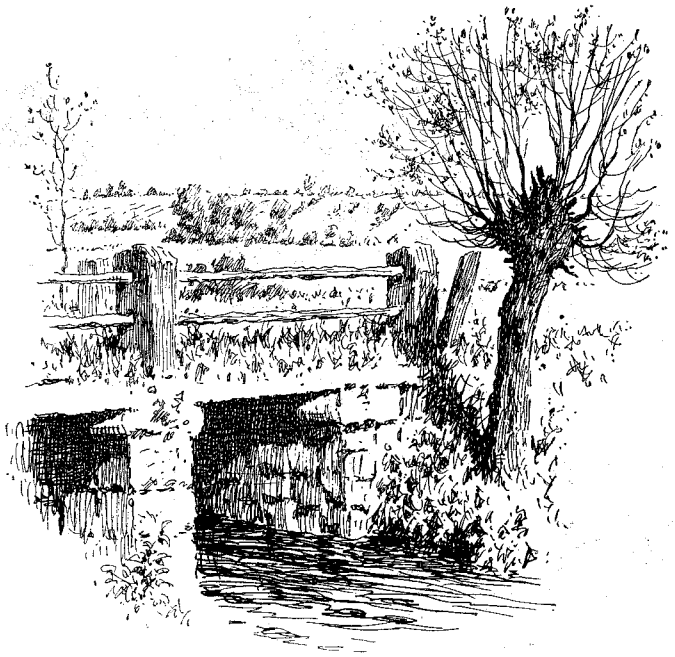

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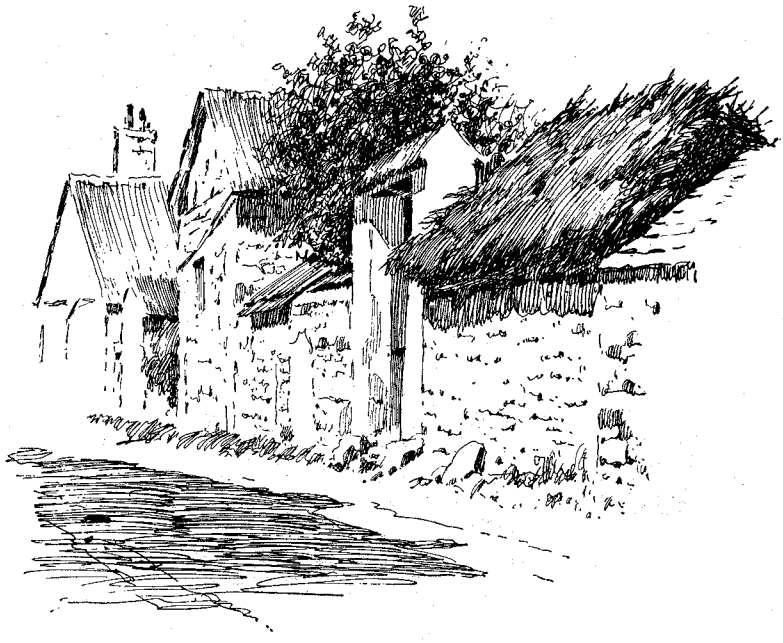

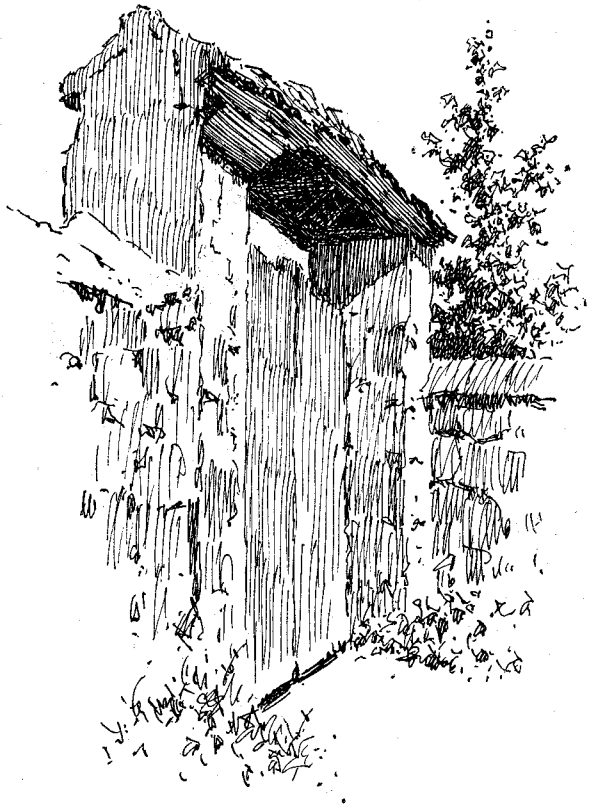

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Through Arab Lands

BY LOTHROP STODDARD
Author of "Turkish Vistas by Land and Sea," etc.

TRAVEL in Turkey and travel in the Arab-speaking lands to the eastward are two very different matters. Turkey is just emerging from a devastating war, and is in the throes of profound reconstruction, political as well as material. Under such conditions travel is very difficult. In the Arab-speaking lands to the eastward, on the other hand, travel conditions are much better. Virtually untouched by war, they are also under European rule, France controlling Syria, while England controls the lands to the southward—Palestine, Transjordania, and Egypt. Accordingly, one finds a fair system of railways, roads passable for motor-cars, and livable hotels in the chief towns. The traveller fresh from Asiatic Turkey naturally finds all this very much to his liking. Of course the traveller straight from western Europe or America would probably not find things so agreeable. Neither in Syria nor in Palestine is there a first-class hotel; even the principal towns are squalid and dirty, while the countryside is more or less unsafe. Both Syria and Palestine are full of unrest. Despite a large and apparently efficient gendarmerie, backed by European troops, there is a good deal of brigandage and occasional local disorder. Motoring after nightfall is frankly risky, while even on the main highways daylight hold-ups now and then take place.

One cannot be long in either Syria or Palestine without sensing the latent discontent and insecurity which exist. This is especially true if one travels in the outlying districts. I happened to enter Syria through its northern gateway—the port of Alexandretta. Alexandretta is a squalid, malarious town, lying under the shadow of the Anti-Taurus mountain range which rises grandly almost sheer from the sea to heights of seven or eight thousand feet. It is distinctly a frontier place, for the Turkish border runs only a few miles to the northward, the French frontier blockhouse and trenches being plainly visible a short distance up the coast. This Franco-Turkish border is a troubled spot. Turkish partisan bands slip across now and then, finding aid and comfort with the local inhabitants, who are largely pro-Turkish, and keeping northern Syria in a state of simmering unrest. Of course diplomatic relations between France and Turkey remain correct, neither government finding any interest in quarrelling; but the frontier disturbances go on just the same. You won't read anything about them in the newspapers. The French censorship attends to that. However, I hadn't been five minutes ashore when I saw that the French authorities weren't taking any chances. Alexandretta was heavily garrisoned by white French artillery, Senegalese infantry, and detachments of the "Syrian Legion"—an auxiliary force recruited from among the friendly elements in the country. With some difficulty I got permission to motor along the main highway up into the mountains. The drive was a short one, but I passed through three police "controls," and found the road patrolled at short intervals by mounted gendarmes. I also noted the fact that the town was surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements. I later found out that only the day before my arrival this road had been crossed by a Turkish partisan band of about 300 men, well armed, and with machine-guns; that there had been a smart fight between them and the French forces, with a sizable list of casualties; and that at the moment the band was being pursued southward through the mountains. I may add that the French authorities have formally declined responsibility for travellers and merchandise in the border districts. Those

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who use the roads in northern Syria must do so at their own risk.

In the rest of Syria, however, order is well maintained. A year ago disorder was rife nearly everywhere, but the new French governor-general, Weygand, has done excellent work in re-establishing public security. Bent on maintaining order first of all, he hunted down brigands relentlessly, executing them in batches with the utmost publicity. That was the sort of language which the local "bad men" understood, the upshot being that crimes of violence have diminished markedly, save in the north, where, of course, disorder is more political than criminal in character.

Nevertheless, one cannot travel through Syria without realizing that the French have a very difficult task in effectively governing the country. A land of rugged mountains and vast, semi-arid plains, Syria contains within its confines a bewildering variety of peoples and problems. This is vividly shown by the journey from Beirut to Damascus. In a good motor-car one can do the trip in about four hours, yet in that short space of time one traverses at least four climates and sees several different kinds of people. To begin with, Beirut, Syria's chief seaport, is a large, more or less cosmopolitan town, with a hot, humid climate and semi-tropical vegetation. When I started for Damascus, one forenoon in mid-autumn, Beirut was already sweltering like a Turkish bath, and even the thinnest clothing was a burden. However, just behind Beirut rises the Lebanon mountain range, towering to heights of six and eight thousand feet. Mounting rapidly over an excellent military road, within an hour we were among the clouds, and I was glad to don an overcoat, so thin and chilly was the air. Emerging from the clouds on the eastern side of the crest, I beheld a splendid panorama—the wide, brown plain of the Bechar, splashed here and there with green patches of irrigation, stretching northward into the remote blue haze of infinite distance, and to the southward bounded by the dim bulk of Mount Hermon. To the eastward the valley was enclosed by another mountain range—the Anti-Lebanon—rising bare and grim against the hot, pale-blue sky. Descending quickly into the valley, we struck heat once more, but a dry, arid heat, very different from the humid air of Beirut, the Lebanon range effectively shutting away the moisture of the sea. Across the broad plain we sped rapidly, and over the Anti-Lebanon—a maze of broken crags and dry "wadys" or torrent beds. Then down once more into the plain of Damascus, in reality a gigantic oasis, fed by springs and intermittent rivers, and losing itself gradually in the sands of the desert still farther to the eastward. Damascus, very Arab and Oriental, was wholly different from Levantine Beirut. And, in the interval, what contrasts between the Christian Lebanon, the peasants of the Bechar, and the burnoosed Bedouins, with their camels and flocks of goats wandering through the arid lands between!

In Moslem Damascus one felt both the latent political discontent against European rule and the military power of France. The city is heavily garrisoned by an extraordinary medley of soldiers—French metropolitan troops in "horizon-blue," white colonial infantry, swarthy "Moroccans" in khaki and red fezzes, "Spahis" or North African native cavalry in flowing white burnooses, Syrian Legionaries, even Annamites from France's far Eastern colonies—short, slant-eyed men wearing queer Chinese hats with quaint brass bobbets atop. Here again France is taking no chances, for Damascus stands on the borders of the illimitable Arabian desert, the abode of wild warriors and wilder fanaticism.

Another glimpse of Syria's variety is afforded by the motor trip down the coast southward into Palestine. It is a fine ride. Much of the time the road is close to the water's edge, so that one runs between the blue sea and the mountains. At other points bits of alluvial plain lie between the sea and the foot-hills. This ground is extremely fertile, and is covered with orange-groves, banana-plantations, and other semi-tropical products. As for the hill slopes, wherever they are not too steep they are sparsely dotted with olive-trees, the gray-green of the foliage blending into the gray of the limestone-rock background. And then, there are the towns, each with a character quite its own. Sidon, Tyre, Acre; famous names,

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all of these. Yet how fallen from their former high estate! Sidon is still a sizable place, with some small local commerce, though quite eclipsed by Beirut, its traditional rival. As for Tyre, it is a wretched, filthy hole, in the last stages of decrepitude, its harbor hopelessly silted up with sand. Acre lives upon the traditions of its martial past, its massive walls and battlements, built by the Crusaders, still proudly fronting the sea. Before the days of long-range guns and high explosives Acre must have been a tremendously strong place, and one realizes how it could have baffled even the genius of Bonaparte, who was foiled in his northward march at this point.

At Acre one is no longer in Syria. You have crossed the border into Palestine, and you are in British mandate territory. The change is barely noticeable, for the country is much the same, and the Palestine frontier officials are natives, not Englishmen. Not until you reach Haifa, Palestine's chief seaport, do you notice plain evidences of British rule. Haifa itself is a nondescript port town, lacking in personality, but the street signs, the shop fronts full of British goods, and the very British persons on the hotel terrace performing the solemn rites of afternoon tea show you plainly that you are within the nimbus of "The Empire." Another thing one notes, in contrast to Syria, is the lack of overt military force. Syria seems to swarm with soldiers; in Palestine, on the contrary, Britain has managed (as she usually does) to run things with a minimum of armed man-power. Of course there is a strong native police and gendarmerie, but one sees few "Tommies," and I was told that the number of British troops in Palestine is very small.

The most intriguing portion of the British forces in Palestine is the white constabulary. Stationed in small detachments throughout the country, these men are not used in ordinary patrol work, but are kept in reserve for real trouble, such as the quelling of riots or the "mopping up" of brigands. I saw some first at Haifa, and was instantly struck with their appearance. Tall, rangy, fine-looking chaps, mostly reddish blonds, and wearing broad-brimmed Australian hats cocked up at the side, there was something obviously un-"English" about them which made me ask if they were Colonials. I was answered that they were Irishmen! Yes, there in far-off Palestine, I beheld on duty the famous "R. I. C.'s"—the Royal Irish Constabulary. Exiled from their own country, Britain has given them this new task. And they acquit themselves well, these latest members of the ancient Irish Order of "The Wild Geese." Like Johnny Walker, they are "still going strong." I am told that the way these wild Irishmen wade into a riot or clean up a brigand band is something which must be seen to be appreciated—and which certainly acts as a powerful deterrent to the evil-minded throughout Palestine. In fact, this reputation is perhaps too good for their own liking. I talked with some of these R. I. C.'s and found they had a grievance, which was, that they had so few "active" duties!

It was at Haifa, likewise, that I encountered the first representatives of an element which constitutes Palestine's chief political problem to-day: the Zionist Jew. Under the terms of the mandate, Palestine is to afford the Jews a "National Home"—whatever that much-interpreted term may mean. Officially, Palestine is to-day trilingual, all public notices and documents being written jointly in English, Arabic, and Hebrew. Whatever the outcome of Zionism may be (and that is a subject so complicated that I cannot even touch upon it here), the Zionist leaders have certainly displayed great activity and can show striking tangible results. Palestine is to-day dotted with Jewish "colonies," large and small, inhabited by the most amazing medley of Jews drawn from the four corners of the earth. Jerusalem is a cross-section of the whole Jewish race. There one sees every conceivable type, from English Jews absolutely British in manner and American Jews who might have just stepped off Broadway, to weird-looking Jews from the depths of Central Asia, and "black" Jews from the Yemen. Of course the bulk of the Jewish element in Palestine comes from Eastern Europe—from Russia, Poland, and Rumania, the great sources of Jewish migration.

It was from Jerusalem that I started on one of the most interesting and pictur-

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esque of my journeyings—a trip into Transjordania. Transjordania is an autonomous Arab state, under British protection, ruled by the Emir Abdullah, one of the sons of the king of Hedjaz. From the British view-point it serves as a sort of buffer between Palestine and the great Arabian desert. Having been invited by the emir to visit him in his camp, I started from Jerusalem by motor-car one cool autumn morning to make the promised trip.

The start was, perforce, an early one, for it was highly preferable to cross the Jordan valley before the morning was well spent. Few climatic changes are more notable than that between Jerusalem and the Jordan. Jerusalem stands on breezy heights, nearly 2,700 feet above sea-level. The Jordan valley, on the other hand, is the lowest spot on the earth's surface, the Dead Sea lying about 1,300 feet below the level of the ocean. From Jerusalem to the Jordan valley the British have constructed an excellent military road, which can be traversed in about an hour. To drop 4,000 feet in an hour is noticeable anywhere; to drop 1,300 feet below sea-level is a real experience. The atmosphere positively weighs upon you, and its density can be literally felt when taken into the lungs. And the heat—its peculiar character must be felt to be appreciated. The road to Transjordania traverses the Jordan valley close to its lower end in the Dead Sea. The country is, for the most part, appalling desert, the only green spot aside from the banks of the Jordan itself being the oasis of Jericho. Modern Jericho is a wretched, filthy town, inhabited by a degenerate-looking lot of negroes and mulattoes, the descendants of former slaves, who have drifted to this abode of heat so blasting that during the summer months only their African constitutions could endure it. Crossing the Jordan by a narrow bridge, I was over the frontier and in Transjordania.

I felt at once that I had crossed a real border. The quaint, semi-Bedouin uniform of the frontier guard was only a symbol of other noticeable differences from Palestine. First and foremost, while in Palestine weapons are forbidden the civilian population, in Transjordania every one goes armed. The sons of Ishmael are by nature an unruly breed, and the public peace in this very Arab land must not be judged by Western standards. Furthermore, when I was there people were still a bit on the *qui vive* owing to a tribal rebellion that had menaced even the capital.

However, my journey was peaceful enough, my chief troubles being the state of the roads, which were extremely rough and rather ticklish in places. Transjordania is a high plateau country, lying at about the same level as Jerusalem. This implied a stiff climb of about 4,000 feet among grim mountains, along narrow, stony roads skirting deep valleys, where a skid would have meant certain death far below. Most of this mountain country is dry and barren. My first stop was at an oasis town, where I was entertained by the commandant, a fierce old warrior with bristling mustaches, who regaled me with Bedouin coffee made without sugar and steeped in a weird-tasting herb, followed by tea flavored with cinnamon. Then another jaunt across plateau country, with a good deal of arable land and fairly frequent villages, to Amman, the chief town and the capital of Transjordania.

Amman is a typical Arab town, with narrow, crooked streets, and a swarming, vociferous population. It has some interesting and well-preserved Roman ruins, all this region having been settled civilized country in classic times. The emir, however, does not live in Amman itself. Good Arab that he is, he does not like city life, but prefers to dwell in tents. Accordingly, he resides on a hilltop, a couple of miles from town and well above the valley. Thither I motored and, breasting the steep slope, came upon a sight which might, in many ways, have been taken bodily from the remote past. The hilltop was covered with tents, pitched casually here and there, with no apparent alignment, some of white canvas, others of black goat's-hair. Among the tents moved human figures in flowing white Arab garb, some afoot, others mounted on mettlesome Arab horses. On the outskirts of the encampment were numerous horses, donkeys, and camels, while the approaches were guarded by sentinels. In the centre of the camp the

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emir's tents stood, conspicuous by their size.

Thither I was conducted and ushered into the presence of my host. The Emir Abdullah is a truly delightful person. Fresh-complexioned, with brown beard and well-cut features, he has a pleasant smile and frank, laughing eyes which become almost boyish when they light up at an interesting anecdote or a humorous story. His Bedouin head-dress and Arab robes become him well, and when mounted on his fine Arab charger he looks every inch a desert chieftain. His retainers are a most picturesque lot. They are nearly all from his native land, the Hedjaz—lean, sinewy Arabs, or tall, black slaves, with crooked daggers stuck in their wide, colorful girdles. The interiors of the emir's tents are lined with gorgeous Arab draperies and carpeted with fine rugs, the whole forming a picture of Oriental magnificence which will long remain in my memory.

My visit passed all too soon. The emir was a perfect host and did everything possible for the entertainment of his Western guest. There were fine exhibitions of Arab horsemanship, a parade of his army—a force drilled and equipped on European lines and headed by a band including a section of bagpipes, and an amazing recital rendered by his court singer—an artist whose like, the emir informed me, "was not to be found in the four quarters of Islam." I can well believe it, for a more extraordinary performance I have never listened to. This gentleman, a blackamoor with wild, rolling eyes, sang to the accompaniment of two instruments, which were a cross between a drum and a tambourine. Working himself into a proper state of artistic fervor, he would burst forth into an astounding series of nasal hums, shrieks, groans, and yells which, I was informed, were ancient Arab melodies. Anticipating my lack of appreciation, the emir had cautioned me to keep a straight face, as his singer was very proud of his talent and easily offended.

These amusements were, of course, only the lighter side of my stay. I had interesting talks with the emir himself (a very intelligent man) and with several of the personalities at his court. There were bearded, hawk-nosed sheikhs from the desert, full of Arab politics and Old World philosophy; Syrian refugees, hot against French rule over their country; and keen young British officers from the neighboring airplane station, Amman being the last air-service post before the long "hop" across the desert to distant Baghdad. Then, of course, the life of the camp in itself offered an infinity of quaint variety, so that time never hung heavy on my hands.

My visit to the emir marked the end of my sojourn in Palestine. The next day saw me off for Egypt. A few hours' run by train and I had left the Judean hills and the coast plains alike far behind and was being borne along through the dreary waste of sand and scrub which separates Palestine from the valley of the Nile. This railroad is one of the fruits of the late war. Ten years ago communication between Palestine and Egypt was solely by sea. While Palestine remained in Turkish hands, England would not allow any rail communication which might menace the Suez Canal. Now that Palestine is a British mandate, the military line laid down by Allenby in his northward march has become a trunk route along which excellent trains run.

It was night when I arrived in Cairo, yet I was driven over smoothly asphalted, brilliantly lighted streets to a first-class hotel. After the months that I had spent in Balkan, Turkish, and Arab lands this seemed the very acme of metropolitan civilization. My first impressions were not notably modified by subsequent inspection. To the European or American tourist fresh from his homeland, Cairo may appear very "Oriental"; to me, with the dust of the desert still on my garments and memories of Angora and Amman yet vivid in my mind, the famous "streets of Cairo," even in the most "native" quarter, looked tame and Westernized. Forty years of British rule have sunk deep. They have even toned down the Oriental smells!

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At Mrs. Hopkins' Elbow

BY EDWARD L. STRATER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE HARVEY

IT was one of the large suburbs of a small town, exactly, as every one knows, the kind of place to live.

The town was really quite small; neither the butcher nor the grocer moved in the best society.

The chairwoman of the Reception Committee and the Distinguished Visitor had just found each other in the crowd at the station.

"We thought of having the band down to meet you—" the lady paused for effect.

The visitor looked around apprehensively.

"But we haven't got one," concluded her husband, holding the brim of his hat against his chest with both chubby hands, which is exactly the right way to hold a hat on such occasions.

The lady looked at the visitor far differently from the way in which she had just looked at her husband.

"Nevertheless," she resumed, "we are very pleased to welcome you."

All the ladies of the committee included in the "we" smiled and nodded in agreement.

Presently the assistant chairwoman came up breathlessly from the far end of the platform where she had been posted in case the visitor should have come through the wrong gate.

She had a handful of broad white ribbons, each stencilled with a name, and these she proceeded to pin on the shirt-waists of the ladies, near where several of them carried their little gold watches.

Finally she had only one ribbon left in her hand and one pin in her mouth.

"Allow me," the visitor stepped up gallantly, and pinned the last banneret on her gray silk waist.

It was a very pretty sight to see him do this. The assistant chairwoman blushed like a bride, though she had really never been one, and should have known better at her age.

She looked around anxiously. "Has every one her own name?"

Everyone nodded. She appeared relieved.

"Now, then," she smiled at the visitor, "everybody knows everybody else, and we can all act just like home-folks."

She had thought of this little speech just before going to sleep the night before, long after eleven o'clock.

"First," announced the chairwoman, adjusting her glasses and consulting the schedule she carried, "we will take a little drive around the park."

As if by prearranged signal the group fell back, opening a passageway to the curb where there were two big touring-cars, each with little cheese-cloth flags at either side of the wind-shield.

The chairwoman led the visitor to the first car, while the assistant chairwoman and the ladies of the committee climbed into the second.

The first was a Cadillac, while the second was of inferior make.

There was a moment of hesitation about the order of getting in, but the lady asked the visitor to step right in and sit in the middle of the back seat.

While he was doing this, she turned to her husband, who was fortunately right at her elbow.

"Henry, just take another look at the tires; and Henry, ask the boy if he's sure there's enough gasolene."

Henry then got into the front seat.

As soon as Mrs. Hopkins (we must now begin calling the lady by her name) saw that the visitor was comfortably seated, she asked him to allow her to introduce Miss Jones, who was going to ride on the back seat with them.

Every one knew Miss Jones could have

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From a drawing by Alice Harvey.

"We thought of having the band down to meet you."—Page 276.

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The minister called all the way across the table to ask the

had the position of school-teacher, but they all agreed that it was much nicer she had decided to keep her time free to devote to civic welfare. She was not awfully old either, and she possessed a certain seriousness which must have been very appealing to men.

The visitor, as soon as he saw her, would have gotten right out of the car to shake hands with her, but she asked him please to keep his seat.

In a few moments they were all seated, and Mrs. Hopkins, after a hasty look around at the other car, told Henry to tell the boy to start.

The car proceeded down the main street. Many of the merchants had hung big flags over their little shops, so the street had quite a holiday appearance.

Every one but Mr. Hopkins sat up very straight at first, because every one on the sidewalks was looking at them. Poor Mr. Hopkins was not accustomed to public occasions; however, no one seemed to mind that.

The boy had been given very strict orders to drive as slowly as possible down this street, and Mr. Hopkins bent down beneath the side of the car to watch the speedometer, as he knew he would please his wife by seeing that her orders were carried out. Only once, when the needle for a moment got as low as six miles an hour, did he give the boy a look of protest.

At first Mrs. Hopkins was kept busy bowing to all the people of her acquaintance, but eventually the car turned into the side street that led to the park.

Mrs. Hopkins told the visitor it was a very nice park they were approaching. This started the general conversation.

Miss Jones was very well informed on parkology, and of course the visitor had seen many of the leading parks of the country.

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visitor how he felt on the subject of prohibition.—Page 282.

In fact, Miss Jones happened at that very time to be urging on the town council the need of a children's playground in the park.

The visitor thought the idea a very sound one, and promised to indorse it in his speech that afternoon.

Miss Jones was terribly pleased; even Mr. Hopkins turned around to smile knowingly at the word "indorse."

When they reached the circle in the middle of the park, Mrs. Hopkins told her husband to tell the boy to stop for a moment so that they could admire the fountain.

The inscription around the base announced that the fountain had been donated by a certain Mr. Barnes to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of something or other on the far side that they could not see.

The great man said it was a very touching proof of civic pride. He would have gotten right out of the car to read the rest of it, but Miss Jones stopped him.

Just then the other car pulled up for a moment alongside of the Cadillac, and all the ladies leaned out to ask the visitor if he did not think it was a pretty park.

As soon as they were under way again, Miss Jones and the great man resumed the subject of civic pride, about which each of them could give many little examples. Miss Jones said she could talk on the subject for hours.

"So could I! Ah, yes, so could I!"

Almost before every one but Mr. Hopkins knew it they were driving down the residential street. Presently they passed the house in which Mrs. Hopkins said Miss Jones lived.

Miss Jones never in the world would have pointed out her own house, so she blushed quite red.

However, the visitor thought it was a very nice house, consequently Miss Jones was secretly pleased.

She could not make up her mind whether or not she ought to do the same for Mrs. Hopkins when they passed the chairwoman's home. Just at the last moment, when she was about to reach a decision, Henry turned around and said in a loud voice: "That's our little nest!"

Thus the time passed pleasantly until they reached the hotel.

Mrs. Hopkins adjusted her glasses: "We will now have luncheon at the New York Hotel."

Henry grinned confidingly, like a boy that has peeped into the kitchen.

"More like a banquet, I call it!"

Mrs. Hopkins turned to her guest.

"I hate that word, don't you?" He hastened to agree. "Of course the New York Hotel—" she paused for the exact shade.

"But it's the only hotel in town," Henry concluded helpfully, trying to make amends for his last remark.

As they drew up at the curb they found the mayor standing on the steps as if he had just arrived.

Both the visitor and the mayor were very glad to meet each other, as each had

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been following the career of the other with interest. They were soon so absorbed in talking about themselves that Mrs. Hopkins had great difficulty in getting between them to lead the way upstairs.

The private reception-room was very crowded and noisy, but as soon as the little group entered, a profound hush fell upon the room.

It was so quiet that if a pin had dropped —but fortunately all the ladies' dresses held together.

For a moment it seemed that the assemblage fell back in awe, but Mrs. Hopkins, with admirable presence of mind, sent Henry, who was fortunately right at her elbow, to tell the people to come up to be introduced.

Immediately, the banker, the lawyer, the editor of *The Weekly Courier*, the doctor, the minister, the professor, in fact everybody was lining up. As soon as the mayor realized a receiving line was being formed, he took his place at its head.

When the introductions were over, the banker put his hands, palms out, under his coat tails and ambled up to the visitor.

"Well, how's money in your part of the country—tight?"

This was just the banker's little way of beginning a conversation.

"Tight!" The word was as milk and honey, fermented, to the visitor's ears.

"A little tightness is sometimes appropriate and desirable, don't you think?" the visitor suggested hopefully.

The banker took him by the arm.

"Suppose we look up a quiet corner and talk things over."

"Now," continued the banker, "as you say, a slight degree is sometimes desirable, but what I want to know is what those fellows down in Washington are tinkering with the tariff for."

"Oh!" The light of interest faded from his eyes.

There is no telling what he would have said next, for just then the minister came up to claim his attention.

His manner changed immediately when confronted by a divine.

"Sir," the minister began, "I am facing a peculiar problem of conflicting duty. I would value your wider range of experience. May I suggest that we seek an unfrequented corner?"

There is no telling what the great man would have said next, for he suddenly became aware of a young lady who was trying to speak to him.

"Might I ask the opinion of such an awfully important man on a silly little question?"

He looked at her severely. "No quiet corners; they're drafty!"

She smiled sweetly. "You see, all my life I have wanted to be a great actress. Oh, you can't imagine how I've longed to—always."

He nodded gravely.

"But lately, I've been taking a course in acting, and the book says that one should have coarse features and a large nose for the movies. I'm so afraid I won't film well!"

"Have you thought of a false nose?"

Fortunately he noticed a portly gentleman trying to attract his attention.

"I'm the doctor," the gentleman announced.

"Oh, doctor," the visitor groaned, "I'm afraid I'm catching a terrible cold!"

The doctor grinned. "Come right over to the corner. I'll give you a prescription that will fix you up in a jiffy."

"Make it a quart, doctor," the great man whispered.

"Quart? Tommy-rot, sir. Four years of prohibition have completely exploded the belief in the medicinal properties of whiskey. What you need is pills."

There is no telling what the visitor would have said next, for just then little Henry Hopkins approached him.

The visitor prepared himself to converse with Mrs. Hopkins.

"Hot day, eh?" said Mrs. Hopkins' husband.

"Very; ah, yes, very."

"Nothing like a quiet corner and a little—" wink.

The great man was too amazed for words. Henry misunderstood the silence.

"Perhaps you don't—" wink.

Several moments later the two gentlemen found themselves in the dressing-room.

Henry was engaged in the art of pouring when the door opened stealthily and the mayor's head appeared in the crack.

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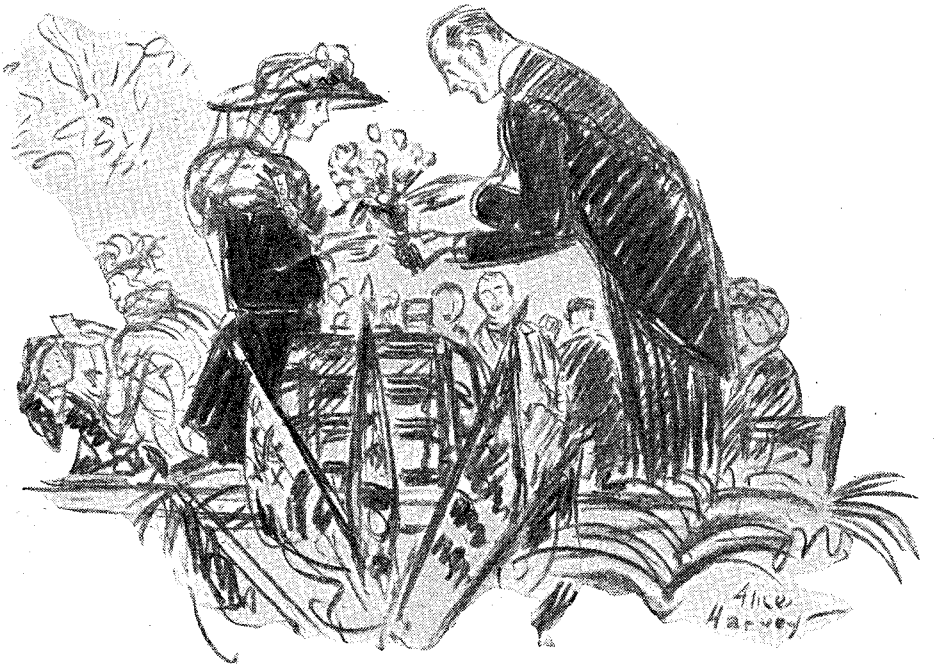

"They are for you," he said graciously, giving her the bunch.—Page 283.

"Ah, gentlemen, I fear I'm intruding." The mayor, however, made no sign of withdrawing.

Henry did not seem surprised. "Did you bring a glass, Bill?"

"Why, Henery, you do me an injustice. Purely a chance discovery, purely chance."

The mayor entered, took the glass that was offered him, and held it aloft.

"There are subjects of national importance above mere party."

The visitor gulped to the toast.

"A man must have his little drink." Henry raised the neck of the bottle.

"Especially when he's going to make a speech, as you would realize, Henery, were you a public servant."

"Especially when his wife's going to make a speech, as you would realize if you were a married—er—man."

So the time passed pleasantly until Henry decided to reassume his marital obligations. Preparatory to doing this he smelled the mayor's breath and the mayor returned the courtesy. But neither of them could detect anything on the other.

However, to make assurance doubly sure, the visitor produced a package of mints.

"I always carry them for my—er—voice."

The mayor looked at him in admiration.

"Observe, Henery, that foresight is the true mark of greatness."

Toward the close of the above events Mrs. Hopkins and the assistant chairwoman were making a last minute inspection in the private dining-room.

Finding everything correct, even to the cherries in the grapefruit, each of the ladies drew a long breath and turned to the other.

Then Mrs. Hopkins turned to Henry, who was fortunately right at her elbow.

"Why, what are you eating, Henry?"

Henry swallowed hastily. "Just a mint, Maria."

"Indeed! Well, then, tell the head waiter to announce luncheon."

The waiter opened the dark-brown folding doors with a flourish.

"Banquet's ready."

There was an immediate hush in the room, broken only by a hysterical laugh from Henry.

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Mrs. Hopkins turned to the visitor. "Shall we lead the way? Luncheon is served."

It was a very nice luncheon. During the course of the conversation the minister called all the way across the table to ask the visitor how he felt on the subject of prohibition.

The latter looked slowly around the table to find all eyes turned upon him.

"Why, very strongly, sir."

This answer pleased the ladies very much, but the minister asked the visitor to be more explicit.

The great man considered carefully.

"There are some questions above mere legislation. The final tribunal in such matters is the individual's own conscience."

"Ha," burst out the mayor, "I indorse that!" He hurriedly made a note of the reply in his campaign note-book for future use, should he ever be confronted by such an emergency.

The parson reflected. "I believe I understand you, sir. You mean that because of legislation the individual loses the opportunity of practising voluntary restraint, and so, of winning a moral victory. Ladies and gentlemen, I consider that a very fine position to take."

Every one was pleased, especially the visitor, as people like to have others agree with them one way or another.

When the charlotte russe had been cleared away Mrs. Hopkins looked at her watch, and rose from the table, whereupon the other ladies looked at their watches, and rose likewise.

"Oh, I think he's just wonderful," Miss Jones whispered on the way to the dressing-room.

"Do you, dear? I knew you would find each other interesting."

When the ladies emerged again, Mrs. Hopkins looked up and down the room for the visitor. At last she spied him with her husband and the mayor in a far corner.

Advancing toward them she adjusted her glasses to read.

"We will now lay the corner-stone."

"Perhaps you would rather unveil a monument," Henry suggested.

Even Miss Jones could not help laughing at the idea, for of course every one knew there were no monuments to be unveiled.

So they all went outside, the original little party plus the mayor who had decided to join them, and climbed into the Cadillac.

As both the visitor and Mrs. Hopkins were saving their voices for their speeches, Miss Jones kept up the conversation. The mayor was very quiet, too, as if he were going to make a speech, so Miss Jones talked about the playground, knowing that the visitor was interested in the subject; though, of course, she did not want to appear to be reminding him of his promise.

When they arrived at the lot where the corner-stone was to be laid, they found a large crowd already there.

As the clapping grew in volume at the sight of the great man, the mayor followed Mrs. Hopkins onto the platform and bowed again and again to the audience.

In the meantime Mrs. Hopkins counted the chairs, and finding there was one too few, asked Henry to hand up a chair for the mayor. Then, with admirable presence of mind, she requested the mayor to make a few prefatory remarks, for, as every one knows, whenever mayors mount public platforms they are expected to have something to say.

After much hesitation he consented, if it should be clearly understood that his remarks were entirely extemporaneous.

By this time, the seats all having been filled, the conviction rapidly spread among the audience that it was time to begin. So Mrs. Hopkins stepped up to the rostrum and rapped for order.

Order was so profound that poor Henry felt he would hear his heart beat—if it would only resume operations.

The chairwoman announced that the mayor had condescended to make a few extemporaneous remarks. His name did not appear on the printed programme because it was uncertain until the last moment whether his official duties would permit his presence, and therefore the committee had not wanted to arouse perhaps false hopes in the audience.

Whereupon the mayor rose, and on that day made a lifelong reputation as an extemporaneous speaker.

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As it was now Mrs. Hopkins' turn to make a few remarks, Henry closed his eyes very tight, and sank down as low as possible in the little front-row chair that had been reserved for him. Indeed, he stayed in that position until the last echoes of his wife's utterances had died away, whereupon he sprang excitedly to his feet and said "hooray," dropping back again even more quickly, as he realized the enormity of his conduct.

Every one, however, thought this such a fine example of connubial concern that they applauded as much for him, had he only known it, as they did for Mrs. Hopkins.

The great man now rose momentously to his feet to acknowledge the storm of cheers that greeted him.

It is impossible here to give anything but the gist of the visitor's speech, but any one who is interested further in the matter will find the full text in the following number of *The Weekly Courier*.

Poor Miss Jones was all in a flutter lest the great man should forget his promise. But such gentlemen never forget, so even before she was aware that he was leading up to the subject at all, he was paving the way for a stirring appeal by recounting how, as a boy, he had perhaps laid the foundations of his future greatness by the hours he had spent in public playgrounds.

Of course, he had done a lot of other things, as a boy, to lay the foundations, such as selling newspapers, doing the chores on a farm, all excellent training, as any farmer present would realize. However, he happened to be talking about this particular phase of his boyhood at present.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, there is a lady present, a most charming lady," he said, turning toward Miss Jones, who suddenly became red but happy, "who is, I understand, a firm advocate of a children's playground."

He became aware of an expression of frowning anxiety on the faces of several gentlemen, all sitting in a row. They might be the town councillors, he thought.

"Of course," he continued, "there are sometimes considerations that make it impossible for the councillors to follow their natural inclinations in the matter, and grant every request made of them. Sometimes even, I speak as a practical politician, they are not even able to disclose the principles of policy that dictate their decisions. But should such considerations not exist in this case, I wish to say that I give the idea my most emphatic indorsement."

It would be difficult to say whether Miss Jones or the councillors clapped harder after this indorsement.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," he said in conclusion, "do you know what impresses me most about this wonderful city of yours?" He repeated the words again for emphasis.

The audience hung breathlessly on his words.

"That this city has ahead of it a great future."

During his tenth bow to the applause, a little boy came running up to the platform with a bunch of posies, which he presented to the visitor.

The great man patted the boy on the head, asked kindly after his mother and father, and read the card attached, which he hastily put in his pocket.

It said: "Compliments of the councillors."

Through the crowd that was coming onto the platform to congratulate him, he sought out Miss Jones.

"Oh, what pretty flowers!"

"They are for you," he said graciously, giving her the bunch.

"And now," said Mrs. Hopkins, looking at her watch, "if you don't want to miss your train you must say your farewells."

The visitor said that he could not afford to miss his train, so he would "waive" his farewells. Great men have been known to linger in a company almost indefinitely waiting for an opportunity to make just such a witty exit.

In a few minutes more the original little party was back at the station. On the platform they found a tall youth, who said he was the reporter for *The Courier*.

By some higher faculty not possessed by humbler men, the great man knew this already. So he waited until the reporter had opened his note-book and poised his pencil, and then remarked, turning his back on the youth, as if he had completely

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forgotten him: "I am carrying away with me a singularly pleasant recollection of the charming people of your city."

Miss Jones blushed prettily.

"You will come back some time," Mrs. Hopkins asked.

"Some time, ah, yes!"

Miss Jones looked at him anxiously.

"Perhaps to dedicate the playground?"

"Yes," he agreed gravely.

She became bolder. "Will you promise?"

There flashed into his mind the picture of several fat councillors frowning at the word "playground!"

"Yes; ah, yes, I promise."

She looked at him gratefully. For a moment their eyes met, and for her, in that fleeting encounter, was a long eternity.

"All aboard!"

The little group watched the great man framed in the doorway of the last car until the train was quite lost around the bend. Then Miss Jones turned aside and hid somewhere in the folds of her dress, one of the flowers from her little bunch of posies.

Mrs. Hopkins folded the programme carefully in the middle, took off her glasses, snapped them in the case, and turned to her elbow.

"Henry, I want to talk to you!"

Henry was nowhere in sight.

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Frank Bacon

AS SEEN BY HIS SECRETARY

BY FLORENCE FOSTER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IT was Monday, July 5, 1920, when "Lightnin'" was ending its second year on Broadway, that I took my letter of introduction in one hand and my courage in both hands, and went down to the Gaiety Theatre to present myself to Frank Bacon.

I knew that famous stars were not easy to approach, and I feared that I would be told Mr. Bacon was too busy or too tired, or too something or other, to see me.

"Lightnin's" first act was not quite over when I reached the stage door. At the end of the act the doorman waylaid Mr. Bacon as he left the stage and handed him the letter and my card. Mr. Bacon squinted in my direction and told me to follow him. We went into his dressing-room, and Mr. Bacon nodded toward a chair, and then he sank into an enormous black-leather one beside the make-up shelf. I sat down without a word while Mr. Bacon put on his glasses and opened the letter.

He read it through and sat gazing at the floor, thinking. The letter simply asked him to do what he could for me, and he, of course, surmised that it was the same old story—I wanted to go on the stage and had come to him for help and advice. After he had glanced through the letter once more, he smiled at me across the room, and, fixing me with that steady gaze of his, he said: "Well, I suppose you want to act."

"Yes," I replied, "but that's only half of what I want. I want to be your secretary, too." Mr. Bacon sat up a little at that and cocked his head to one side and raised his bushy eyebrows.

"That isn't a bad idea," he said. "I really ought to have some one to help me with my mail. I read the letters and put them aside. I pick up a few from time to time and answer them, but most of them are left so long that they get cold, and there's nothing to do but put them in the scrap-basket. It isn't fair; it hurts people's feelings. I really should answer every one of them. I tell you what; come in and see me again in a few days—say, after Wednesday's matinée. I haven't time to talk about it now. It's almost time to go on again."

The following Wednesday I sent my card in to Mr. Bacon after the matinée. He called down the long hall which led from his dressing-room, "Come on down," and then when I reached his room he said: "You know, I never thought of you once after you left the other day. Come in after the matinée Saturday and I'll bring some letters from home and we'll go over them."

I went the next Saturday, but again I was told, in that gentle Frank Bacon voice, and with an apologetic smile, that I had passed out of his mind the moment I had passed out of his dressing-room the Wednesday before. So at his invitation I paid him regular Saturday and Wednesday visits until August 1st arrived. That day I went down during the evening performance. In one of his moments off stage Mr. Bacon saw me waiting and beckoned to me.

I started to go to him, but the doorman stopped me, saying that no one but the performers could stand in the wings during a performance. I explained that Mr. Bacon had beckoned to me. "Oh, that's all right then"—and I had the thrill of walking right up to the "Calivada" dining-room door (back-stage side).

Mr. Bacon was beaming with self-approval as he said: "Aren't I bright? I remembered to bring the letters!" Then

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his cue came, and he stepped out on the stage. At the end of the act he went to his room and he dictated some letters.

I had been taking care of Mr. Bacon's mail but a very few days when he put down the pile of letters he was going through to talk about "mother" (his name for Mrs. Bacon). He told me what a wonderful woman she was; how quick and clever and kind. "You must come out to Bayside this week and meet her," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Bacon's love for each other was a very beautiful thing. Anything "mother" thought or wanted or did was just what Mr. Bacon wanted and thought and did, and whatever "father" wanted Mrs. Bacon wanted. It always gave Mr. Bacon a thrill to have "mother" come to the theatre during a performance. He'd say to the various members of the company as they stood in the wings awaiting cues: "Mother's in my room; go in and see her." And at their first opportunity they would go to Mr. Bacon's room to receive a cheery "Hello!" from Mrs. Bacon, and to hear her bright, hearty laugh.

When "Lightnin'" was playing in Chicago I lived with the Bacon family and was able to see just how big and how fine Mr. and Mrs. Bacon's love for each other was. After a performance Mr. Bacon would hurry into his street clothes and into the car without a moment's loss of time. When we reached the house he unlocked the door, but left it for me to close and lock, so that he could get upstairs as quickly as possible, to make sure that "mother" and the children (the three grandchildren) were all right.

Mrs. Bacon was always in his room waiting for him—sewing, reading, or writing. Then there would be midnight refreshments—fruit or an egg-nog or something of the kind, and then those delightful talks.

First, Mrs. Bacon would ask about the performance. If anything unusually funny or something wrong had occurred during the performance, it was all gone over with Mrs. Bacon and her ideas on the subject gone into. Then she would tell Mr. Bacon what had happened at home since he left for the theatre—the things the children had said or done; who had telephoned and who had called. And several nights a week, somehow or other, the conversation would invariably get around to "the old days."

Then it would be "Father, do you remember the time we were in such and such a place and so and so happened?" (Mrs. Bacon had acted with Mr. Bacon for years.) Or Mr. Bacon would inquire whether or not Mrs. Bacon remembered the time she had prompted him all the way from her dressing-room when he was faltering on the stage, or the time she had played when she was having such a terrible time with a tooth that she could not move her jaw and had to say her lines through clinched teeth? And so it would go, night after night, until the clock would say one-thirty or two.

From those talks it was easy to discover that during their thirty-five years of married life Mr. and Mrs. Bacon had worked *together*, and *together* they were enjoying the victory. Nothing had been too hard for Mrs. Bacon. She and Mr. Bacon had played in "stock," which, of course, meant a new play each week. She had always learned her own part and then helped Mr. Bacon with his, for he hated the drudgery side of acting. To act was his very life and he loved it, but the work of getting the lines "fixed" was very irksome to him, and he depended upon "mother" to see to it that he learned them.

She made her costumes and street clothes, wrote publicity matter for the newspapers, and loved it all! She was a wonderful woman to her husband then, and he found her just as wonderful after he had become famous. He always said that he owed everything to her, and he *meant* it.

There never could be two people more sympathetic or generous than Mr. and Mrs. Bacon. They were always trying to do the kind thing. When it was necessary to engage a chauffeur in Chicago, they engaged one who was out of work and married, instead of the one who appealed to them very much more but who already had a position and was unmarried. They explained the situation to the one they did not engage so that he would not feel badly. And they asked him whether or not he agreed with them that it was the thing to do.

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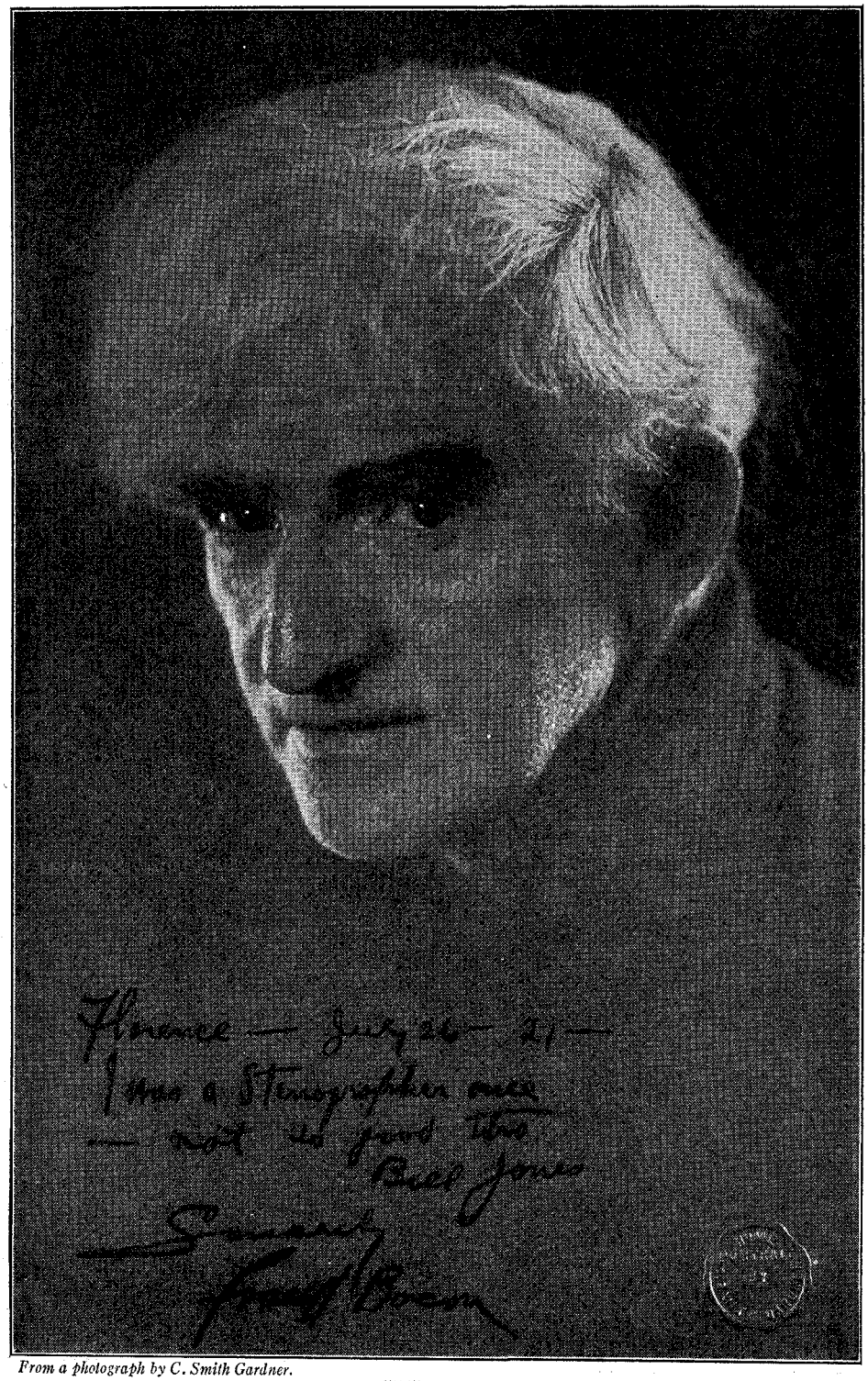

From a photograph by C. Smith Gardner.

"Bill Jones."

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There were so many times when Mr. Bacon displayed his gentleness and sweetness. At breakfast one day Mr. Bacon took a bite of his wheat-cakes, and discovered that they were heavy and soggy. He was extremely fond of wheat-cakes, but, being sometimes troubled with indigestion, he decided that it would be very unwise to eat these cakes. When the maid came into the room she noticed that Mr. Bacon was not eating them. "What is the matter, Mr. Bacon? Aren't they good?" she asked. "Oh," replied Mr. Bacon, "they're fine, but I'm not hungry this morning." When the maid had left the room, Mrs. Bacon said: "Frank, how in the world can I tell her that the cakes were no good, after you've told her that they are fine?" "Oh, well," he said, "the poor girl would have been all upset if I had told her they are too heavy to eat." Not a very good way to train a servant, but wonderfully considerate.

Another day, the laundress was robbed of seven dollars. Mr. Bacon saw to it that there were seven extra dollars with her pay that evening. Thanksgiving time Mrs. Bacon sent huge baskets of food and clothing to poor people. And at Christmas time she made one hundred net stockings and she and Mr. Bacon filled them with fruit and candy, cigars and cigarettes. Then, on Christmas Day the stockings were loaded into two clothes-baskets; the baskets were tied onto the children's sleds and taken to a marine hospital, not far from the Bacon residence. Mr. Bacon tramped up and down the long hospital corridors and tired himself out, talking to the sick men, shaking hands with them, and trying to encourage them. This in spite of the fact that it was no holiday for him—the usual performance had to be given that evening.

Another time, after Mr. and Mrs. Bacon had given up the house and gone to the Blackstone Hotel to live, Mr. Bacon showed how very kind and unaffected he was. Mr. and Mrs. Bacon were out when the clerk telephoned up to say that a Mrs. D. was calling on Mr. and Mrs. Bacon. The name was not familiar to me, but that meant nothing, so I told the clerk that I expected Mr. and Mrs. Bacon back in about half an hour. A few moments later there was a knock at the door and a very charming old lady said that she was Mrs. D.

I invited her in. She then told me the object of her call. She wanted to sell Mr. Bacon a set of books. Because she was obviously a lady and because of her age she had found it easy to get past the clerks. She was very charming and beautifully educated. She was quite fearful of the way in which she would be received, and asked me several times if Mr. Bacon was "kind."

When Mr. and Mrs. Bacon returned to the hotel, the clerk told them that Mrs. D. was waiting for them up-stairs. They did not recognize the name, but that did not matter. Mrs. Bacon went to her room to remove her hat, and Mr. Bacon went directly to Mrs. D. to ask what he could do for her. I explained the situation to Mrs. Bacon, who went to the rescue.

While she and Mrs. D. were talking, Mr. Bacon took me aside to ask me if I thought the "sweet old lady" would like "a cup of tea and a bite to eat." So it ended in a charming tea-party, and Mrs. D. left very happy, with a check for the books in her bag and an autographed picture of Mr. Bacon, who sent her back to her office in a cab.

One day Mr. Bacon came up-stairs from his luncheon hatless. I reminded him that he had worn a hat when he went down-stairs. He smiled and said: "The poor hat boy gave my hat to some one else. When I came out of the dining-room he was almost in tears, and told me what had happened. He says he can get the hat back, for the man he is quite sure he gave it to comes in often."

"I suppose," I said, "that he expected the famous Frank Bacon to make a great fuss over the loss of his hat and report it to the management and have him discharged."

"I told him not to worry," said Mr. Bacon, "and not to say anything about it and neither would I."

It was the only hat Mr. Bacon had just at that time, so he had to wear a golf cap all that day (Sunday) and the next day. He didn't care whether or not it was "the thing" to do. It just never entered his head one way or the other. He had a cap and he had no hat, so he wore the *cap*.

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In a few days the man who had been given Mr. Bacon's hat came storming into the hotel to demand his own hat. The hat boy said: "Oh, I'm so glad you came back. Your hat is here waiting for you. I gave you Mr. Bacon's hat by mistake."

"Whose hat?"

"Mr. Bacon's—Frank Bacon's."

"Do you mean Frank Bacon, the star of 'Lightnin'"?

"Yes." "Well," said the man, looking at the "F. B." initials in the hat, "if this hat belongs to Frank Bacon, I don't want to give it up. You can keep mine."

The hat boy insisted upon obtaining Mr. Bacon's permission. Mr. Bacon was very much surprised at the request. "The hats are just the same size," he said, "only his is a lot better than mine. However, I'm satisfied, if he is!"

Mr. Bacon was such a friendly person. He loved people. He disliked being alone. He wouldn't stay in his rooms at the hotel alone unless he was writing or napping. Down he would go to the lobby. Just as soon as he found a comfortable chair, some one who had seen the play would approach him to tell him how much he had enjoyed it, and Mr. Bacon would chat away with him as though he had known him for years. After his chat with the stranger, Mr. Bacon would wander over to the desk and talk with the clerks. Then over to the telegraph operators; next to the news-stand, and finally wind up with the hat boy.

They all told him their secrets and ambitions and disappointments, and he was really interested in them. The elevator boys and the waiters and the chambermaids were not servants to Mr. Bacon; they were fellow beings, and he was as much interested in them and in what they were doing as he was in the "big" people he met. Perhaps there would be a new waiter at Mr. Bacon's favorite table. The waiter would approach for the order, obviously very nervous. Mr. Bacon would look up and with that sweet smile say: "Hello, you're a new fellow here, aren't you? What do you think I ought to eat tonight?"

Mr. William Granger and Mr. Bacon, in front of the Blackstone Theatre, Chicago, June 1, 1922.

It was great fun to go walking with Mr. Bacon. Every one spotted him immediately, and they never seemed to realize that he had eyes and ears. They would grab their companion by the arm or give him a thump in the ribs and in hoarse whispers cry: "Oh, look, there's Frank Bacon!" Or some one else would shriek: "Look at 'Lightnin'"!" Often they would about-face and follow him, joining their remarks with those of the people who were already in back of him. They spoke in stage whispers or without even an attempt at lowering their voices.

"That's his own hair, I guess. I always thought it was a wig," one would remark. "He walks just the same on the street as he does on the stage," another would say. "Don't you just love him?" "Yes. I thought he was older." "I've been to see the play three times. I guess he's made a lot of money out of it." "Sure he has; I heard he's made mil-

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lions." So it would go, and how it did amuse Mr. Bacon—who didn't show by the slightest sign that he had heard a word of it. He'd look at me out of the corner of his eye—and I'd be strutting along as proud as a peacock to be seen with him—and say: "You're all puffed up, aren't you—out with a great 'guy' like me?"

It both amused and annoyed Mr. Bacon to have people think that he drank. He was a teetotaler, but the story had gone round that unless he was intoxicated he couldn't act "Bill." He came off stage after the prologue one night and said: "Those people in the second row almost sent me up in my lines. The girl said: 'Is he really drunk or only acting?' 'Oh, he's drunk all right,' said the man; 'he can't act unless he's drunk.' A little later he said: 'I guess we'll see a good show to-night, 'cause he's good and tight for fair.'" Mr. Bacon chuckled and said: "I wonder how he'll explain it to the girl when I sober up so thoroughly for the court-room scene!"

Mr. Bacon was often asked how he could act a drunken man to perfection the way he did if he had never been under the influence of drink. He explained it this way: "While the others were drunk I was sober, and I studied them."

A star as wonderfully famous and as lionized might very easily have been a bit difficult to be with behind the scenes, but Mr. Bacon was just one of the company. His dressing-room, both in New York and Chicago, was the "living-room" of the company. He was always one of the first ones in the theatre, and as the other members of the company came in they would invariably go to his room first. With Mr. Bacon one never felt that it was necessary to wait for an invitation to go in and sit down and talk; one just naturally did it. His smile and "hello" were invitation enough.

One night, near curtain time, his room was filled as usual with members of the company, and Mr. Bacon was finishing dressing. He seemed to wait for a pause in the conversation, and then he looked around the room in a helpless sort of way and said: "I'm awfully sorry to disturb you, but I'm afraid I'll have to sit down to put my shoes on!" Then for the first time we noticed that the only *chairless* person in the room was the star!

He knew the weak spots in each member of the company, and he loved to tease, but he never went far enough to hurt. He would assume an "aren't-I-a-funny-fellow" expression which seemed to take all the sting out of his teasing. And once in a great while, when the tables were turned and the laugh was on Mr. Bacon, how it did amuse him!

There was the time when the then Vice-President Coolidge came to Chicago. A reporter noticed Mr. Bacon in the lobby of the hotel and asked Mr. Coolidge how he would like to be photographed with Frank Bacon. "Frank Bacon—who's he?" asked the Vice-President. The reporter explained who he was. "All right," said Mr. Coolidge. Then the reporter approached Mr. Bacon and asked him how he would like to be photographed with Mr. Coolidge. "And who's Coolidge?" Mr. Bacon wanted to know. "Nobody but the Vice-President of the United States," answered the reporter. So the two men were introduced and photographed, but it was too good a story to let slip, and the newspapers published it the next day.

Mr. Bacon insisted that he, of course, knew who Mr. Coolidge was, but that he did not catch the name when the reporter said it. But he was just as much amused by the story as the rest of us, and didn't mind in the least the teasing he was subjected to because of it.

Even on the stage Mr. Bacon liked to tease a bit. He never went far enough for the audience to realize what was happening. *That* he thought was a crime, but he did believe that just a little fun among the actors, once in a while, helped rather than hurt a play, especially when a company had been playing the same play night after night for four years without a rest, as his company had.

In the court-room scene Mr. Bacon took great delight in slyly pulling a piece of paper which "Raymond Thomas" used over near his elbow, and just when "Mr. Thomas" reached for it Mr. Bacon would plant his elbow firmly on it and hold it, while he innocently squinted his eyes in the opposite direction. Poor "Mr. Thomas" would struggle for a second or

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two to get the paper, and just as he was becoming desperate Mr. Bacon would release it. The audience was never the wiser, but "Mr. Thomas" and the rest of the company had had just enough fun out of the situation to be wide awake, and the act would go with snap and vigor.

You see by this that Mr. Bacon knew how to control his fellow actors as cleverly as he controlled his audiences. Another time it was decided that "Lightnin' Bill Jones's" clothes were a little too dusty and spotted and wrinkled even for Bill! So they were given to a cleaner, who had strict instructions *not* to press them well, but simply to smooth them over. When the clothes came back they were beautifully pressed, and the trousers had nice sharp creases down the legs.

Instead of becoming temperamental over them, as many a star would have, Mr. Bacon saw the humor of the situation, and when he came on the stage in the court-room scene that night, he all but convulsed the rest of the company by treating Bill's trousers with tenderest care—those trousers that were usually such a bag of wrinkles. Before sitting down, he carefully pulled them up, so as to avoid bagging the knees, and two or three times as he sat quietly in his chair during that long scene, he carefully pinched the sharp crease between his thumb and finger!

There is nothing an actor dreads more than forgetting lines. And, strange as it seems to most people, the longer a play runs the more apt the performers are to forget. The "Lightnin'" people had said their lines more than twelve hundred times in New York and almost six hundred times in Chicago, and, consequently, they were getting more and more unsteady as to words each week. No very serious break was ever made, but there were times when a line was forgotten or badly twisted, often spoiling one of the best laughs in the play. At the end of the act the unfortunate actor would go to Mr. Bacon's dressing-room to apologize. Mr. Bacon would give him a gentle smile of complete understanding and say: "Oh, that was all right. It didn't make a bit of difference." If he hadn't been on the stage when the lapse occurred he would pretend he knew nothing about it. When the actor had left the room Mr. Bacon would say: "I'm so sorry for him (or her). It's an awful feeling."

He loved to tease those of us who had the "bits" in the play. In the first act two of us simply crossed the stage, saying one line apiece. We were on the stage and off again in a dozen seconds. One evening I discovered Mr. Bacon standing alongside of me just as I was about to go on. "You are out here early," I remarked; "you don't go on for a long time." "I know," Mr. Bacon replied, "but I want to see you do this." I answered: "You were out here last night and saw me." And then that teasing expression came over his face and he said: "No, I didn't see it. Just as you went on I *blinked!*"

Mr. Bacon never became excited about his work. No matter who was out front or how big a holiday it was, he remained calm and unruffled. He fairly sauntered on and off the stage. He would be sitting in his dressing-room, smoking and talking; when he was called for his next scene he never jumped right up and hurried to the wings. No; there he would sit and finish whatever story he was telling; take a puff or two more of his cigarette; rise slowly; take off his glasses; pick up his hat if the scene required one, and with a droll "If you'll excuse me?" to whoever happened to be in his dressing-room, off he would saunter.

One night, when he had delayed a little too long, he heard his cue while he was still in his room. He rushed out the door, pulled his cigarette out of his mouth as he ran, and with a "Here, hold this!" he handed the lighted cigarette to the *fireman* who was on duty there to see that there was no smoking. And the best part of the story is—the fireman held it for him!

Mr. Bacon did the most amusing things in his utter lack of self-consciousness. He was invited to be the guest of honor at a dinner one Saturday. All the guests were to be people of note and social position. It would have been very natural for the guest of honor to be somewhat "fussed" over it all. Not a bit of it! Mr. Bacon would not even trouble to take his new evening clothes to the theatre. He had an old suit there for emer-

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gencies, and he liked the old suit a great deal more than the new one, which had cost five times as much. In fact, he said he couldn't tell which was which!

After the matinée Mr. Bacon began to dress for the dinner. When it came time to put the studs in the shirt, he discovered that he had none. Did he become excited? He did not! He looked about for a substitute, and used *brass paper-fasteners!* He polished up the heads by giving them a good rubbing on the couch, stuck them through the stud holes, spread the prongs out at the back, and there he was—all set for the dinner. The best part of it was, the fasteners looked very fine. He was wonderfully pleased with himself. His ingeniousness made him enjoy the dinner.

He said the only trouble was he had to sit up very straight so as not to strain them, for they were rather soft and apt to bend back and slip out. He told us afterward that there was a judge at the dinner who was dressed "like a plush horse," and this judge seemed to be eying the brass studs, so he fixed *his* eyes upon the beautiful and correct studs which the judge was wearing and stared him out of countenance.

One reason Mr. Bacon had such good times with people, such really happy experiences, was that he thought it unnecessary to stand on his dignity or to demand a great deal of ceremony when he was approached. And, of course, that is one of the reasons he was so beloved.

One evening, a little after five o'clock, the telephone rang. Mr. Bacon was lying on his couch trying to rest for the performance. I answered the telephone and the young woman at the other end of the wire said that she wished to speak with Mr. Bacon. I explained that Mr. Bacon was resting, and asked her to give me the message. She said: "Ask Mr. Bacon whether or not he is going to have dinner with the Reverend Mr. T. this evening." I had her wait while I repeated the question to Mr. Bacon. He looked at me blankly and said: "Ask her where, and at what time?" She replied: "At the University Club at six." "Well," said Mr. Bacon, "I don't know anything about it, but tell her I'll be there." Tired as he was, he freshened himself up and was ready to go to dinner with some one he had no recollection of.

It looked very stormy, and I suggested an umbrella, but Mr. Bacon decided not to bother with one. It was after eight o'clock when he returned to the theatre, and although he had to hurry to get ready for "Bill Jones" by eight-thirty, he took time to tell us all about his experience.

"I had a great time," he said. "Just after I left the hotel it began to rain, but there was no taxi in sight, so I kept going. I walked along, thinking I knew just where the University Club was, but I couldn't find it. After a while I asked a man if he could direct me to it. 'Yes,' said he, 'two blocks north, on the corner.' I thanked him and went on. I got to the corner, but all I could see was a store. So I walked back a block or two where I had seen a building which looked like a club-house. I walked in and said to the boy: 'Mr. Bacon calling on Mr. T.' The boy went off. After about five minutes, I went up to the desk and said: 'Won't you hurry that boy up a bit? I was to have dinner with the Reverend Mr. T. at six o'clock and it's almost that now.' 'Who are you to have dinner with?' asked the clerk. 'The Reverend Mr. T.,' I repeated. 'Oh, Lord!' exclaimed the man, 'there aren't any reverends here; this is the Illinois Athletic Club!' I got a little huffy and said: 'Why didn't you say so before?'

"So out into the rain I went again, and it was getting late. I walked up to a man and asked him if he could tell me where the University Club was. The man drew himself up and said, rather crossly: 'I told you *ten minutes* ago, it's two blocks north, on the corner.' Then I got a little peeved. 'It *isn't!*' I told him. 'I've been up there, and there's nothing but a store on the corner.' 'Oh, the entrance is down the side street,' he explained. I walked the two blocks again and, sure enough, there was the entrance to the University Club on the side street. I went up to that desk and said: 'Mr. Bacon calling on the Reverend Mr. T.' 'He's expecting you,' I was told, and a boy took me to the dining-room.

"The head waiter came forward, and I told him I was there to have dinner with the Reverend Mr. T. 'He's right there,

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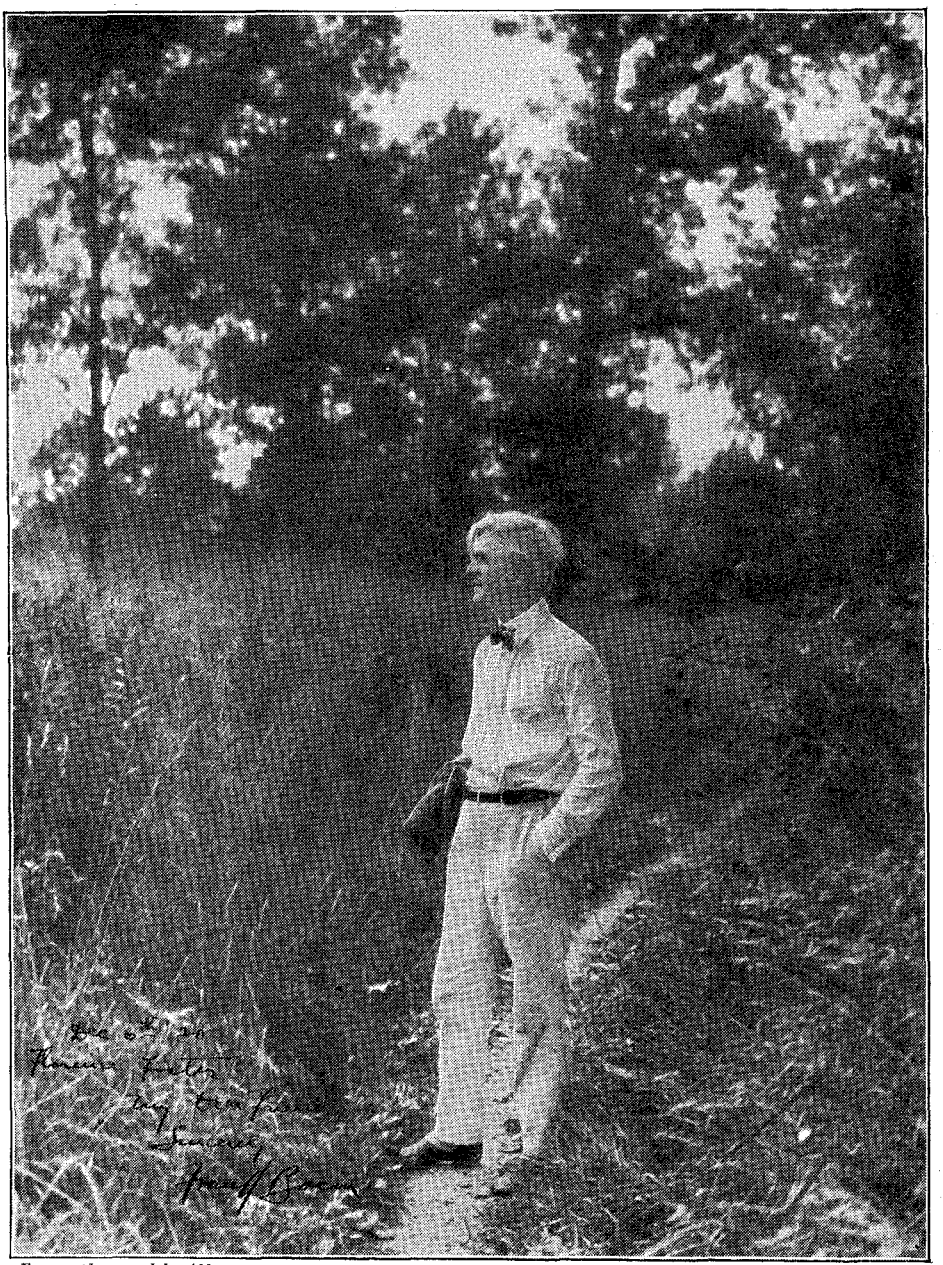

From a photograph by Abbe.

Frank Bacon.

sir.' I looked, but could see no one I recognized. I was taken over to a table. A gentleman rose. 'Doctor T.?' I asked. 'Yes, sir,' said he. 'My name's Bacon,' said I. 'Why, I remember you,' said Doctor T., 'you're the fellow who has that good show. I saw you in New York.' 'Aren't you expecting me to dinner?' I asked. 'Why, no!' he replied, looking very much puzzled. I said: 'Well, your secretary telephoned mine that you were expecting me here for dinner at six o'clock. I've been walking around in the rain for forty minutes try-

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ing to find you, and I've earned my dinner, and I'm going to have it!'

"They all laughed, and Doctor T. said that he was delighted to have me. Then he explained that it was a Mr. Baker he was expecting. Mr. Baker also lived at the Blackstone Hotel, and evidently the hotel operator had misunderstood the name. Just then Mr. Baker was announced. We were introduced, and he was told the joke. Then Doctor and Mrs. T., Mr. Baker and I sat down to a delicious dinner and had a great time. After dinner they got a cab for me, and here I am! I hated to leave. They're regular people!" Mr. Bacon's eyes beamed, and he was delighted with his adventure. Imagine what some stars would have said to the telephone operator and to their secretary for sending them on a wild-goose chase like that!

I don't believe there ever was any one else who considered his own interests as little as Mr. Bacon did. Time after time he sacrificed himself to help some one else. He would return home exhausted after a dinner at which he had been guest of honor, and his evening performance, and decide that so many, many dinners were too much for him. Playing "Bill" hundreds and hundreds of times was strain enough without the added strain of a round of luncheons, dinners, and receptions. He liked people and enjoyed meeting them, but several dinners in one week, with all the rest of his work, was more than he had strength for. So he would promise Mrs. Bacon that he would decline the next invitation.

In a day or two along would come a letter asking him to be guest of honor at a dinner to be given for the benefit of a hospital or a home of some kind. The letter would say that Mr. Bacon's presence would make the dinner a success and insure the funds they were hoping to raise. Of course it was true—with Mr. Bacon as a drawing card, the committee in charge could sell every table in the dining-room; without him they couldn't. So Mr. Bacon would think it over. A little sacrifice on his part, and he could help a great many unfortunate people; it always ended in his accepting the invitation. And so it went, dinner after dinner; luncheon after luncheon.

One Saturday he had promised to attend three dinners between the matinée and evening performance. He could have telephoned at the last moment to two of the committees that he couldn't be there, that he was ill, or that a rehearsal had been called, or some such excuse. But Mr. Bacon never thought of not keeping his word to all three. He went to each of the dinners, and came back to the theatre almost too tired to stand, and weak from hunger. The nerve strain had been terrible.

He knew that he had very little time to reach all three places, and he had tried to be entertaining and agreeable at each place. At one of the dinners he had a few mouthfuls of soup and at another a bite of chicken and some coffee, but all the time some one on his left was asking him if he could speak to the assemblage at once, and some one on his right was asking him how it felt to play the same part over and over, so many times.

At the third place he was delayed, and in order to be able to play "Bill" by eight-thirty he had to use all the speed he could possibly muster. He had a sandwich sent in from the hotel, and at odd moments during the evening, when he was not on the stage, he managed to eat it. Finally the performance was over and he was able to go to bed, but he was too nervously exhausted to sleep, and was ill all the next day. That was only one of many such incidents.

Then there were the letters from boys and girls who wanted to go on the stage. They would write such enthusiastic letters. "Please see me for a few moments, Mr. Bacon. I know that you can tell me what to do to get on the stage. If you will see me, I'll do whatever you tell me to do, but if you don't see me, the disappointment will kill me."

Now of course Mr. Bacon could have refused to see the writers of these letters, but he knew how high their hopes were when they mailed the letters to him, and how crushed they would be if he did not see them. He felt that any one who planned a stage career had hard work enough and disappointments enough ahead of him without any that he might add. So he would make an appointment.

And there was so little he could tell them! Each problem was individual.

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Some had homes, others did not. Some had money to depend on, others had none. Some had parents who were willing to have them act, while many did not. Some looked as if they were fitted for a theatrical career, others did not. Yet

Mr. Bacon went out of New York with banners flying and bands playing.—Page 296.
Parade along Broadway on the way to Pennsylvania Station.

each and every one of them expected Mr. Bacon to tell them *just* how to get on the stage—*just* how to plan their entire lives—in a moment.

They breathlessly drank in every word he said to them. It was a great responsibility, this giving advice, and Mr. Bacon felt it deeply. He was usually quite depressed by these interviews.

Sometimes Mr. Bacon's efforts to be kind were funny. Mr. Bruce McRae tells an amusing story of how he and Mr. Bacon spent an afternoon together. One of the Actors' Equity officials was due to arrive in Chicago. Mr. McRae and Mr. Bacon and other stars who were in Chicago at the time went to the station to meet him. The train proved to be very late, and Mr. McRae and Mr. Bacon were the only two who were able to wait. They had such a long wait that Mr. McRae took Mr. Bacon in hand and made him have a bite at the lunch-counter in the station. When they finally left the station, Mr. Bacon told Mr. McRae he was going to walk back to his hotel, and asked Mr. McRae to accompany him.

Mr. McRae had work planned, but decided that it could wait until a little later in the day; so he went with Mr. Bacon to the hotel. Then Mr. Bacon asked him to sit with him in the lobby and rest. Mr. McRae said that he thought he had better go on home. "Oh, no," replied Mr. Bacon, "come in and talk awhile." Mr. McRae decided that Mr. Bacon was lonely, and in his gracious, kindly mind he gave up all idea of doing the work he

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had planned for that day. He couldn't desert Mr. Bacon, who seemed so anxious to have him stay.

They sat for more than an hour in a comfortable corner of the lobby, Mr. Bacon entertaining Mr. McRae with anecdotes and comments on the people about them. When dinner-time came Mr. McRae had to leave. As he got up to go, Mr. Bacon smiled sympathetically at him and said: "You're very lonely, aren't you!" There he had been propping his eyes open all afternoon, keeping Mr. McRae company, and Mr. McRae had been sacrificing himself in order to keep Mr. Bacon company! Each of them was so fine in his regard for the other's feelings that each was convinced the other was the lonely one.

There were many wonderful thrills for Mr. Bacon, too. Nothing bigger—or as big—has ever been done for any actor than the send-off New York gave him when he left for Chicago after his record-breaking run on Broadway. That marvellous, stupendous parade was not the work of a press-agent. It was a spontaneous expression of the love and affection which his fellow actors and the public had for him.

Mr. Bacon went out of New York with banners flying and bands playing; with the traffic of Broadway stopped from Forty-sixth Street and Broadway to the Pennsylvania Station. All along the line of march the sidewalks were jammed with his admirers, who called to him and cheered. The mayor of the city of New York marched with him, and the wonderful police band played for him. Right into that great Pennsylvania Station the band went. How the music reverberated through that beautiful structure, and what a curious bee-like noise those thousands of voices made!

As he went down the steps to his train, that mob of people sang "Auld Lang Syne." Instead of the usual train sign, there was a card which read "Frank Bacon leaves New York for Chicago after three years and a day on Broadway." The train was placarded with similar signs all during its thousand-mile run. I imagine that his thousands of acts of self-sacrifice were all more than repaid that day!

Chicago loved him dearly, too. Wherever he went, rules were set aside in order that he might do as he liked and have whatever he desired. Every club in Chicago wanted to entertain him, and the majority of them sent him honorary-membership cards for the length of his stay in Chicago. One evening as he was leaving the dining-room of the Drake Hotel with Mrs. Bacon, every person in the huge room rose to his feet and burst into applause!

When his health made it necessary for him to discontinue his own performance on Sunday night (the Chicago theatres all have Sunday-night performances) and he went to other theatres, the moment he was recognized the audience went wild with excitement and forced him to stand up and speak to them. But none of these things spoiled him. He simply enjoyed them to the full and remained exactly the same.

Then came the time when his physician told him he must rest. Rest? He didn't see how he could do such a thing as rest. Every few weeks he was breaking records and piling up his own record, and it seemed impossible to stop. I asked him one day why he didn't drop it all for a couple of months. "You know you're awfully tired," I said. "Yes," he replied, "I *am*, and I'd like to go away for eight or nine weeks, but every one in the company is so happy and so nicely settled that I hate to upset them all." Again thinking of others.

"I guess I can keep on until the season ends," he continued, "and then I will take a good rest." But he discovered that he couldn't fight it out until the end of the season and at last he was forced to stop. But he stopped only on condition that the company should not close—that some one else take his place and keep the company playing.

On November 11, 1922, he played his last performance. We none of us felt that it was the last. We all believed that a long rest was all our beloved star needed. But just eight days later—November 19—he was gone.

It was a staggering blow to the company and to the public. I am sure that there is not a member among the fortunate people who formed the "Lightnin'" company who will ever overcome a sense of personal loss. What a privilege to have been associated with such a man!

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Our Changing Agriculture

BY E. M. EAST

Author of "Mankind at the Crossroads," "Oversea Politics and the Food Supply," etc.

SINCE 1919 our agriculturists have been decidedly depressed; and those who know how hard has been the lot of the average farmer during these four hectic years can readily sympathize with such a state of mind. Good-will in abundance, however, does not prevent one from feeling that the intense excitement stimulated by so vagrant a phase in rural affairs is a little incongruous. The present situation is simply a normal stage in national evolution at which no one should evince the slightest surprise. It is the result of the growth from three million to one hundred and ten million people which this superorganism known as the United States has exhibited during the short century and a half of its existence.

Like a boy shooting up to manhood, the country has met new conditions which require a change in tactics. There are grave problems to be solved which ought not to be approached in a spirit of frivolity; but, since they are not problems for the pathologist, one has reason to be very hopeful of the outcome. If any doubts and fears are to be entertained, they should concern our adaptiveness rather than the fancied dangers assumed to be inherent in the mere word *innovation*. Our career has had in it something of the behavior usually to be expected of the prodigal heir; and a care-free childhood amid the luxuries permitted by an ample maternal allowance of earthly resources is generally not the best training for grinding out a living under the goad of stern necessity. When the period of irresponsibility finally reaches the inevitable end, there is always difficulty in getting down to serious business.

During the last few years the more obvious features of the situation on the farm have been advertised thoroughly and well. Earlier, when the farmer formed the majority of the population, and could have directed the affairs of the nation rather easily if he had taken his hand from the plough long enough to learn the game, the only publicity he received was when he had raised a particularly huge pumpkin or a prize cow. Knowing the farmers to be unorganized individualists who were not likely to cause trouble either at the polls or elsewhere, the politicians and the newspapermen let them severely alone. Valiant sons of toil just before elections, perhaps; but contemptible tons of soil immediately after. To-day, though the farmers are in the minority, they are beginning to make the strength of that minority felt. They are learning the power and use of organization; and they are arousing feverish activity in Congressional circles by their efforts. The pleasantest dream of each inmate of the Capitol is to be pointed out as the man who put the farmer on his feet.

Personally, I have small hopes that political activity will ever strew our rural paths with roses. The major agricultural problems of the United States are not to be solved by legislation. They are economic problems, created constantly anew by every change from national childhood to old age, and their solution lies in adapting ourselves to each new condition and making the best of it. There are subsidiary questions, perhaps, which are properly enough within the province of the lawmakers. Changes in taxes, import duties, railroad rates and credits, regulation of speculation and of the charges of middlemen, protection against the importation of disease—or of cheap labor, aid for diffusion of the latest knowledge acquired by scientific research are examples of subjects upon which progressive legislation seems desirable. One may rest assured, however, that all the legal acumen in the world concentrated on such points will be but of minor assistance in

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smoothing the farmer's way. The quintessence of the farmer's difficulties is a condition ruled by nature's laws; and nature's laws are undisturbed by Congressional enactments. True, man can dominate and control natural laws which he is unable to change. And in buckling to this task several heads are better than one. But farmers' organizations will go farther and faster by endeavoring to insert more business into agriculture than they will by trying to extract more business out of politics.

The farmers must rely upon their own calloused hands to haul their chestnuts from the fire. Their task is to become efficient purveyors of food for an extensive and populous country. The country needs the food, and they need the efficiency to make their efforts pay just dividends. It is no small undertaking, and doubtless there will be much to learn before it is accomplished to the satisfaction of both producer and consumer. But more important than any lessons to be learned, it seems to me, are two things to be forgotten. First must fade the memory that formerly the soil was plundered to gain cheap food for export. Food exportation is an economic sin to be forgiven only in the young, and we are no longer young. Second, it will be necessary for our agriculturists to lose entirely the old idea that they are isolated capitalists running separate industries and competing with one another, replacing it with the thought that each is a unit in one great corporation. Only with this thought constantly in mind will they ever arrive at the point where they can control the output of their products, where they can dominate their markets, where in fact they can earn a reasonable profit and can hope to receive what they earn. American farmers ought to have learned the value of co-operation long ago from its miraculous rejuvenation of Danish agriculture, or from the history of organized labor in the cities; but, as is so commonly the case, a direct pressure on their private pocketbooks was needed to impress the lesson.

Unfortunately, the war's industrial afterclap has not been interpreted correctly in most quarters. The price gyrations of farm products have brought forth such a rumble of protest from rural districts that we have been led to believe in an impending disastrous calamity. In reality, these roars have not been stimulated so much by the actual painfulness of the situation as by the hope that they will bring about a modicum of temporary relief. They heralded the "buy a bale of cotton" type of panhandling, a means of dodging essentials that is becoming habitual in America.

Post-war distress in agricultural circles was a real tangible fact, however, in spite of the tendency to exaggerate it; but if we are able to profit by the sad experience, it may prove not to have been an unmixed evil. If, on the other hand, we accept one writer's belief that the event demonstrated the nation's ability to support a much larger population, and that immigrants sufficiently numerous to devour 300 million bushels of wheat annually should be encouraged to enter the portals forthwith, then the incident was a dead loss. One must distinguish carefully between potential strength and actual strength. The latent power of food production stored in our fertile acres was known full well before. What this untoward affair really did was to uncover some of the vulnerable points in our agricultural ménage rather than to prove its impregnability. It showed that our greatest business enterprise, the foundation of our whole social structure, was still in a primitive stage of development, with scarcely the science and system back of it that we had been wont to assume. Had there been proper organization, the obvious and only remedy for cereal overproduction might have been applied with reasonable speed, instead of wasting four years in trying to legislate new markets into being. Probably no practicable scheme would have saved the farmer wholly from his cup of misery; but a sharp immediate curtailment of acreage, under the direction of an agency empowered to take means for distributing the deflation burden more equitably, would have helped immensely.

The situation was so simple that no occult power was needed to see what the inevitable trend of events must be. Indeed, it was predicted with absolute accuracy by the United States Food Administration. During hostilities the country made use of reserve funds and

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natural wealth to enlarge every type of productive effort. Proportionately the farmers made the greatest expansion in their workshops. This fact ultimately worked against them in two ways. Since they were able to increase production more quickly and to a greater extent and were thus enabled more nearly to equal the demand than were those engaged in manufacturing, the tillers of the soil were the most poorly paid in kind of all our laborers. Lack of organization and food price-regulation also tended toward the same end. Unlike the factory-owners and the machine-workers, therefore, the farmers could not lay up any great amount from the spoils of war-time industry against the day of readjustment. This is a true statement despite the height to which the index figures of farm products rose during the war, for one must remember that the farmer has never received the returns of workers in other occupations. His profit, beyond the bare wages of his labor, has depended solely upon the increment of land values; and in recent years even his modest service wage was curtailed by the necessity of replacing short-lived equipment at ever-increasing prices. In addition, the great wheels of the farmer's war-machine could not be stopped immediately when demand from over the seas diminished. Nor could there be an easy shift in production, as was the case in some other lines. A tremendous excess in cereals was the result. The wheat-grower was prostrated; the remaining farmers were demoralized; and the declining rural market reacted on the cities.

That matters should have gone in just this way is to be regretted, transient though the effect may be. A throbbing molar, while not dangerous, can be pretty troublesome to him most intimately concerned. If one is interested in essentials, however, he must begin farther back than 1919. One can hardly find out what makes our bucolic automaton go, and where it is going when it does go, from superficial observations of current events.

Our introductory simile was not a literary makeshift. Doctor Raymond Pearl, distinguished both as a biologist and a mathematician, has demonstrated that the increase of a country in population takes precisely the same course as the growth of an individual organism in size. Accretion, starting slowly, becomes progressively faster and faster up to a certain maximum, after which the first half of the history is repeated in reverse order by means of a progressively diminishing rate of growth. The census figures of the United States during the past century, which fit such a curve with extraordinary exactness, show that this country reached the point of greatest inflection about 1914, and henceforth may be expected to grow more and more slowly. Thus it follows that the American nation actually did pass through the mercurial changes characteristic of adolescence early in the twentieth century.

Such a phenomenon arouses the curiosity. A radical alteration in the development of a great nation does not just happen. It must have had a cause or causes, and in turn must lead to certain consequences. Why, let us ask ourselves, have destructive factors begun to overbalance constructive factors in our national economy? Then let us follow with a question of still more vital importance: What changes in our domestic habits will be required to accommodate ourselves to these novel conditions?

Contrary to what one might expect, the World War does not appear to have been a decisive factor in the change. The trend of the curve is obvious long before international affairs were turned topsyturvy by battle. The logical place to find the answers to our questions is in America, and not in the city but on the farm.

Agriculture went through a critical period between 1890 and 1900, though no one knew it at the time and few realize it to-day. Gardeners have found that to influence the fruitfulness of various plants a certain treatment must be applied long before the buds appear. The susceptible stage comes early and passes quickly, proof of its existence showing only at the harvest. Our agriculture was like that. It turned the corner from extensive to intensive practice with the dying of the nineteenth century, yet gave scarcely a warning sign. Now one can look back and trace the change in all sorts of economic data—the decrease of land settlement contrasted with the rise of land values, the great expansion of farm capital compared with the small change in crop returns, the mounting labor costs per unit

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of harvest, the trend of meat production, or any one of several other ways. Corrected to comparable indices over the different periods, these facts all show that decreasing returns in agriculture have arrived. Having once arrived, they will be ours for all time, unless a complete revolution in the ancient art of tillage occurs that cannot be foreseen to-day.

Decreasing returns mean simply that there must be an ever greater expenditure of capital and labor for what is obtained from Mother Earth. When this point is reached in a nation's agricultural development that nation is no longer a child. It has reached full manhood and must assume the *toga virilis*, whether ready for the responsibility thus indicated or not. Obviously, our mounting density of population has been the effective cause of this marked change; for the development of a commonwealth is controlled in exactly the same way as that of an individual, where the rapidly dividing cells finally clog the growth processes with the products of their own activity.

In a sense it is just as well that this stereotyped first chapter, universal in the history of every new country, is closed. Expansive agriculture means wholesale food exportation, and selling soil fertility is a bad business aside from the precarious position in which the seller finds himself when his market slips away. But we must come to realize that the chapter is closed, and that the wheat débâcle is a shining example of the agricultural difficulties a country meets when it tries to perform exploits unsuited to its age and dignity.

A few illustrations will make clear where we stand to-day without recourse to voluminous statistics or involved reasoning. The course of American empire has been steadily westward from the very beginning. There was new country in the path of the setting sun to be conquered and put to work, and as long as this advance continued no one might venture to set its limit. But there is an end to everything. The 1920 census shows that the centres of gravity both of the total area in farms and of the total acreage of improved farm land lie about in the middle of the State of Missouri. And this is an important fact, for, when one totals up the acreage and location of all the potential arable land in the country, this centre stays in just about the same place. In truth, it seems more likely to move slightly southeast than it is to move farther west. In other words, the opening-up process is over in the United States. People have drifted out and settled in every quarter. Henceforth additional food production must come largely from a more intensive farm practice, which will raise the yield per unit area. To double the food-supply there must be two blades of grass where one grew before, since there are no longer many places to grow one blade where formerly was none.

It is difficult to accept this statement as one of cold hard fact; but such it is. The mushroom agricultural growth of the latter part of the nineteenth century, caused by the extension of railroad service and the improvement of farm machinery, and facilitated by the homestead laws, simply had to cease from lack of satisfactory raw material. If one examines the record, he sees why. The expansion of farm-land holdings from 1850 to 1900, leaving out the decade in which the Civil War occurred, staggers the imagination. Germany is a sizable country, cultivating 63 million acres; yet for forty years this amount of land was added to our farms during each quinquennium. The climax came during the last decade when the tremendous total of 216 million acres was added. Then came the reaction. In their race for government territory, the last group of homesteaders were overhasty. They found their purchases full of flaws. And the result was that during the first ten years of the twentieth century settlers optimistic enough to take a chance on making a living with third-rate farms were found for only 40 million additional acres.

There are many more square miles of arable land still uncultivated, it is true; but the amount is not so great as one might suppose after making one of the casual estimates habitual with transcontinental travellers. Only five-eighths of the acreage which ultimately will be put to the plough is tilled to-day; but the reason why the remaining three-eighths lies unused is simply because at present it is not worth cultivating. If it had not been for the prevalence of hills and stones and swamps—and low prices—a higher tide of

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immigration and a greater birth-rate would have brought toilers in plenty. When the population becomes denser and the struggle for existence harder, when higher prices will pay for heavier work, then it will be cultivated, and not before. On a basis of yield per acre, the country is even now tilling somewhere between five-sixths and five-sevenths of the total holdings.

The handwriting on the wall shows again in our declining lumber production. In a significant paper on the lumber cut of the United States between 1870 and 1920, Reynolds and Pierson, of the Forest Service, show that since the peak of lumber production was reached in 1907 there has been a decline of 27 per cent, in face of an unprecedented demand and an extraordinary rise in prices. We have tapped our last reserve of virgin timber, and within ten years will have forest areas proportionately less than either France or Germany. Who then can speak of frontiers? There are no frontiers.

Another way of measuring agricultural history in rather exact terms is by examining the course of cereal production. Cereals form a high proportion of our totals, and exhibit but slight variations. The returns from the last five census enumerations show that from 40 to 44 per cent of the total improved acreage is always devoted to grain production. The yields per acre in bushels for the census years from 1880 to 1920 have been 22.7, 25.1, 24.0, 23.6, and 21.4. The production per capita has amounted to 53.9, 56.0, 58.4, 49.1, and 44.3 bushels.

These figures are worth examining carefully. Contrary to what we have been led to believe, yield per acre has not risen markedly in the last half-century. It is about the same for cereals to-day that it was in 1880. There is other evidence that production per unit area has risen in numerous cases and is masked by impoverishment of some of the older soils, but gross increase is not very obvious in the records. We can also read an extraordinary chronicle of our experience as a food-exporting nation in the register of per-capita production—a rapid increase up to 1900, then a still more rapid fall.

Finally, let us examine the trend of meat production and consumption, perhaps the most sensitive measure of the effect of advancing population density on agriculture. This story always takes the form of a drama in three acts. First, man hunts the wild game; second, he cultivates domestic animals; finally, he kills off his cattle and eats their food himself. We ourselves are nearing the end of the second act, and will be compelled to carry the plot to completion if we continue to grow in numbers, for it takes eight times as much land to feed a man on beef as it does to feed him on grain and vegetables.

One can obtain a fair idea of how things have combined to start us toward a vegetarian diet from the following figures on meat production and consumption per capita during the last half-century. They were compiled from the census records by Professor E. N. Wentworth, who has corrected for the differences in the time of year at which the enumerations were made, for the variations in weight and age at time of marketing, for the differences in the amounts wasted by changes in slaughtering methods, for the varied quantities exported, and for the seasonal fluctuations in consumption.

The meat-consumption curve, including only the three main sources—beef, mutton, and pork—is very striking. It starts with 179 pounds per capita in the decade 1830–1839 and rises slightly to 184 pounds per capita in the last decade of the century. There was a marked decrease in the meats consumed during the Civil War and shortly after, but if one smooths out the figures during this period he finds that the quantity remains pretty close to 182 pounds per capita during the whole Victorian era. Then came a swift drop. Meat consumption per head was 170 pounds during the first decade, and 152 pounds during the second decade; while during the years 1920 to 1922 the figures slumped to 138 pounds.

There is a temptation to prolong this curve and show that in somewhat less than fifty years more there will be seven meatless days a week; but truth prevails. This time will not come in fifty or in any other number of years. There will always be a certain amount of animal food available to those who are able to pay the price. Nevertheless, the kaleidoscopic change through the first twenty-two years of the present century is a

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matter for careful consideration. Some of the per capita reduction may be due to less wasteful methods of meat utilization, but not all of it, by any means.

The record of the existing live stock per capita at each of the last eight census enumerations is still more astonishing. Dairy cattle remains constant, but it stands in lonely isolation in this regard. Beef cattle, with some ups and downs, reaches a maximum of .66 in 1900; from there on the decline is steady and swift, dropping to half this figure in 1920. In sheep and swine, the story is a constant steady reduction, becoming more rapid in recent years. In 1850 there was nearly one sheep and one and one-third porkers for every inhabitant; by 1920 a communistic division would have given each of us only one-third of a sheep and a little over half a pig.

If the above memoranda may stand as read, there is no gainsaying the fact that population pressure is having its effect in the United States. Its irresistible force shows in the history of land reserves, of lumber production, and of crop production. It shows in the altered dietary standards. And it is no argument to say that we own more land than we use, or to point hopefully to the amount of meat still exported. Every country has more land than is actually used. And India exports large quantities of grain, although nine out of ten of her people suffer grievously from malnutrition.

These are some of the more essential facts from which to estimate the weakness and the strength, the folly and the wisdom of American agriculture. One might add to them indefinitely, they would still indicate the same conclusion. The country is indeed a superorganism, and like any ordinary plant or animal, adds cells until the multiplicity of units bring growth to an end. We do not know just where this end will be in the case of the United States, but all signs combine to show that the slowing-down process has begun. Slowly and stealthily the pressure of population is beginning to make itself felt throughout the land rather than in isolated districts.

This does not mean of course that no more people can be supported. One may doubt the wisdom of much further increase in numbers. One may realize that continued growth will make life harder. But the most varied assortment of doubts is not going to bring population increase to a standstill immediately. Pearl estimates that we tend to a maximum of 200 millions and that for all practical purposes an approximate maximum will be reached in about eighty years. A rather optimistic estimate of the potential agricultural strength gives somewhat over 300 millions as a possibility. Be it the one or the other, the figures are not small. Let one imagine half again as many cities and towns each about half again as large as they are to-day. Let him picture twice or thrice as many people on every farm. Whether the picture is terrifying or attractive depends on one's hopes and desires and prejudices; but no one can deny that the additional mouths will mean a change in habit of life.

We have a potential agricultural capacity sufficient to care for between 200 million and 300 million people. This is real strength. If doubts arise, they concern probabilities rather than possibilities. That is to say, the practical question is whether this tremendous power of food production can really be developed as it should be, slowly, carefully, and efficiently as needed, thus keeping the standard of living worthy of the past and present, or whether our course will be that of China and India, with a mounting death-rate marking the growing fierceness of the struggle.

Effort toward a sounder agriculture has not been wanting. The federal government, the State governments, the people as individuals, have done what seemed necessary to meet the exigencies of the times in food production. To gain more land, huge irrigation and drainage projects have been undertaken at great expense. To increase production, campaigns for spreading knowledge of better farming methods have been made. To eliminate wastage, pest-control methods have been improved, storage systems refined and elaborated, and transportation facilities increased.

This is a record of which any capable people need not be ashamed. Yet I ask the reader to note carefully what the situation is to-day. Our farmers are still largely an unorganized group of strugglers who have been most wretchedly paid for

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their labor, and who have profited only by the so-called unearned increment accumulating on their early purchases of low-priced government land. In face of a negligible reserve of public land, quality considered, confronted by a diminishing natural productiveness of the soils they till, the farmers are asked to provide for additional mouths at the rate of about a million and a half a year.

This job is no sinecure. The farmer will perform it, at least for some years to come; but he is human, and he has resigned the rôle of "angel" for the rest of the country. The emigration records show that he is going to the newer countries—Canada, Mexico, Argentina, and Brazil—in no inconsiderable numbers. And he is drifting to the cities where he is better paid, faster than ever before. The proportion of the rural population in the country fell from 54.2 per cent in 1910 to 48.6 per cent in 1920. In other words the farming population increased during the decade by 5.4 per cent, while the cogs in the city industrial machine increased by 25.7 per cent. Thus things are being equalized on the farm and in the city by the old, old law of supply and demand.

The results of these changes with an ever-increasing population are not difficult to forecast. There will be a one-way trail to the cities until perhaps two-thirds of our total are housed in city blocks. Farmers will go cityward until food prices reach such a height that the rewards of farming will equal those in other lines. Then will come a back-to-the-farm movement that no amount of haranguing has yet been able to induce. And when this time arrives the wanderers from the city shop will find the farmers organized, ready to keep their position secure, ready to fight for all they can get, in fact, in the same manner that their own unions fought when they had the power.

After studying the existing facts carefully and seriously, I can imagine the future unrolling in somewhat the following fashion:

With the progress of science and a more thorough diffusion of knowledge than there has been in the past, the development of agriculture should compare favorably with that of mechanical industry. Though the odds are against revolutionary discoveries, there will be a marked advance in agriculture as an art; and in a country having a considerable density of population, this will require a real metamorphosis in agriculture as a business. As the complexity of the situation increases, thus demanding more and more in the way of capital and knowledge, both the little farmer and the inefficient farmer will be forced to the wall. There will be a survival of the fittest. Paralleling the tendency of the last twenty years in manufacturing, there will be a trend toward larger units. Successful farming will require competent managers and highly paid specialists, and these can be retained only where there is a relatively large production. To what lengths centralization will go, no one can say. The limit will surely be different in the various branches of husbandry. It is not likely, for example, that individual control can become as extensive in growing fresh vegetables for immediate consumption as in raising wheat and corn. But it seems quite probable that ultimately there will be agricultural undertakings comparable in size and scope to the United States Steel Corporation. They will build up voluntarily because of the advantages offered.

Several co-operative associations are in operation to-day, the most conspicuously successful being the citrus-fruit growers and the tobacco-raisers. These pioneer organizations are doubly worth citing because the reasons calling them into being are different. The California fruit-growers, selling to the consumer as directly as possible, needed to gain a wider market and to increase their efficiency as packers and shippers. The first objective has been attained through advertising, the second through centralization and standardization. The tobacco-raisers, on the other hand, had been selling a relatively non-perishable crop to jobbers who, with the utmost nonchalance, would buy the product of ten acres or ten thousand acres and whose payments were governed by the farmer's necessity rather than by the value of the crop. The objects of this association, therefore, were to distribute selling throughout the year and to give their members financial protection in the meantime.

Eventually one may expect to see every agricultural specialty controlled in this

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manner, with interlocking councils to prevent overexpansion in any one line. There will be large farms growing as few crops as the exigencies of scientific farming permit, managed by business executives of high caliber and superintended by men adequately trained in the natural sciences and in farm practice. These farms will be firmly united into mutual-benefit associations having a single directive policy. Planting will be controlled and overproduction prevented. Standardized products will be sold, and sold throughout the year in quantities just meeting the current market demands, thus eliminating outside speculation. Margins now eaten up by middlemen, both from small-quantity buying and from lack of economy in selling, will go to swell the annual balance of the growers themselves. In brief, the methods which have made the American manufacturer successful will make the American farmer successful.

Obviously, prediction of better prospects for the farmer of the future does not mean the prediction of easier times for the rest of us. The rewards for tilling the soil must become equal to those obtained in other occupations or prosperity will bid the country farewell, but the very causes which will bring about this change will also bring about higher prices with all the accompanying economic complications of which higher prices are the symptom. Yields will go up with prices. Mounting returns will bring land into cultivation which cannot now be cultivated profitably. Simultaneously will come a gradual modification of the present standard of living. First, perhaps, will come an increase in the use of milk and milk products. A dairyman can get more food from a cow than a butcher. Later one may expect to see even the dairy business become less and less important. It cannot be otherwise. Such food as is unfit for human consumption will still furnish the packers, the milk-producers, and the cheese and butter makers, with animal products, but grain-fed stock will tend to vanish. We shall turn steadily toward vegetarianism. Legumes and nuts will furnish an ever greater proportion of our proteids. And we shall pay, pay heavily, when even these luxuries are vouchsafed to us.

This brief outline, in my estimation, expresses fairly the probable turn of affairs as the country grows older. It is to be expected as the natural outcome of normal growth. I recommend it to the attention of the reader for the very good reason that the security of preparedness based on past experience is infinitely better than a careless optimism born of ignorance. I am endeavoring to arouse whom I may from that apathy toward rural affairs which comes from treading the harsh pavements of the city streets. Unquestionably the agricultural situation, though in the larger sense it is not now acute, is worthy the careful thought, the watchful solicitude, of every man and woman among us. The welfare of the farmer touches every home. The primary requisite for a sound national development in the future is a scientific agriculture, a food-supply which cannot be disturbed by any ordinary wave of misfortune. True, this is only one phase of the population problem, but it is something of a keystone to the whole situation. If it should fail us—woe betide.

If we take it upon ourselves to develop a sound, efficient agriculture, properly supported financially, with departments of research, costs, sales, publicity, purchase, and so forth, as in any other great business enterprise, we shall have obtained an industrial insurance policy well worth while. We ought then to be able to live long and prosperously as a nation, settling without difficulty those minor problems of social justice which a handful of capitalists and unionized laborers have advertised as major problems, provided we have sense enough to learn from Europe not to commit the cardinal sin of which she has been guilty. Under no circumstances must we allow population to increase faster than the internal food-supply. Food imports must never surpass food exports as a necessary means of feeding excess people. We have seen the results of such folly across the water;* let us profit. Let us overcome that childish delusion which encourages a grandiose pride in mere bigness; happiness has a way of flying out the window when pressed by too great numbers.

* See an article entitled "Oversea Politics and the Food Supply," in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1924.

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Bath and James Quin

BY OTIS SKINNER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE THEATRE COLLECTION, HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

"A CITY lulled asleep by the chime of the passing years" is Swinburne's description of the town of Bath, and, in truth, "England's Florence" is so old that its beginnings are lost in myth.

During the ninth century B. C. it was given an immense advertising boom by a prince of Britain, Bladud, who, after being deported from court as a leper, turned swineherd and rolled with his pigs in the mud of its springs, returned to royal society completely cured, and became the father of King Lear. Score one for Bath, first factor in the creation of one of the greatest plays ever written!

Here the Romans sought the fountain of youth and built, in A. D. 45, an enduring structure over the warm and healing waters. The fifteenth-century abbey, with its weather-worn angels forever ascending and descending ladders of crumbly sandstone, speaks of a time when townspeople gave their lives to building, and abbots planted Gothic beauty throughout England.

But Bath, despite its antiquity, persists irrevocably, delightfully Georgian. Its eighteenth-century Royal Pump-Room stands triumphant on the old Roman structure, and in the stately Georgian hall Beau Nash, noble of paunch and double of chin, with foot advanced and head thrown back, gazes benignly from his pedestal on the drinkers of a two-pennyworth of warm spring water. I had not been astonished had I suddenly heard, from a corner, the voices of Doctor Johnson and Sheridan in dispute, or Garrick jibing the pair with witty flings.

The corridors around the central hall of the Pump-Room building are lined with framed engravings of eighteenth-century actors, playbills, and manuscript scores of old operas and concertos, for Bath was a music centre and many noted composers and conductors directed its orchestra.

Beau Nash was a martinet. His formulas of social amenities for those frequenting the Pump-Room still hang upon its wall, and their strictures applied as well to the patrons of the theatre. It may be judged how much the manners of the time needed discipline when one reads some of the Beau's regulations. He was indefatigable in his insistence upon elegance of deportment and politeness.

Rule 5. That no gentleman give his ticket to the balls to any but gentlewomen. N. B.—Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

Rule 6. That gentlemen crowding before ladies at the ball show ill manners, and that none do so for the future—except such as respect nobody but themselves.

Rule 7. That no gentleman or lady take it ill that another dances before them—except such as have no pretense to dance at all.

Rule 9. That the young ladies take notice how many eyes observe them. N. B.—This does not extend to the Have-at-alls.

Rule 10. That whisperers of lies and scandal be taken for their authors.

One of Nash's chief regulations was the ending of festivities at an early hour. If Bath was to thrive as a health resort, people must early to bed. At eleven o'clock he held up his hand and all music and dancing ceased upon the instant. On one occasion George II's daughter, the Princess Amelia, besought him to allow one dance more, but the Beau's rule was of iron. Amelia might be of royal blood, but he was King of Bath. While the festivities were on, however, he was the life of the party; spirits were not permitted to flag. Once, at a ball, upon overhearing a young lady decline the invitation of a gallant under the plea that "she did not chuse to dance," Nash shouted out: "G— d—n you, madam! What business have you here if you do not dance?" The affrighted miss tremblingly took her place in the minuet.

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Alas! those Assembly Rooms built for balls and routs, where royalty was entertained, banquets held, political intrigue hatched, fortunes lost or won at high stakes on the gaming-tables—that hall with its panelled walls, its graceful mirrors and chandeliers, now houses a cinema entertainment, and at the entrance I beheld a lurid lithograph of Tom Mix in a Wild West film.

Primarily Bath lured its visitors by the curative waters of the Pump-Room, but there were strong counter-attractions in the Assembly Room diversions and in the concerts, while for many the real attraction was the theatre. Actors of the provinces, struggling for recognition, often found welcome here before the autocratic managers of London opened their metropolitan doors. Occasionally one of these magnates would journey to Bath to see an unknown player, the rumor of whose genius had been reported to him. I picked up in a curio shop a brass disk stamped "Bath Theatre, Pit," that had been used for admission or "pass-out" purposes. I like to think it has been through the hands of many a spectator who crowded into the pit to applaud the triumph of some of these old actors. Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Macready, Elliston. They all had great nights there.

It is with some reluctance that I leave the Assembly Rooms and the Pump-Room. The ghosts of forgotten perfumes hang about them, and their suggestion of patches, powder, panniers, and periwigs is somewhat overpowering. I half expect to see a swaggering red-coated captain arm in arm with a ribboned dandy of the town swing by. But the Abbey waits.

James Quin.
Engraved by Bromley after a painting by Thomas Hudson.

Here the daily service drew a goodly portion of the frivolous society of the eighteenth century. Their perfume must have mingled oddly with the odor of sanctity. Whether or no they were attracted by godly pursuit may be judged by these lines from "A Description of Bath, 1734:"

"Now for pure worship is the church designed,
O, that the Muse could say to that confin'd!
Ev'n there by meaning looks and cringing bows,
The female Idol her Adorer knows.
Fly hence, Prophane, nor taint this sacred place,
Mock not thy God to flatter Celia's face."

I passed beneath the acrobatic angels of the portal, and soon found myself reading the names of knights, baronets, archbishops, and benefactors of the parish on tablets lining the walls and slabs paving the floor.

Here, in the nave, I found Quin. No slab more prominent. I had forgotten that he was buried here, and the discovery gave me a distinct thrill. I recoiled from the lettered stone, for I had almost fancied a sepulchral whisper warned me to tread lightly. Quin! The dean of Drury Lane Theatre! The boast of the British stage before Garrick's meteor flashed on London town. Yet there it was:

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
MR. JAMES QUIN

The scene is chang'd. I am no more.
Death's is the Last Act. Now all is o'er.
R. F.

I am reminded with what kind reverence England has dealt with her departed actors. Among kings, princes, soldiers, scholars, and makers of empire, reposing in the mellow shadows of Westminster

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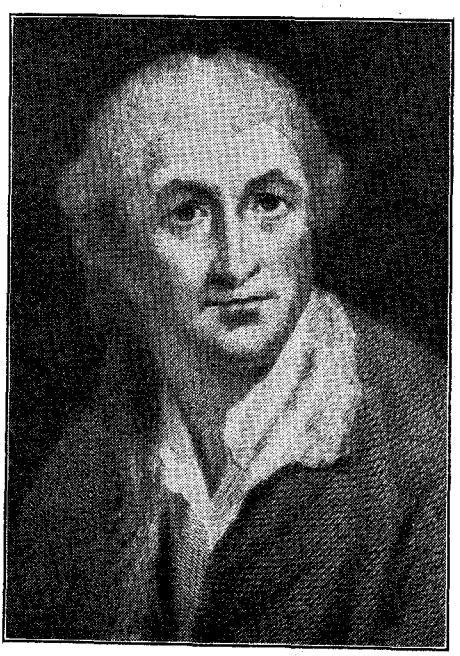
Abbey one reads the names of Garrick, Kemble, Sarah Siddons, Barton Booth, Anne Bracegirdle, Anne Oldfield, Irving, and others. Even in Charing Cross Road, within sight of the monument to Edith Cavell, is the statue of Sir Henry Irving, erected to his memory by his fellow players. Throughout England houses in which the illustrious ones of the British stage have lived are marked with tablets. It was doubly pleasant to visit a friend in Half-Moon Street, in London, because in going there I passed the house in which Edmund Kean had dwelt.



David Garrick.
Engraved by Charles Warren after a painting by Robert Edge Pine.

James Quin was, in many ways, one of the most striking figures in the long list of favorites of the London theatres. Drama began for him at his birth, for his young mother, after a turbulent matrimonial exploit, was deserted by the harum-scarum fellow who had been her husband. Believing him dead, she again married, this time a prosperous Irish lawyer, and in 1693 James was born. After many years husband number one turned up, demanded his lawful wife, and carried her off. This made little James Quin illegitimate, and he found himself without inheritance, vocation, or education. His first experience of the stage was at the Smock Alley Theatre in Dublin, after which he obtained an opening at Drury Lane, acting minor parts with grace, force, and discretion. His rise was rapid. By 1719 his *Macbeth*, *Brutus*, *Falstaff*, *Bajazet*, and *Sir John Brute* were loudly praised in the coffee-houses, and by the general London public.

Adventure dogged his footsteps. Drawn into a dispute with a low-comedian named Bowen for his too free criticism of the latter's performance in "The Libertine," Bowen managed to get the young actor alone in a tavern room, and there charged upon him with a sword. Quin defended himself, endeavoring to keep his adversary away; but Bowen was blind with rage and actually ended his own life by rushing upon Quin's rapier. Before he died he took the blame of the affair upon himself, a circumstance that secured the acquittal of Quin at his trial for manslaughter.

His hot Celtic blood got him into constant trouble. He was as full of quarrel as an egg is full of meat. One of his brawls was with Macklin, the Irish actor—the first to redeem *Shylock* from the ranks of low comedy. Nettled by some broadly comic "business" which Macklin unwarrantably introduced when they were together in a scene, Quin hurled a mouthful of the munched apple he was eating into Macklin's face, whereat the latter seized the tragedian and pommelled him into speechlessness. Quin promptly despatched a challenge, but Macklin apologized. The memory of the affair rankled for years, but was finally patched up in a tavern drinking-bout following the funeral of a fellow actor, and Macklin carried Quin home to his lodgings on his shoulders, sound asleep.

A player named Williams was so provoked by Quin's treatment of him in a scene of Addison's "Cato" that he waylaid the tragedian after the play under the arches of Covent Garden and compelled him to a duel. The contest began at once, and before the roused watch could intervene, Williams, run through the body,

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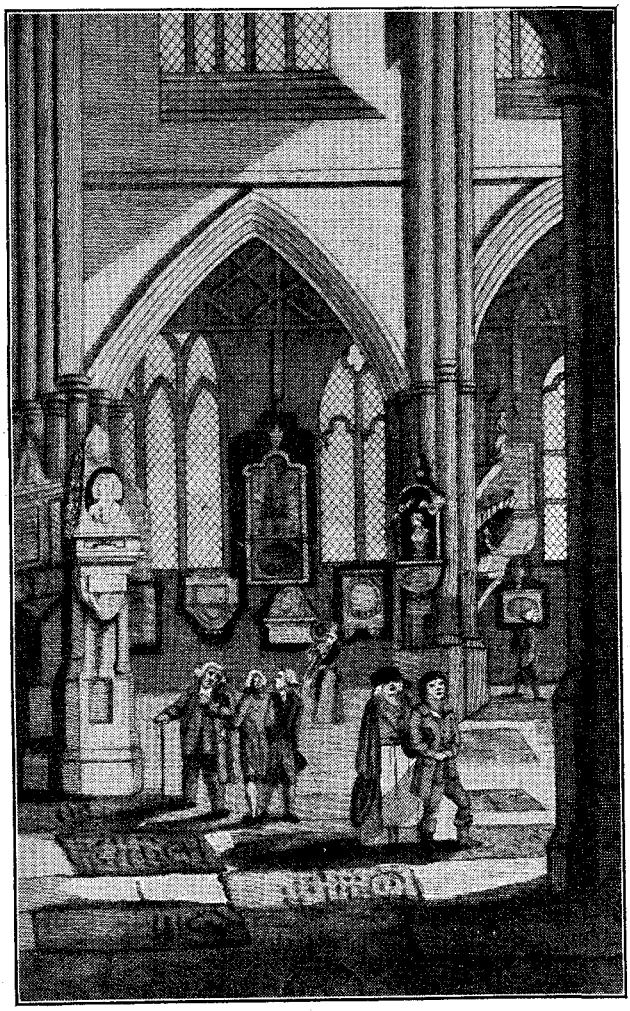
was lifeless on the ground. Again Quin was acquitted, but it is to his credit that his anguish and remorse never left him. And yet another quarrel with Theophilus Cibber about Cibber's wife. Swords were out and there was slashing of arms and fingers, but this time interference from bystanders prevented a fatal issue.



Quin's Monument, Bath.
From an engraving published July 1, 1790.

Doubtless the estimation in which Quin was held as an actor was of great influence in warding off punishment for his brawls. He represented the crowning achievement of the British stage. Many strove to rival him, but none could unseat him from his high place in the public's regard. Ponderous of movement and impressive in manner, he suited, in his grandiloquence, the taste of the time, giving "true weight and dignity to sentiment by a well-regulated tone of voice, judicious elocution, and easy deportment." He sang well. One of his successes was *Captain Macheath* in Gay's "Beggar's Opera."

His most genuine triumphs, according to an old critic, were won in "characters of singular humor, of dignified folly, of blunt and boisterous demeanor, of treacherous art, contemptuous spleen, and even pleasing gravity." In them none claimed to be his rival. A somewhat different estimate is given by Churchill, the satirist, who evidently disliked his acting: he pilloried the player in a merciless lampoon in the "Rosciad," which began:

"His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaimed the sullen 'habit of his soul,'
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage."

With Quin's gruffness, irascibility, and quick Irish temper, were a sociability and generosity that endeared him to his fellows. No one went empty-handed away from him. He adored the good things of the table, once declaring in praise of his favorite fish, John Dory, that truly to enjoy it, "one should have a gullet from here to the antipodes and a palate all the way." Garrick, who never spared a friend or enemy whom he could make the subject of an epigram or satire, made Quin's gormandizing the burden of a jingle that became popular. He represented the fat player as standing before the tomb

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of Duke Humphrey at St. Albans and thus soliloquizing:

"A plague on Egypt's art, I say!
Embalm the dead? On senseless clay
Rich wines and spices waste?
Like sturgeon, or like brawn shall I
Bound in a priceless pickle lie
Which I can never taste?
Let me embalm this flesh of mine
With turtle fat and Bordeaux wine
And spoil the Egyptian trade!
Than good Duke Humphrey happier I,
Embalmed alive old Quin shall die,
A mummy ready made."

Quin's wit was not so polished as Garrick's—but it was ever ready. Well known is his reply to Peg Woffington, who, on coming off the stage in male attire as *Sir Harry Wildair*, declared that she knew one-half of the house thought she was a man. "Believe me, my dear," said Quin, "the other half can tell them that you are not." In all his rough jests there was never real malice, and often they covered a true tenderness of heart. There is a story of his discovering an obscure actor named Winston, out of an engagement and lying ill in a Covent Garden lodging-house. He came in with an attendant carrying a decent suit of clothes. "Get up, Dick," he commanded, "and go to rehearsal." The actor dressed himself in the new apparel, bewildered and exceedingly hungry. He was without the price of breakfast. Confiding this fact to his benefactor, Quin replied: "Nay, Dick, you must put your hand in your own pocket now." Winston thought this a sorry joke until he did as he was bade to do, and there he found a ten-pound note.

His habits of self-indulgence were notorious. During his holidays he was wont to make excursions into the country with some lady who became Mrs. Quin for the time being. When his money gave out he would return to London, give the lady a supper at the "Bedford Head," and present her with a substantial token of his appreciation, with some such valedictory as this:

"Madam, for our mutual convenience I have given you the name of Quin for some time past. There is no reason for our carrying on this farce here in town; and now, madam, give me leave to un-Quin you, and restore you to your own name for the future."

But all was changed when the town was aroused by the little man who had journeyed down to London from Litchfield with Doctor Johnson. 'Tis said that the pair covered the entire distance with but one horse between them, each walking or riding a stage alternately, Johnson with his doleful tragedy, "Irene," in his wallet and David Garrick with nothing in his but "three halfpence and his hopes."

The old order was swept away. In vain Quin and his fellows brought up their heavy batteries of declamation, portentous pauses, and deliberation. "It seemed," wrote Cumberland, "as if a whole century had been stepped over in the passage of a single scene: old things were done away, and a new order was at once brought forth, bright and luminous." Macklin said that "in a half-dozen of characters the little fellow secured his

Mr. Macklin as *Shylock*.
From an engraving by N. C. Goodnight.

immortality," and that the cabal of players against him was "a puff against thunder."

The rumble of the old school grew more

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feeble, and with Garrick's rise it became moribund. Quin had viewed with dismay the onslaught on ancient traditions of this extraordinary young man who was dubbed "Roscius" by the town. There is infinite pathos and helplessness in his "If he is right, then I and all the old actors are wrong." It was a trial to Quin's soul when he went to Drury Lane to see his rival's performance of "Othello." He was in a state of disparaging groans. He compared him to Hogarth's black boy and said to Doctor Hoadley, his box companion: "Here's Pompey, by God! Where's his lamp and teakettle?"

But Quin could read the writing on the wall. If he was driven into retirement he went with full honors and colors flying, carrying with him to Bath the comfortable fortune he had amassed through a frugality he had practised in spite of his habits of lavish living. His public regretted him, and he left with them the memory of the greatest of all *Falstaffs*. His period of dominance had been long. For twenty years his word had been law in the theatre, and his reign despotic.

But Bath was no St. Helena. The evening of his life was spent in the city of his own choice, and he went there saying he knew "no better city for an old cock to roost in." No doubt he found other fowls of his feather perching there.

Let us take a run down to Bath and have a look at Pierrepont Street. I was sure of it! The old fellow is just stepping from his house, No. 3 (next door to the birthplace of "The Maid of Bath," who became the wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan), for a stroll on the North Parade, and to drop in on Oliver Goldsmith at No. 11. He won't mind if we follow. His carriage is so erect and his appearance so distinguished that at court he would be taken for nothing less than an ambassador or a prime minister. If the poet is not at home, he continues on to the South Parade, where Landor heard "as many nightingales as ever there were in the bowers of Shiraz," and where Doctor Johnson saw "Bath Belles tripping lightly over hot pavements on cork soles and a clear conscience." If the day is fair, and his gouty legs permit, he will walk as far as the Circus—that huge wheel of stately homes which some one described as "the finest piece of architecture of its kind in Europe." Here he may catch a glimpse of the Earl of Chatham's coach arriving at the statesman's door; or the painter Gainsborough, at No. 24, with whom, should he not be engaged on one of his famous portraits, he will pass the time of day. Next door to the painter, at No. 22, an urchin of a dozen years is gazing pensively through the window of the ground floor. His face lights up at the sight of the celebrated person passing ponderously along, and the veteran returns him a genial smile, little dreaming that one day that delicate-faced lad would lose his life in America—condemned as a spy. His name is John André.

If a strong east wind is stirring, Quin wraps himself more tightly in his great-coat and muffler and returns, before long, for his glass of curative waters (for does not the pediment of the Pump-Room proclaim in letters of gold and characters of Greek that "Water is Best"?), and discourses to his town acquaintance on the glories of Drury Lane and Covent Garden; or, better still, if a visiting company is having an engagement at the theatre, talks shop with his cronies over port and pipes at The Bull or The Three Tuns. Be niggardly with the port, James, it plays the very devil with your gout! Much better you stick to the waters. Remember what happened last night! Or perhaps you do not remember that you reeled into Lord Chesterfield before the two chairmen managed to stuff your huge body into your sedan-chair.

"Who is that stout gentleman?" inquires his lordship.

"Only Mr. Quin, milord," replies his servant, "going home from The Three Tuns."

"I think," quoth milord, "Mr. Quin is taking one of the three tuns home with him under his waistcoat!"

The belles and beaux no doubt look upon the renowned player with amusement and condescension, while he, in turn, regards them with an easy contempt; he was never of the fashion, in spite of the tale they tell of his attempt to supplant Beau Nash as dictator.

This fop, now, swaggering along, ogling the pedestrians through his quizzing glass —a very "macaroni"—who should he be? With vast pretense at solicitude he makes inquiry after Quin's health. "Fa-

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Mr. Quin in the character of *Sir John Falstaff*.
From an engraving by John McArdell.

mously," growls the glaring actor; "getting along famously."

"But how distressing to grow old!" persists the fopling. "What would you give to be as young as I am?"

"I would almost be content to be as foolish," says Quin.

If this imposing gentleman in clerical garb just turning the corner from the Terrace Walk should happen to be the noted Bishop Warburton, he will not especially relish an encounter with Mr. Quin. He will remember that at Mr. Allen's house, not long since, he undertook to set down the actor in an argument concerning the justice of the execution of King Charles, and that Quin, whose mental powers he affected to despise, set his reverend head a-spinning with the quickness and the sting of his retort. There is no love lost between them, but Quin will quite relish the mock deference and sweeping bow he will bestow on the divine, and proceed on his way, chuckling.

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To the townspeople there is always a greeting; a nod to a shopman, a courtly lift of his hat to a peer's wife, a smile to a pretty miss, and even an exchange of pleasant words with the Bishop of Bath and Wells. To them he is a sweet, kindly old gentleman, and they honor him.

There was, however, a crumpled rose-leaf in his bed of ease at Bath: Garrick! The continuous laudation of "Roscius" in London found its way down to him through pamphlet and report. It rankled. Why should Garrick be the only wearer of the laurel? His own are as fresh and worn with a statelier grace. To Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, he despatched a note, a marvel of suggestion and brevity:

"I am at Bath. Quin."

The answer was immediate and even more to the point:

"Stay there and be damned. Rich."

But it was the true kindliness that lay beneath the rough husk of Quin which after years of none too cordial relation won over Garrick. Davey had never been so supremely sure of his eminence as to be free from jealousy. He had unseated Quin, it is true, but Quin had been too long a supreme favorite to lose entirely his popularity, and Garrick frequently writhed under the praise of his rival. Quin "died hard." Indeed, after Garrick's complete dominance at Drury Lane had been established, Quin was receiving a thousand pounds a season at Covent Garden—a much larger sum than that paid to "Roscius," and the largest, at that time, that had ever been paid to an English actor for a season's service. But no one could forever remain Quin's enemy, and doubtless in his retirement he ceased to look formidable to Garrick. Their friendship became so well established that Quin was a guest at Garrick's house at Hampton when he was stricken with his fatal illness.

For nearly a year he is fighting for his life at his home in Bath. He is not afraid, for the habit of the warrior is strong, and his marvellous constitution defies the Reaper. Hosts of his old friends, and even his enemies, hasten down from London to sit at his bedside and listen to the lively stories he never tires of telling. Every morning his door is the scene of inquiries of the good people of Bath, anxious to know how Mr. Quin fares to-day. His poise and self-control now never leave him.

To-night he seems drowsy and not inclined to much talk. A friend or two speaks quietly in the shrouded light of the chamber. In a corner the doctors are discussing his condition.

"I don't like the rise in his temperature. His skin is too dry. If we could only make him sweat."

Quin half opens his eyes, and beckons them over with a feeble wave of the hand on the coverlid. "What's that you said about me?" he asks.

"We think that if we could give you something to make you sweat, 'twould be a relief to you."

There is a pause; then a slight smile on Quin's face. "Gadzooks! That's easy enough! Send in your bills and it's done!"

Presently he says he is hungry. What could he not do to a breakfast of John Dory and claret if he were well! "I've often wished my mouth were as large as the centre arch of Westminster Bridge and that the river ran claret." A few sips of his gruel and some brandy are all he can swallow, but he brightens.

They are speaking of the King, George III. He has that week delivered his speech in Parliament.

"Did he do it well?" queries the sick man. Excellently well, they tell him.

"I knew he would!" Quin exclaims. "It was I who taught the boy to speak. Frederick, Prince of Wales, appointed me instructor to the young princes and princesses in elocution, and they appeared in plays at Leicester House under my direction, gentlemen." And he adds with pride that the King had not been ungrateful. He had placed his old master's name as beneficiary on the civil list.

Some one speaks of angling. "A cruel sport, gentleman," says Quin. "Suppose now, a being as much my superior as I am to those poor fish were to say, 'Tis a fine evening, I'll go Quinning! If he were to bait his hook with a haunch of venison I should gorge. And how should I like to be dragged from Richmond to Kingston floundering and flouncing with a hook in my gullet?" This has been a long speech: too long. He laughs a little at his own fantasy, then sinks back in his pillows with a little sigh.

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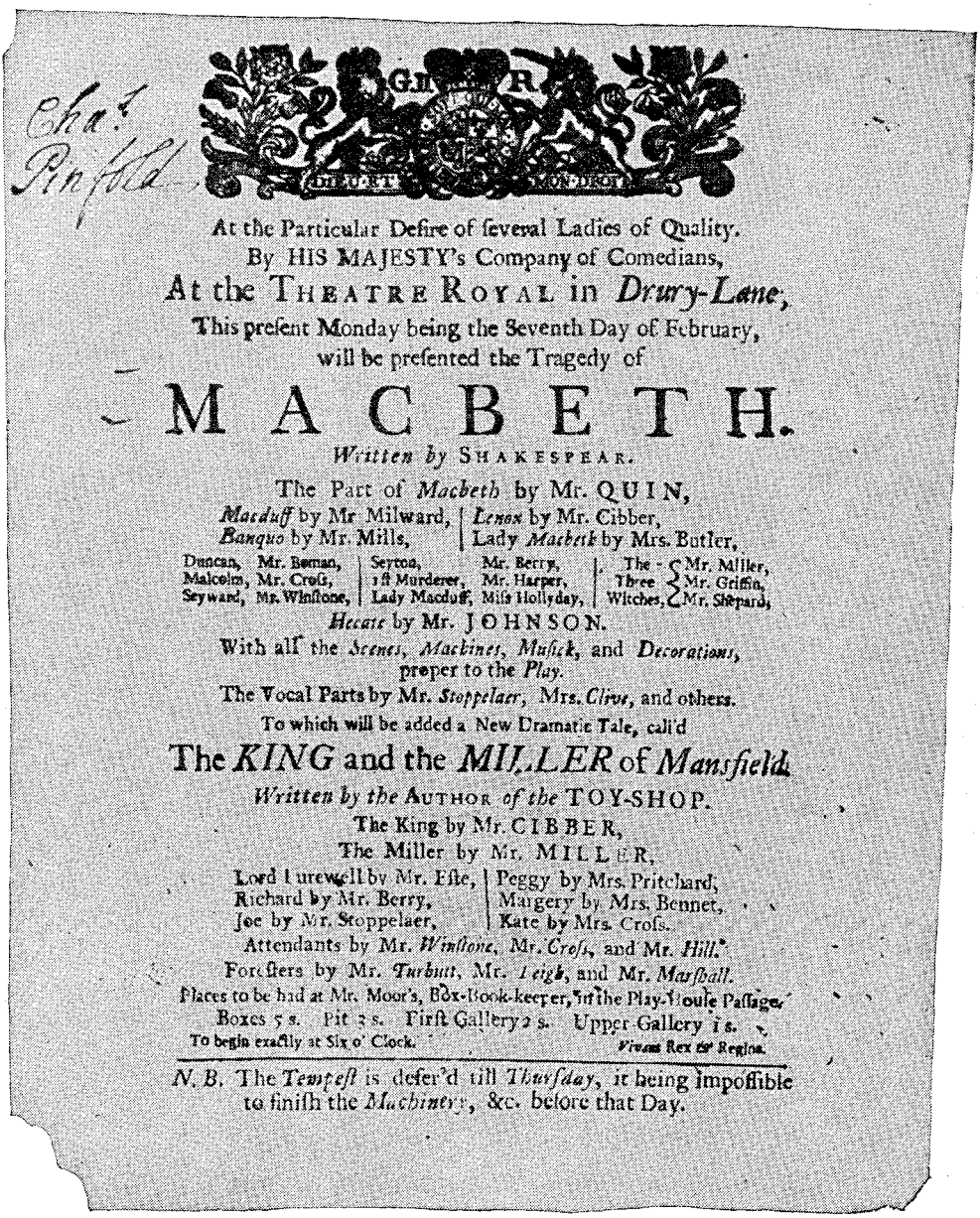

At the Particular Desire of several Ladies of Quality.
By HIS MAJESTY's Company of Comedians,
At the THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,
This present Monday being the Seventh Day of February,
will be presented the Tragedy of

MACBETH.

Written by SHAKESPEAR.

The Part of *Macbeth* by Mr. QUIN,
Macduff by Mr Milward, | *Lenox* by Mr. Cibber,
Banquo by Mr. Mills, | Lady *Macbeth* by Mrs. Butler,

Duncan, Mr. Boman, | Seyton, Mr. Berry, | The Three Witches, Mr. Miller, Mr. Griffin, Mr. Shepard,
Malcolm, Mr. Croft, | 1st Murderer, Mr. Harper,
Seyward, Mr. Winstone, | Lady Macduff, Miss Hollyday,

Hecate by Mr. JOHNSON.

With all the *Scenes*, *Machines*, *Musick*, and *Decorations*, proper to the *Play*.

The Vocal Parts by Mr. *Stoppelaer*, Mrs. *Clive*, and others.

To which will be added a New Dramatic Tale, call'd

The *KING* and the *MILLER* of *Mansfield*.

Written by the AUTHOR *of the* TOY-SHOP.

The King by Mr. CIBBER,
The Miller by Mr. MILLER,

Lord Lurewell by Mr. Este, | Peggy by Mrs. Pritchard,
Richard by Mr. Berry, | Margery by Mrs. Bennet,
Joe by Mr. Stoppelaer, | Kate by Mrs. Crofs.

Attendants by Mr. *Winstone*, Mr. *Croft*, and Mr. *Hill*.
Forresters by Mr. *Turbutt*, Mr. *Leigh*, and Mr. *Marshall*.

Places to be had at Mr. Moor's, Box-Book-keeper, in the Play-House Passage.
Boxes 5 s. Pit 3 s. First Gallery 2 s. Upper Gallery 1 s.
To begin exactly at Six o' Clock. *Vivat Rex & Regina.*

N. B. The *Tempest* is defer'd till *Thursday*, it being impossible to finish the *Machinery*, &c. before that Day.

Facsimile of playbill of Quin as *Macbeth*, February 7, 1737 or 1743.

Now his wits begin to wander. Broken speeches from *Cato* and *Sir John Brute* come from his lips. He is back on the stage of Old Drury, acting to an enraptured throng. "Hark at them," he murmurs, "how they applaud!" His voice trails away into silence and he sleeps. His breathing is very light.

Toward morning he wakes. "I wish," he says in a voice still distinct and with a faint echo of the music that rang in his tones of *Macbeth*, his *Bajazet*, and his *Cato* —"I could wish that this last tragic scene were over, and I hope that I may be able to meet and pass through it with dignity."

Did King Charles say a finer thing than that? Did his "Gentlemen, I fear I am an unconscionable time a-dying," speak a

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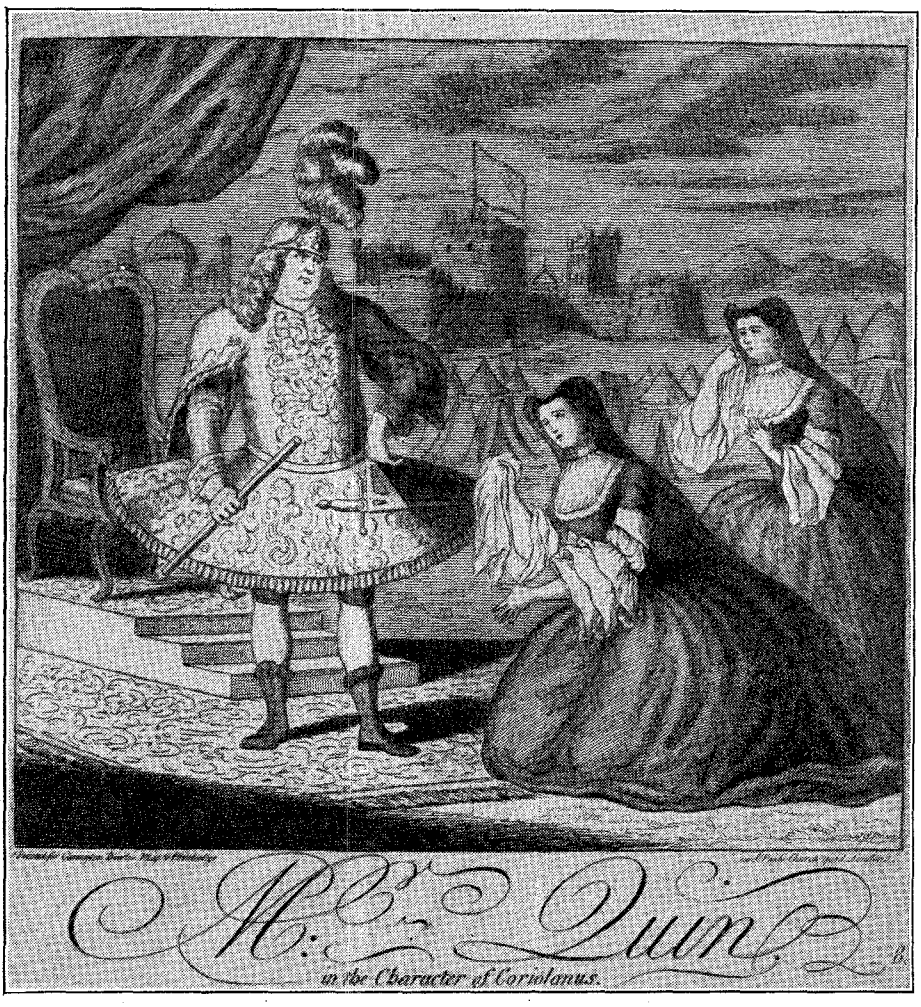

Mr. Quin in the character of *Coriolanus*.

greater bravery and courtesy on the threshold of the dark portal? I vow not.

To-morrow or the next day his will is to be read, and we shall learn something even finer about this rough, caustic duellist, actor, humorist, and epicure, something of his benevolence and kindness of heart. No one who has ever had a claim to his friendship has been forgotten, and the list is an exceedingly long one. To an individual whom he did not like he bequeaths his watch, "in accordance with an imprudent promise."

Garrick owed him the eloquent tribute of the epitaph in the Abbey. The tablet is in the wall which separates the choir from the left aisle. Beneath the sculptured face of the actor, round and assertive in its canopy of a full ringleted wig, one reads the lines:

"That tongue which set the table on a roar
And charmed the public ear is heard no more:
Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before this tongue, what SHAKESPEARE writ:
Cold is that hand, which living was stretched forth
At friendship's call to succor modest worth:
Here lies JAMES QUIN: deign reader to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last."
D. GARRICK.

Obit M.D.CCLXVI.
ÆTAT LXXIII.

Was David sincere? Let us hope so. He could well afford to be!

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Robert Louis Stevenson and Henry James

WITH SOME LETTERS OF MRS. R. L. S.

EDITED BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

CLEARING out not long ago a number of papers that had remained on my hands when the task of writing the official "Life" of Stevenson was transferred (with my entire consent and approval) from me to his cousin Sir Graham Balfour, I found among them the letter which Henry James wrote to Stevenson's widow in the hour when he first learned the fact of her widowhood. Stevenson had died suddenly in his Samoan home on the evening of December 3, 1894. When the news first reached England by way of Auckland, a few of his friends clung desperately to doubts of its truth, and among them was Henry James. My wife remembers his coming to her that afternoon in an agony of distress, and crying as he cast his arms about her shoulders, "It isn't *true*, it isn't *true*, say it isn't true!" Some ten days later he himself received by way of San Francisco a telegram from the widow which put the tragedy past question. Under the immediate stress of the blow James answered her in the letter of which I have spoken. It is a letter memorable both in itself and as adding the final, the crowning touch to the story, interesting and attractive as it was already, of the relations in which these two of the finest of all artists among English writers stood to one another. So far as I know, it has been published nowhere but in the "Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson" by her sister, Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez. Accordingly I make no apology for printing it in full here.

MY DEAR FANNY STEVENSON;

What can I say to you that will not seem cruelly irrelevant or vain? We have been sitting in darkness for nearly a fortnight but what is our darkness to the extinction of your magnificent light? You will probably know in some degree what has happened to us—how the hideous news first came to us via Auckland, etc., and then how, in the newspapers, a doubt was raised about its authenticity—just enough to give one a flicker of hope; until your telegram to me via San Francisco—repeated also from other sources—converted my pessimistic convictions into wretched knowledge. All this time my thoughts have hovered round you all, around you in particular, with a tenderness of which I could have wished you might have, afar off, the divination. You are such a visible picture of desolation that I need to remind myself that courage, and patience, and fortitude are also abundantly with you. The devotion that Louis inspired—and of which all the air about you must be full—must also be much to you. Yet as I write the word, indeed, I am almost ashamed of it—as if anything could be "much" in the presence of such an abysmal void. To have lived in the light of that splendid life, that beautiful, bountiful thing—only to see it from one moment to the other, converted into a fable as strange and romantic as one of his own, a thing that has been and has ended, is an anguish into which no one can enter fully and of which no one can drain the cup for you. You are nearest to the pain, because you were nearest the joy and the pride. But if it is anything to you to know that no woman was ever more felt with and that your personal grief is the intensely personal grief of innumerable hearts—know it well, my dear Fanny Stevenson, for during all these days there has been friendship for you in the very air. For myself, how shall I tell

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you how much poorer and shabbier the whole world seems, and how one of the closest and strongest reasons for going on, for trying and doing, for planning and dreaming of the future, has dropped in an instant out of life. I was haunted indeed with a sense that I should never again see him—but it was one of the best things in life that he was there, or that one had him—at any rate one heard of him, and felt him and awaited him and counted him into everything one most loved and lived for. He lighted up one whole side of the globe, and was in himself a whole province of one's imagination. We are smaller fry and meaner people without him. I feel as if there was a certain indelicacy in saying it to you, save that I know that there is nothing narrow or selfish in your sense of loss—for himself, however, for his happy name and his great visible good fortune, it strikes one as another matter. I mean that I feel him to have been as happy in his death (struck down that way, as by the gods, in a clear glorious hour) as he had been in his fame. And, with all the sad allowances in his rich full life, he had the best of it—the thick of the fray, the loudest of the music, the freshest and finest of himself. It isn't as if there had been no full achievement and no supreme thing. It was all intense, all gallant, all exquisite from the first, and the experience, the fruition, had something dramatically complete in them. He has gone in time not to be old, early enough to be so generously young and late enough to have drunk deep of the cup. There have been—I think—for men of letters few deaths more romantically right. Forgive me, I beg you, what may sound cold-blooded in such words—or as if I imagined there could be anything for you "right" in the rupture of such an affection and the loss of such a presence. I have in my mind in that view only the rounded career and the consecrated work. When I think of your own situation I fall into a mere confusion of pity and wonder, with the sole sense of your being as brave a spirit as he was (all of whose bravery you shared) to hold on by. Of what solutions or decisions you see before you we shall hear in time; meanwhile please believe that I am most affectionately with you. . . . More than I can say, I hope your first prostration and bewilderment are over, and that you are feeling your way in feeling all sorts of encompassing arms—all sorts of outstretched hands of friendship. Don't, my dear Fanny Stevenson, be unconscious of mine, and believe me more than ever faithfully yours,

HENRY JAMES.

To form and fix the strong love and affection between the two men thus movingly attested, it had taken but two years and a half of habitual personal intercourse, and that carried on almost entirely under difficulties, by means of visits paid by James to Stevenson's sick-room at Bournemouth between December, 1884, and August, 1887, and supplemented, when opportunity offered, by meetings at my house at the British Museum. I have called them two of the finest of all artists in English letters. They were at the same time two of the most contrasted and unlike. The contrast was not less in the tenor and conditions of their lives than in the choice and handling of their themes and the measure and history of the welcome their works severally received from the public—the early tales and novels of James being received with keen appreciation by at least the critical portion of that public, and the work of his latter years with relative and at last almost complete neglect; while of Stevenson's much briefer career the first products made their way slowly, but the acclamation which followed on the appearance, first, of "Treasure Island" and then of "Jekyll and Hyde" continued to greet almost all his so versatile and various work until the end. Time flies and memories are short: will readers forgive me if by some prefatory words of reminiscence and quotation I seek to make the circumstances both of the friendship and the contrast freshly present to their minds?

Two things about Stevenson that were innate, ingrained, and ineradicable were his Scotchness and his passion for outdoor life and activity. He himself speaks somewhere of his Scotchness as "tending to intermittency"; and no doubt his adventurous readiness to adapt himself to new environments, his frequentation of France and America and absorbing pursuit of letters, not merely as a vocation

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or means of self-expression or appeal, but as a fine art deliberately practised in the spirit and familiar company of artists, had done something to modify it in unessentials—had superficially tempered the Scot in him with alien elements. But elsewhere he writes of himself as haunted about the heart all the while, even in the midst of the distractions and delights of his new tropical home, by yearnings after "that cauld, auld huddle of bare hills," his true stern and naked motherland. And not only did he remain frankly Scotch to the end in the accent of his speech and the racy, full-blooded human quality of his humor; in the vital depths of his being he was the true descendant of his stern-conscienced, indomitably hardy and strenuous, coast-haunting, light-house-building Northern forebears; only by a perversity of Fate a descendant physically incapable of following their vocation. Troubles of nutrition and nerve and lung and artery kept him during most of his earlier years for long periods a prisoner in the sick-room; but this restraint, as he has himself told us, he would never allow to color his view of life, so that, although during many a bout of hemorrhage he was driven to wonder whether it might not be his last, he was always, and that not piningly but lustily, living in imagination the life of hardihood and adventure.

When at intervals during these semi-invalid years he was able to get out and about, the company he most cared for was at no time that which was to be found in drawing-rooms. Charmer though he could be among his equals, he as a rule cared to mix only with such among them as either presented to his discernment experiences or faculties for experience beyond the common, or such as followed pursuits akin to his own, writers and artists or trained lovers of books and of the arts. A chosen few of these he attached warmly to himself, but he had no inclination to follow them into the ordinary haunts of polite society, and the average members of that society, those having no special gift or attainment or experience to recommend them, he let go by him, as he has somewhere said, "like seaweed." Elemental and unsophisticated human nature, the seaman and the husbandman and the shepherd and the smith, and all such as feel the daily pinch and stress of life, down to the cadger, the chimney-sweep, thief, vagrant, and prostitute—these, and the variegated company with which he peopled in imagination the historic past, were all more real and more significant to him than were the majority among the comfortable classes of his contemporaries. Neither by gift nor choice had he the makings of an attentive student of these, with their uneventful ways of life—uneventful at any rate on the surface—with their passions and tragedies, supposing them to have any, decorously cloaked and veiled, their niceties and *nuances* of smooth every-day intercourse and incident, their pettinesses of social competition and intrigue, their intricacies and delicacies of reticent pathos and subdued romance and emotion conventionally schooled and harnessed.

To Henry James, on the other hand, it was just the intense perception and assiduous study of these niceties and *nuances*, these subtle emotional half-tones of contemporary life in polite cosmopolitan circles, which gave, but for one or two experimental exceptions (among which I should point to "The Princess Casamassima" as at once the widest in range and most elaborate in handling), the motive and inspiration of his art. American by birth, European and predominatingly French by early habit and training, and finally by choice and domestication deliberately and determinedly English, he had no deep-seated primary cast of mind and temperament corresponding to that Scottishness of Stevenson. Neither had he, so far as was apparent from his course of life, anything of Stevenson's instinctive craving for action and zest for whatever consequences action might entail, but was rather both congenitally and by choice a looker-on. He has conferred many of his own characteristics, only as exercised in a more ideal and romantic *milieu*, on the personage of Benvolio in his early story so named. That story, as many of my readers will remember, narrates with characteristic subtlety of analysis and charm of style the "hesitancies" of one in whose nature the passion to observe replaces the passion to possess, and who until almost too late is content to watch

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and study, without claiming her for his own, the woman in whom he discerns "a divine embodiment of all the amenities, the refinements, the complexities of life."

It is recorded of James how in the pursuit of this branch of human study, in the earlier days of his London career, he dined out in the course of a single twelvemonth not less than a hundred and eight times. During my intimacy with Stevenson I cannot remember that he ever once made an appearance at a set dinner party or in dress clothes, though in early Edinburgh days there is evidence of his having occasionally made so much sacrifice of his Bohemian habits in order to please his parents.

With all these contrasts between them of origin, of experience, of temperament, of predilection, the two men had nevertheless much in common. Both were spirits essentially lovable, affectionate, and generous; both, as their admirably frank and untouchy criticisms of each other stand to prove, were signally free from all taint of jealousy and meanness: both—though in the case of Henry James it needed intimate knowledge to realize as much—were men of exceptionally intense feeling, of an emotional nature doubly and trebly as strong as the common run of mankind. But the main resemblance, and that which probably first drew close the links which were to bind them, was their common attachment to the same pursuit, their studious and passionate devotion to the art of letters as art. Even here a marked contrast is to be noted between their several methods and ideals as artists, Stevenson both by nature and choice aiming constantly at compression and simplification, at getting the utmost out of the single, the one revealing and vivifying word, and at the ruthless cutting down of the non-essential; James, on the other hand, ever more and more inclined to yield to his love of particularity both in analysis and description, and to pursue every clue of thought and motive to its subtlest involutions, its most entangled ramifications. Their letters to each other already printed illustrate vividly their consciousness of such contrast, and constitute one of the most interesting examples extant of the critical appreciation of two gifted artists by each other. But James's tendency to excesses of the kind I have indicated did not reach its extreme until after Stevenson's death. In these relatively early years his shorter tales, "Daisy Miller" and "An International Episode" and "The Madonna of the Future" and "The Diary of a Man of Fifty" and "The Pension Beaurepas" and "Longstaff's Marriage" and "Benvolio" and the rest, were still marked by a compactness, a concinnity of style and execution, which rivals that of any of his best French models, Guy de Maupassant or Edmond de Goncourt or Alphonse Daudet; and even his—as it seems to me much less successful—long novels like "Roderick Hudson," "The Americans," and "The Europeans," although more elaborated and thin-beaten and-long-drawn-out than their motives will well bear, are so in a relatively simple and straightforward manner of writing. It is not on points of style as such that the debate between James and Stevenson mainly turns, but rather on the degree to which written narrative should seek after pictorial effect and try to make visible to the mind's eye of the reader the material setting of the actions and passions which it relates—should or should not, as Stevenson phrases it, appeal to the optic nerve. "Death to the optic nerve," I find him crying once in reply to his correspondent's petition for its indulgence; and again, "War to the adjective"; and again, "How to get over, how to escape from, the besotting *particularity* of fiction. 'Roland approached the house; it had green doors and window blinds; and there was a scraper on the upper step.' To hell with Roland and the scraper!" James, on the other hand, pleads earnestly for that satisfaction of the visual imagination which Stevenson would refuse it. Here is one such plea out of many: "I read with unrestrictive relish the first chapters of your prose volume, and I loved 'em and blessed them quite. But I *did* make one restriction—I missed the *visible* in them—I mean, as regards people, things, objects, faces, bodies, costumes, features, gestures, manners, the introductory, the *personal* painter-touch. It struck me that you either didn't feel—through some accident—your responsibility on this article quite enough; or, on some theory of your

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own, had declined it. No theory is kind to us that cheats us of seeing."

The discussion between them is always carried on in the most sincere and genuine spirit of mutual admiration. (I do not choose to admit the permanency of that debasement, which cynical usage has introduced, of a phrase needed to denote one of the most honorable of mental attitudes—one just as honorable as "mutual confidence" or "mutual esteem".) I am not sure that the practice of either artist always conforms very strictly to his theory. Many a reader of Stevenson's "Catriona" besides myself must have a memory haunted, for instance, by the actual vision of the chamber where the lover finds his discarded gifts to the heroine cast aside after their quarrel: "I gave them good measure of time; it was my one fear that I might see Catriona again, because tears and weakness were ready in my heart, and I cherished my anger like a piece of dignity. Perhaps an hour had gone by; the sun had gone down, a little wisp of a new moon was following it across a scarlet sunset; already there were stars in the east, and in my chambers, when at last I entered them, the night lay blue. I lit a taper and reviewed the rooms; in the first there remained nothing so much as to awake a memory of those who were gone; but in the second, in a corner of the floor, I spied a little heap that brought my heart into my mouth. She had left behind at her departure all that ever she had of me. It was the blow that I felt sorest, perhaps because it was the last; and I fell upon that pile of clothing and behaved myself more foolish than I care to tell of." It would be easy to cull from the works of Henry James many descriptions of visible objects and backgrounds infinitely more particular in detail than this, but none, I think, where the sentiment of the scene is more inseparably bound up with its visible setting. . . .

But I am letting myself be lured into embarking on a critical comparison, for which this is not the place, between the work of two beloved friends and artists; and must go back to the original motive and purpose with which I set out in these remarks. The rereading of James's letter above quoted called up freshly to my mind the image of her to whom it was addressed and set me thinking that more should be done than has been done yet to make lovers of Stevenson familiar with the personality of his wife. It was one able to hold its own uneclipsed by the light of his; and she deserves to be known by the reading world for what she was in herself, and not only for her tendance of and treasured companionship with the man of genius her mate, charmingly acknowledged as these are in many passages of amused or grateful tenderness in his letters, as well as with deeper notes of heartfelt devotion in his poems. One notable evidence of her quality was her very capable collaboration with him in imaginative work; another was the unjealous way in which, having come into his life entirely from outside, she knew how to attach to herself—with I think but a single exception—the closest and most critically inclined of his earlier friends. With these thoughts in my mind, I turned to the packets of her letters which both my wife and myself have still by us. Two or three of these letters I have already printed in their due place and order among Stevenson's own correspondence from the South Seas; the rest had hitherto been kept private. Private it is fitting that the bulk of them should remain, simply as being taken up with trivial matters—with momentary needs or casual movements, or else with monotonous anxieties on behalf of her invalid. But enough are left to illustrate vividly her ways of being and feeling and expressing herself; and of these, with her son's leave and approval, I now propose to print some specimens, adding such brief notes as may be needed to make circumstances and allusions clear.

The letters I have chosen are taken chiefly from two different periods of the Stevensons' married life; a first group from their relatively commonplace cribbed and cabined invalid-and-nurse days at Bournemouth in 1884–87; a second from their contrasted days of free cruising and roughing it, often not without both risk and hardship, in the South Seas. Under both sets of circumstances Mrs. Stevenson showed herself the most eagerly capable and sympathetic of helpmates. In a general way no more exempt than other people from moods and variabilities, she was as immovably firm in friendship for

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his friends as toward his unfriends she was vehement in aversion. There were few things he wanted (always excepting music) which she could not deftly make or do with her hands, whether indoors or out; her activities were generally accompanied with a delightfully personal, quaint, and stimulating vein of talk; and when she put pen to paper, whether as a correspondent or in formal composition, she showed the gifts of a born writer. In the letters which follow, it will be noticed that her tone is often one of loving womanly laughter at vehemences or exaggerations or perversities on her husband's part; but that is precisely the tone in which genius at home needs, for its good, oftenest to be treated; and to find it so treated and no offense taken is to witness the surest proof of all being fundamentally right between a married pair.

Here follows the first of the Bournemouth group of letters. It is addressed not to me but to my wife, and dates from the days when the couple had first settled into the house which Thomas Stevenson bought for them in Branksome Park after a winter's trial had seemed to prove the climate suitable, and which they named after the Skerryvore lighthouse, one of the most famous of the engineering works of the Stevenson family. R. L. S. had been working much lately in collaboration—at play-writing with Henley, and with his wife at a second series of the "New Arabian Nights," the plan of which seemed to call for some modification by reason of the actual contemporary facts of the Fenian dynamite outrages. "Valentine" was a very capable and devoted French servant whom they had brought to England from Hyères: "Bogue" is the equally devoted, incurably pugnacious black Scotch terrier which had been given them by Sir Walter Simpson and was originally named after him, the name passing by degrees from "Walter" to "Wattie" and through "Woggie" and "Woggs" to "Bogue." "Oscar" is of course Oscar Wilde.

To Mrs. Sitwell (Lady Colvin)

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH
[Spring, 1885]

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Many thanks for your kind and pleasant letter. It is very comfortable to know that we have a house really and truly, and will no more be like Noah's dove, flying about with an olive branch and trying to pretend that we have found a bit of dry ground to perch upon. I do hope that you will be able to come and visit us in it. I never saw a place that seemed arranged so exactly to suit our requirements as this place, which is to be called "Skerryvore." There is even a little studio for me to dabble paints in, and the garden is delicious. When we are rich enough (if I am not too fat by that time) there is a stable all ready for my horse, and a fine dog-house also waits my Bogue.

We have just had a visit from Beerbohm Tree, whose name, I am sorry to say, is treated with shocking levity by Louis. He seems a very nice, modest, pleasant fellow, and we were much pleased with him. I see that the great Oscar is coming here in a fortnight. I rather wish he would come to see us; I feel slightly curious to look upon the disciple of the æsthete. A French paper that Louis got this morning describes his personal appearance as being like a "white malady." It sounds very dreadful indeed, and I hope is not absolutely correct. I read "Otto" to Mrs. Stevenson, and do you know she objected and applauded preçisely where you did. I shall have to go to Hyères soon now, to settle our affairs, but how to leave Louis, for I shall have to take Valentine with me, I do not know.

What a dreadful thing these explosions have been. Our Arabian Tales have been a good deal knocked over by them, but Louis is remodelling when it is necessary as hard as he can. It is a great advertisement, if one may be allowed to say so. I cannot tell you how I admire the English policeman. I want Louis to write an article about them. It is lucky I am not a housemaid or a cook. At the first sight of a policeman I should be a lost woman. They are expected to be braver than a general and wiser than Mr. Gladstone; and the expectation is verified. I wonder if the dynamiters will come blowing up Louis and me, and our Valentine and our Bogue? It wouldn't be so very surprising. I feel no vocation towards being made a martyr, but I do not believe anything could happen more to the point than

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for them to blow up a young French girl, an American woman, and a romantic young author. The thing I should mind the most would be leaving my boy penniless. I want to see you awfully. London must be dismal. Couldn't you just come down to me for a few days? It would be such a delight and joy. In this request Louis joins with all his heart. And again with much love

As ever your
FANNY.

The next letter was written in the course of an illness which overtook Stevenson at Exeter and put a premature stop to a trip to Dartmoor on which the couple had started, pausing on the way at Dorchester to meet and make personal acquaintance with Mr. Thomas Hardy and his wife. Letters from Stevenson himself telling of this expedition are lacking. The new novel by Henry James of which the opening is here discussed was "The Princess Casamassima." I do not remember ever hearing whether Stevenson's judgment of the finished work corresponded to the high opinion he and his wife had formed of the opening chapters. To my mind it has always been the least successful of all James's books, and that for the very reason for which they were prepared to admire it, namely that much of it ranges among scenes of rude and criminal life with which he was neither by experience nor imagination well qualified to deal.

New London Hotel,
EXETER.
[August or September, 1885]

MY DEAR MR. COLVIN,

Louis had been very ill indeed with a serious hemorrhage, the worst that he has had except the one at Hyères. As usual, it was very sudden, and in the night, but the people of the house had a doctor, ice, and all that I needed in ten minutes. Katharine and Sam were with me, awfully frightened but still useful. The people of the house had had the same thing, a hemorrhage I mean, befall a daughter, so they knew how to be of efficient help. The next day Lady Shelley, who was at Torquay, and Miss Taylor came and stayed till they were assured that the worst was over. Lady Shelley has sent Louis all sorts of things for his comfort, a bed-rest, and bed-table upon which he is this moment going to have his dinner. She also wanted to lend me a nurse, but I refused. Dr. Scott wrote and offered to come, "as a friend," he said in brackets, if it would be any comfort to me. By that time Louis was better, so I declined with a heart filled with gratitude. Such an offer as that gives me a feeling of security that nothing else could. The doctor we got is a very nice gentleman, and I should imagine a good rider, but not a person to inspire confidence as a medical adviser. I had already done all that could be done before he got here, and then he came three times a day for some time, did nothing but smile very sweetly, and talk about his horses and hot-houses.

Dr. Scott advises a move a week after the hemorrhage ceases. We think of simply going back to Dorchester for a few days. It is not for the lung trouble, but the brain that Scott wanted a change. We saw Hardy the novelist when we were there and liked him exceedingly. I have been reading the beginning of Henry James's new novel. Most excellent, I think it, and altogether a new departure —not but that I have always liked his other work; but this is different, with the thrill of life, the beating of the pulse that you miss in the others.—I have been over to take a look at Louis, and he certainly looks better than since the hemorrhage.

My dear love to you all. Louis cannot write letters, but can read them.

FANNY.

From about this time "Custodian" became a name by which the couple habitually called me, in recognition of the odds and ends of practical service or advice they were used to receive from me. "The small dwarf madwoman" is of course the writer herself. The "gallant captain" is the landlord from whom they were renting the house of which they proposed to change the name from Sea View to Skerryvore. Mr. Hammond is Basil Hammond, at that time fellow and historical lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, who had met the couple by chance and had an opportunity to render them I forget what service. Henry James in these days was frequently at Bournemouth on visits to an invalid sister, and used the

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opportunity to see much of the Stevensons and closely cement his friendship with them.

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH.
[Spring 1885]

DEAREST AND BEST OF CUSTODIANS,

Just a word to let you know we still live. Louis is much better bodily, but mentally more or less an idiot. As for myself, I am more than ever sure that it is softening of the brain.

The small dwarf chairs suit the small dwarf madwoman admirably. The colour is out, the room really demanding blue, which I have not as yet found of the right shade,—to say nothing of the money to pay for them. I think I had better get your letter and answer questions in order as they come. To begin, Louis is the better for the moving, it having the same effect as a change of climate. The name of Sea View still remains, according to the gallant captain's taste, and Skerryvore is as yet but whispered between vulgar Scots and their relations by marriage. (That is me; for if I am not Louis's relation by marriage, then what am I?)

H. J. did find us, Louis was well enough to see him, we are devoted to him, and he comes to us every evening after dinner. I think there is no question but that he likes Louis; naturally, I have hardly been allowed to speak to him, though I fain would. He seems very gentle and comfortable, and I worship in silence—enforced silence.

Pray remember me with many kind messages to the providential Hammond. I think you mean he is full of writing to Louis, and not me; as I said to Sargent, "I am but a cipher under the shadow;" to which he too eagerly assented. It is only kind custodians who write to me; and now and then a lonely Symonds, or a savage Henley who attacks me. I am much taken up with the thought of the Spanish *Treasure Island;* Louis means to write to Mr. Hammond and find out how to get it. Having got it, he hopes to learn Spanish by its means. I am glad indeed that you like *Otto*. I have begged to have a few things marked out, not much. My hand has been laid upon him in no spirit but that of kindness,—upon *Otto* I mean, not Louis, to whom I am often unkind though always, I hope unintentionally. Love to you and to all others,

FANNY.

"The Family" in the following are Stevenson's father and mother, not always awake to the degree to which his health, at moments of lung crisis, needed absolute quiet and abstention from talk. Mrs. Jenkin is the widow of Professor Fleeming Jenkin, the wisest and most appreciative among Stevenson's senior friends at Edinburgh, and herself a woman of notable character and gifts, especially as an accomplished and impressive actress in classic drama. "Mommy" is a sort of pet diminutive for "Monument," and means the official house I then inhabited at the British Museum. "Bob" and "Katharine" are Stevenson's first cousins, R. A. M. Stevenson the painter-critic and his sister Mrs. de Mattos. The pilgrim whom I was accompanying part of the way to her son's burial place at Davos is Mrs. Sitwell, my wife that was to be.

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH.
Summer 1885.

BEST OF CUSTODIANS,

Our conduct, as usual, has been horrid; but you, as usual, I trust will prove forgiving. I begin to believe that Louis and I are both suffering, not from softening of the brain, but ossification of the intellect. We are able to eat and sleep and behave rudely, that is all. I am glad you are having such a complete change, though it does seem to remove all chance of a visit here, which we would love. However, I suppose we, or one of us, will go to the "mommy," as you say we may. We have had a good deal of wearing company for some time; our own house was full, and we had also a couple of dependencies in the neighbourhood. Since mother and father were here, Aunt Alan, and Miss Ferrier, and Henley, we have also had Teddy Henley for a couple of nights. Bob and his family, and Katharine and hers, are also in the neighbourhood. It has been such a difficult party that I quite broke down under the strain.

Through it all the dear Henry James remained faithful, though he suffered bitterly and openly. He is gone now, and there is none to take his place. After ten weeks of Henry James the evenings seem very empty, though the room is always full of people. As the time passed we came to have a real affection for him, and parted from him with sincere regret.

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We have started more or less of an intimacy with the Taylors; that is, the daughters, Sir Henry himself being almost too beautiful and refined and angelic for ordinary people like us. Also we are rather intimate with the Shelleys. Lady Shelley is delicious; naturally no longer young, suffering from the effects of a terrible accident that has left her a hopeless invalid, but with all the fire of youth, and as mad as some other people you know, and ready to plunge into any wild extravagance at a moment's notice. Sir Percy is an odd creature! Do you know him? He is the poet's son only in being so exceedingly curious. I think we will come to be very fond of him. They have a lovely little theatre at their place here and give very delightful entertainments, which will be pleasant for us. They have a bust of Mary Wollstonecraft done from a death-mask, over which Louis raves; and justly, for it is the most interesting thing ever seen. I think we are very lucky to find two such pleasant families in Bournemouth; other people pour in on us in droves, but they are all alike, and I find none to interest or amuse. After speaking of the weather and kindred topics, they generally observe, "Your husband is quite literary, I understand." Now what should one say? I murmur vaguely, "I dunno m'sure," at which they show faint surprise, and slightly bridle. But I can think of no other formula.

I suppose from what you say that you are not yourself going to Davos, but will remain in the neighbourhood. I am glad at heart that it is not the dreadful winter time, and that the grass will be green and the flowers blooming. I know of nothing more crushing to the mind than that cemetery of boys and girls. My sympathy and love to the sad pilgrim. I had hoped you might see Mr. Symonds. Perhaps you may. The last I heard from him, he had symptoms of scrivener's paralysis, but I thought there was a cure for that. I asked him if he could get me some yellow brocade for curtains, but I am told now that it would be a fearful expense, so I should like to take it back—I mean my request. Mrs. Campbell told me, and I believe Mrs. Jenkin, that I could get enough for a pair of curtains for five pounds, but it seems that was a mistake. She offered to send and ask young Brown, of the Venice book, to get it. I cannot get used to Jenkin's death; it is a thing impossible to believe or realise. After that, anything may happen. I am afraid now to open letters. My dear love to you all.

FANNY.

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH.
Summer 1885.

DEAREST AND MOST ILL-TREATED OF CUSTODIANS,

I feel that I, too, am in a manner of speaking a custodian of a small neat house in the country. The family want another change, and I think prefer Bournemouth. Louis has had a slight hemorrhage, and the doctor says he must have no excitement and no bother; that now is his chance for recovery. I am always in such a state of trepidation and worry that I have no heart to write. I shall fight hard, this time, for my temper, nerves, patience, all have given way since the last strain, and I am not safe to behave like an angel under certain provocations such as another illness for Louis. . . .

I send with this a note for Mrs. Jenkin, which I beg you to post for me, as I have entirely lost her address, and don't know what else to do. Her son, Frewen, took some photographs of Louis, one of which is rather like the ever-beautiful Christ walking on the water, as Lady Shelley said. Dear old Sir Percy took a number, one or two of which I think really very good. As soon as I can get some, I will send you the best of each. It is very odd that while one represents an angel, the devil must have posed for another, so ghastly, impishly wicked and malignant is it. Plainly Jekyll and Hyde.

Do you ever see our dear friend, Henry James? He was in the country when I last heard from him. We think most highly of the new novel as it goes on. I hope all this holyday junketing will do it no harm. Our dear love to you, and all others.

FANNY V. DE G. STEVENSON.

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH.
1885.

DEAREST CUSTODIAN,

I begin by saying that Louis is better, the parents are in Torquay, and I, though more of an idiot than when you were here,

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am an improvement upon what I have been. My head whirled, and I could not walk, and I became deaf. Dr. Scott then came to the conclusion that I had had an overdose of salycilate (if that is the proper distribution of i's and y's) and not of the other thing; a cessation of the poisonous drug and the "exhibition" of antidotes has already done me an immensity of good. Dr. Scott has known or has heard of people who became temporarily insane through indulging, not wisely, but in the use of the insidious Salycen—no—Salycilate; I believe they are not the same, though equally unpleasant and dangerous for people with what Dr. Scott calls a "funny head". He speaks in that disrespectful way of *my* head. . . .

I found desperate courage yesterday, and gave warning to the Irishwoman. Did I tell you that we had discovered she is only a waxwork? That is why she couldn't cook, poor thing, and why she has glass eyes. And we never had a key, though perhaps that is as well, for had we been able to wind her up and set her going, any sort of awkward thing might have happened. She may be Madame Tussaud's idea of a wholesale murderess, and then where should we all be? I tried to encourage Valentine by telling her she (Bertha) was only a vampire, but it seemed to make her no happier. Smeuroch, Mrs. Stevenson's dog, now lives with us. She is a cat killer; imagine how I enjoy her society with my poor Ginger, (who, by the way, is a dog-killer) walking stiff-legged and big-tailed about the house. Louis told me that he had sent off an envelope with no letter. I came back here, and found that I had done exactly the same thing. In case I get this in an envelope, and properly sent off, we both send our love to the Monument and all who care for the Monument.

F. V. DE G. STEVENSON.

The Stevensons had just gone home to Bournemouth after a visit to me at the official house I inhabited at the British Museum. Stevenson was an eager lover of music and keenly interested in musical theory; at various times of his life he tried to learn the practice of this or that instrument, but the frailty of his health prevented the attempt ever being carried far.

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH,
September or October 1886.

DEAR CUSTODIAN,

We arrived very comfortably indeed, and the journey seemed to do Louis good, but I am afraid the piano is *not* good for him. In the morning he gets up feeling very well indeed, and at about ten sits to the piano where he stays till three or after, drinking his coffee, even, at the instrument, but there or thereabouts he breaks down altogether, gets very white and is extremely wretched with exhaustion until the next morning again. I do not know what to do about it. He always says that the first thing is to cut off his pleasures, which is pretty true; and I haven't the heart to try and stop the piano. It was that he wanted to come home for, and it is now wearing him out entirely. He seems much weaker now than when at the Monument, which should not be, as he is really better. I wish, if you see Dr. Brown or Chepmell, you could ask if too much piano is not harmful—no, better than that, I will go down to Scott and get him to check it. I shall go now, so excuse this sudden stop. Much love to all.

Ever truly,
F. V. DE G. STEVENSON.

Stevenson's own way of telling me how this sudden fit of musical zeal had fallen on him soon after his recovery from a hemorrhage was as follows:—

DEAR CUSTODIAN,

I have turned my bottom on Bloody-Jackery, and am now gay, free and obnoxious. Je ne vis que pour le piano; on the which I labour like an idiot as I am. You should hear me labouring away at Martini's celebrated, beroomed Gavotte, or Boccherini's beroomed famous minuet. I have "beroomed" on the brain, and sign myself,

Sir,
THE BEROOMED STEVENSON.

To the Highly-Geboren
Beroomed
Custodian
THESE

in a hell of a hurry
Spur! Spur! Spurry!
Where is now the Père Martini?

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Where is Bumptious Boccherini?
Where are Hertz and Crotch and Batch?
—Safe in bed in Colney Hatch!

The following is from Edinburgh, whither Stevenson, not without risk to his own health had gone in order to be present at the last hours of his father, the recent loss of whose faculties made his release an event to be welcomed rather than deplored.

EDINBURGH,
May 1887.

DEAREST FRIEND,

We have just arrived to find our dear old man passing away painlessly. We thought he should have been gone last night, but the doctor says it may be days yet, (not many), also any moment. He is bleeding internally, and is entirely unconscious, not knowing Louis in the least degree. We made the journey by way of Bath, resting the night at York. Louis caught cold in his tooth (the best place for it), and his face is very much swollen and uncomfortable. What our movements for the future are to be we have no knowledge. Mrs. Stevenson seems wonderful; I don't know whether she may not break down when her hands are empty. I cannot help but feel thankful that the painful struggle is about over. Would you believe it that the old man is up and dressed every day? Until yesterday he went downstairs for the day. He has always said that no man who respected himself should die in a bed, and unless he passes off in the night he will die "as a gentleman should," according to his own creed. Louis is taking it very well; at least just now. But really the bitterness of death was past long ago. We both send you our love.

Ever affectionately,
F. V. DE G. STEVENSON.

The next letter tells of the preparation for that migration of Stevenson and his wife to the Far West which was meant to be for one winter only but from which they were destined never to come back. They were planning a few days' stay with me at the "Monument" while making the arrangements for their departure.

SKERRYVORE,
BOURNEMOUTH,
Spring, 1887.

DEAR FRIEND,

I shall try to answer your letter, as far as I can, at least. To begin with, Louis's second cold is better after the usual business of pleurisy. Yesterday he was pretty bad, but looks feebly up again today. What, what, *what*, a climate is this? I do believe the world is out of her course, and we shall come plump down upon something dreadful soon; a comet, let us pray, if there is any heat in them, which I believe some people deny. You ask what was the bother about. I do not think Louis wishes to speak of his father's will to anyone but you, therefore I do not suppose there is any harm in my telling you in confidence something about it. . . . There are some small legacies, or annuities to servants, five hundred pounds to some sort of Magdalen society, a hundred and fifty pounds to a nephew, and then, I think it is, you may say that we have a legacy in John. He was so kind to his master, and such a pleasant young fellow that Mrs. Stevenson wished us to keep him on. Of course his wages are as much as we pay the two women together, and his work is really not much needed. I am teaching him to garden, however, and mean to do all I can with him. As I write he is working in my sight in the garden, and I am giving directions from this window, which I fear destroys all clearness in my statements. As to our going away; Mrs. Stevenson will this year get some money from the business, so she proposes to stand all the expense she can of a winter in Colorado. She, Louis, Lloyd, and me, accompanied by Valentine and John. We should go in August. Do you know a couple of elderly quiet people who would like to take our house at a high price while we are gone; this couple must love cats tenderly, and take Ginger to their bosom. Also Agnes, as housemaid and attendant upon the cat. Does such a couple as this exist? If not, please have them prepared for us at once, or no more call yourself guardian angel. Mrs. Stevenson will let her house and when we come back (if we do) from Colorado, she will, or we will, make an addition to Skerryvore, and she will take up her abode henceforth and forever, at Skerryvore; after

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having first despoiled the house at Edinburgh of its best furniture and belongings. Then 17 Heriot Row will be sold, as it is part of the general capital. I should be more glad than words could express if you could see us for a day or two. If Louis is well enough we want to come to you; but the weather must be good in London, and the man must be reasonably good in health, the man and poet, I mean; for no such shabby trick is to be played upon you again as was done last year. Let me know how the weather goes, and whether you want us when we can come. Our dear love to all and everyone.

F. V. DE G. STEVENSON.

We are just dying for the Keats.

("More Letters of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson" will be published in the April number.)

Moonlight in a Museum

BY THEDA KENYON

COME from the walls and cases; ye who live
For aye and aye are beautiful! Leap down,
Thou pale lost Pleiad, swinging through the sky
With goddess freedom! . . . And ye slant-eyed elves,
Mischiefing 'neath your toadstools, scamper out,
A faery frolic is afoot to-night!
Cold, lofty maiden, weeping on your urn,
Forget your age-old grief, and let your cheeks
Flush through their marble pallor with new youth!

Diana, floating down a moonbeam, gleams
Barefooted on the cold mosaic floor,
With gentle plash, like distant waterfalls. . . .
And Isis, throwing back her cerements,
Scatters enchantment with faint ambergris,
And sandalwood, upon the summer air. . . .

Ah, Shepherdess and Duchess, leave your fans,
Your delicate, flower-wreathèd coquetry,
Your world of mother-of-pearl; trip gently out,
And join a roundel with the sturdy swain
Who has swung his flail in yonder tapestry
For half a thousand years, untired, unsung!

Come—live with me again! The summer moon
Hangs like a lanthorn in the purple sky;
So has she hung for you a million times,
Sending her shafts of midnight witchery
To waken you again. . . . Come—live with me
This little hour—and then, when I am gone,
Whisper among yourselves, on other nights,
That you *did* live again . . . within my heart!

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Marcus Maddern: Misanthrope

BY FRANCES L. GOULD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THEY called him The Old Man down at the store. Not to his face, of course. Sometimes The Boss, but not often. Just The Old Man. He was that kind.

You know Maddern's—Stationery—west side of Main Street, opposite the Trust Company. Brick front, plate-glass windows; apartments above, built to rent for thirty dollars a month, but soaring to sixty now with the increase in rents. Not that The Old Man profited any more at that, what with the increase in cost of coal and all. Hard times these, hard on the Madderns of the country, with the middle-class standards of their erstwhile middle-class families grown suddenly ambitious. Hard on the big guys and hard on the small fry, but especially hard on the Madderns, backbone of the nation though they are.

When Maddern's stiff-necked, thrifty mother broke down under the strain of the yoke which her shiftless husband had hung round her neck as the last earthly testimony of his belief in her ability to carry on, young Marcus found himself possessed of a worthless bit of ground so heavily incumbered with mortgages that even the vegetation felt the ignominy of its surroundings and succumbed without a murmur, a decrepit cow or two, a few measly chickens, and a not negligible bill for funeral expenses. It was characteristic of the boy even then that he discharged this obligation promptly by what sale he could make of his few poor possessions, and with no last lingering looks at the home of his childhood hied him to the nearest town in search of work. Luck sent him to Gerdner's Stationery Store, where, it happened, they had very good use for a young man of his particular capabilities; and when, some ten years later, old Gerdner sold out to him, he felt he was leaving his business in conscientious hands. How Marcus had managed to save that much money only God and himself knew.

The purchase of the store and the new sign boasting flagrantly "Marcus Maddern—Stationery and Sport Goods" was wine to his famished soul. In the first flush of his success he took unto himself a wife, Emma Trainor, a pretty enough girl and highly estimable in other ways. Capable was Emma and fresh of coloring. They set up housekeeping in one of the flats above the store. Life loomed happily ahead for Maddern. But he had reckoned without his woman.

Some ten months after they were married Emma gave birth to a daughter. She made little fuss about it, either before or after the event. The presence of an extra woman in the house for a few days was all. Marcus, who had planned vaguely on a boy, was a bit disconcerted at the jest nature had played on him. A boy to train in the business—that was the thing. Girls were fit for housework and marriage. This in 1895.

But he found himself displaying a sheepish interest in the little thing, unaware that the serpent of discontent had entered their domestic Eden. Emma still bustled about the flat, making a mess of corn-cakes, dishing up a heavy noon-day "dinner"—pork-chops, "sweets," tomatoes stewed with a bit of bread in them, *you* know—fresh lima beans, a mound of mashed potatoes cupped down in the top and the cup filled with butter, the rest of the dish sans seasoning; home-made bread, the soggy kind, cut in huge slabs; great triangles of pie and cheese in hunks. (There is no other word!) Thick white china loading the golden-oak table, a little nest of cups and saucers gathered round the teapot, and everywhere side-dishes, a dab of this, of that; tomato pre-

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serve, grape jell, cauliflower pickle; try some of the conserve. A good, husky dinner for a husky man, no frills and perhaps not too digestible, but certainly Emma made no complaint of too much to do as she whisked her ample form expertly between stove and dining-room.

The apartment was neat, and if Emma brought up her offspring in the good old-fashioned way, with plenty of cuddling and no attempt at schedule, at least there was no miscellany of infant's apparel hung here, there, everywhere to offend the masculine eye. And if she often got dinner with a child tucked carelessly under one arm, at least she did get dinner.

They named the baby Barbara, after a heroine in a book, and she developed into a plain, husky child, stolid and painstaking even in babyhood. And the serpent of discord bided his time.

Barbara was nearly four when Marcus began to suspect the impending arrival of an heir. He lay late into the night, praying for a son, meekly performed small tasks for which Emma had sudden distaste. Emma, recently so normal, developed strange cravings, listlessness, watched her diet, lay abed mornings. Marcus plodded dully on, wondering, until he unearthed a book from beneath a pile of woollens in Emma's dresser. "Motherhood and Prenatal Care." Emma on the first rung of the educational ladder. Trouble indeed ahead.

The baby was due in September. In June Emma began looking for a house, something small with some ground and not too much work, but a good neighborhood. A good neighborhood! A house! Why rent a house, with a big airy flat theirs, rent free? Marcus lent a dogged hand to the house-hunting, and kept his peace. It was his way. Only one suggestion did he make. That was for the purchase of a small house across the track, a neat, vine-covered cottage with plenty of ground and a nice walk to the store. Emma silenced him.

"We wouldn't want to settle in that neighborhood," she said.

Marcus, just getting on solid ground financially, said nothing. If Em had ambitions, well and good. It should never be said of him that he stood in his family's way. So he kept silent, paid for the practical nurse that Emma insisted on for three weeks, after that submitted to the installation of a "hired girl" in his kitchen, concealed his disappointment when presented with another girl. He was game, was Marcus, and if his light burned a little later at the store nights that was as it should be, too. Youth was the time for working. Some time later, when the girls were married maybe, he and Mama would go off on a little trip. It never occurred to him to go alone. This in '98.

The Spanish War absorbed not much of Marcus's attention, none of Emma's. He did kinda feel he'd like to enlist, but he had become by now so thoroughly subjugated to Emma's rule that he hardly dared voice it, even to himself. The years went by. Em subscribed to some women's magazines, changed the house about according to their ideas. Less to eat and more frills, doilies for lunch and breakfast, laundress instead of washerwoman. That was Mama.

When Barbara was seven and Ruth, after Em's mother, four, the possibility of an heir again loomed in the offing. Emma became a new woman. She announced her news importantly one afternoon after a meeting of the Methodist sewing-circle. She didn't intend to take any chances with a practical nurse this time. No, sir! Scientific care, trained nurses, a hospital! Marcus nearly swooned at this last.

"Hospital? Why, Mama, you was always so comfortable after. I sh'd think you'd stay right here with us all."

"Complications," said Mama tersely. "I'm not strong's I was."

She said this facing him, plumply ensconced in the big rocker, robust, rosy.

"I'm not strong's I was," she reiterated gravely.

Emma, given carte blanche, plunged into an orgy of shopping. Lace on her nightgowns, a negligée (she *would* call it a wrapper), and, wonder of wonders, Emma, who had sewed so competently for her two, purchased her entire layette, hand-made, too. A pink-silk coat, bonnets, a fitted baby basket, bought the diapers hemmed. Oh, Em was coming on.

She enjoyed her trip to the hospital im-

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mensely, though she had what is whispered about as a "hard time." It earned her an extra week of rest and new awe and consideration from her husband. Of course the baby was a girl. They named her Dorcas, after Marcus's mother. This in 1902.

Emma emerged from the hospital a changed woman. Soon back on her feet and radiant with health, she made a startling announcement.

"I'm through," said Emma. She referred to child-bearing.

Marcus bowed his head.

The arrival of Dorcas marked the beginning of a new epoch. Hours for eating, for sleeping, fresh air night and day. Em on the house-hunt again, the right side of the track this time, and Marcus obedient in her wake.

The years flew by. The babies grew into girlhood. Barbara, thick of skin and ankle, a colorless blonde, with not too much chin but fine eyes, given to romantic novels and a diet of strawberry sodas. Box-luncheon socials, the movies, a girls' five-hundred club, more novels; that was Barbara—a dabbler always. She "helped" mama around the house, got the Thursday and Sunday night suppers when the "girl" was out; used magic wavers on her hair. Barbara at nineteen.

Ruth at sixteen, stern, dark, patrician, almost a beauty but for the glasses which bridged her fine, straight nose, led her class in high school. There was none of the dabbler about Ruth. She was depressingly definite. Four years of college and you knew, looking at her, that she would squeeze the orange of education to its last drop. Cock-sure, capable, like her mother was Ruth; like her father not afraid of work.

And Dorcas! Star eyes and a shock of black hair topping a pair of amazing legs —Dorcas at twelve, eager for life, self-willed, alarmingly wise for one so young. Dorcas on the verge of flapperdom. She was a little devil even at twelve. No high school for Dorcas. Miss Hill's, where "everybody" would go in the fall, the right dancing-class, the matinée, and shopping expeditions in town. Mama was going to splurge on Dorcas.

Sunday morning in 1913. Marcus eating heartily of waffles, surrounded by his family. Mama, resplendent in a negligée (she said it readily enough now) at the other end of the table. Barbara putting thick cream and too much sugar on her oatmeal. Ruth and Dorcas in hot argument.

"I will, too, go to the 'Piscopal. Everybody does."

"We don't." This firmly from Ruth.

"It's time we did. Nobody's a Methodist. Mother, can't I go to the 'Piscopal?"

Mama fluttered. She secretly yearned for candle-lighted interiors, chants, and ritualism. Dorcas, canny child, was right. Everybody *did* go to the 'Piscopal.

Marcus glared over the Sunday paper, but there was an appreciative gleam in his eye. Dorcas was his favorite. There was no denying that.

"So long's you go, what's the difference?" he offered.

Mama sat up.

"I'll go with you," she assured her astonished offspring. "It doesn't pay to be different, even in religion."

They went.

Ruth departed to the Methodist.

Marcus wandered disconsolately about the house, pulling at his pipe. He hated Sundays. A good, stiff day at the store was what he liked, but Sundays! What did other men do Sundays? As if in answer Bill Dean emerged from his house opposite, heavily incumbered with a golf-bag, climbed into his car, and was off. Marcus scowled. Golf! Bill Dean owed every one in town, no family to speak of, either. Sam Waterman went by, likewise a-golfing. He waved a friendly hand to Marcus, who responded sourly. He'd like golf well enough, by golly. It would take him away from the house Sundays, anyway. Then the expense of it crossed his frugal brain. Dues, clubs, lessons, a means of getting to the club. Oh, hell, what chance had he with the thirsty vampires sucking, sucking the blood of life from him. Bills, bills, bills! College for Ruth, school for Dorcas, charge accounts for mama. It was a damn big responsibility; this raising a family took the pep out of you. Still, they might manage a car, a cheap one, he admitted reluctantly.

Mama, puffing in from church, annoyed him.

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"I'm tired."

"I'm not." Thus Dorcas, elegant in fine linen.

"Now, Dorry, you run out and set the table."

Emma brought up her offspring in the good old-fashioned way.—Page 328.

Dorcas's nose went up.

"Well, I like that. What d' we pay Martha for?"

Ruth, cool and serene, came in from church. She was direct, was Ruth, no haggler. When she wanted anything she spoke for it.

"Papa, I want you to join the golf club. Curt Martin's father belongs."

"Ruthie's got a beau, got a beau." Dorcas, from the dining-room.

Mama compressed her lips in excitement. That would mean a car. What *was* papa saying?

"I think maybe I'd kinda like golf," Marcus said slowly.

Ruth interrupted eagerly.

"Oh, you don't have to play golf!"

"I should say not," from Mama, almost tearfully. "What'd I do Sundays? Things have come to a pretty sort of pass."

"Now, Em," said Marcus mildly. "I guess we can do without a golf club yet a while. But a car . . . maybe next summer."

Emma was in ecstasies. They could go to the shore. She hoped he wouldn't disgrace them with a cheap one. Marcus sighed. He knew he was in for it . . . caught for fair.

They got the car. It was not a cheap one. Neither were the clothes his girls wore in it. It was long and low, but the garage bills were not low. Everybody wanted to use the car all the time. Everybody used it but Marcus. He paid the bills.

Then suddenly the war was upon them. Subscriptions to this and that. Mama living in a Red Cross cap, Barbara making bandages, Ruth just out of college to drive an ambulance; Dorcas, ultra-sophisticated for seventeen, dancing with men in uniform at tea-time, dancing with men in uniform at dinner-time and later, Dorcas unchaperoned, free for petting with men in uniform.

Marcus was sick of it. He hated the war. He hated the confusion in his home: Ruthie's uniform and mannish puttees; Barbara sobbing maudlinly over the casualties; Mama smug and bristling with energy; but most of all he hated the thing that Dorcas had become. Hated cars whirring and snorting under his window in the early morning, hated the mingling odors of expensive perfume and cheap cigarettes, hated being introduced to callow youths with: "This is The Old Man, Billy. Say something pretty."

Marcus looked old to himself when he shaved mornings. He was old. Felt it, too; getting grouchy. The men at the store noticed it.

"The Old Man's crabbing again," they used to say.

And Marcus, sporting catalogue in hand, would shut his eyes on visions of a cool stream in April and check up on the new fishing-rods. He no longer thought of a little trip. He knew Mama would make it a world tour, so he held his peace

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and the world knew him for a grouch. But deep down in the little boy heart of him he yearned to knock a little white ball about with a club, even as you and I.

Instead he gave Bill Dean five hundred dollars for some oil stock. Marcus was not one to invest. Owning his home, the business, some life insurance—that was all. But Bill was a neighbor and obviously in bad straits. His wife had to have an operation. The oil stock was all he had to offer, so Marcus bought it. He stuck it away in his safe, and that was the worst day his clerks had known in a long time.

The war left Mama restless. She devoted her energies to house-hunting. Came a boom in real estate, a sudden spasm in small-house architecture, and Mama was intrigued. Then Ruth broke the news of her engagement to Curtis Martin, and Mama's mind was made up. She broached it to Marcus one night when the girls were out.

He grunted his approval. Ruth's being married would mean one less mouth to feed. But the initial expense of getting rid of her proved to be great.

"Of course we might as well move, so

"Dorcas at twelve."—Page 329.

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Ruthie can be married in the new house." Mama looked up from her Green's "Complete Auction." She played bridge now, and, being Mama, she was thorough about it.

Marcus spoke up.

"The Croyden place is for sale."

The Croyden place, roomy, Victorian, wallowing in a profusion of vegetation, was his idea of splendor. Emma was horrified.

"That ark! Great heavens!" Mama's plump ringed hands were raised in protest. "Now those new places out on the country-club road. . . ."

"Too far," Marcus objected.

"My dear, so exclusive. And so convenient for Dorcas." (Dorcas had developed into a golf hound.)

Marcus struggled feebly for a minute, then asked tentatively: "How much?"

"Well, there's the English cottage, stucco and wood, ceilings all beamed in the lower rooms, the most wonderful fireplace in the hall. . . ."

"Yes," said Marcus patiently, "but how much?"

"And the Dutch colonial. That's clapboard, with the dearest window-boxes and a sleeping porch. Dorcas would like that."

"How much?" This from Marcus tersely.

"And the brick colonial. Just the sweetest brass knocker on the door, and a breakfast-room, tiled porch floors, and three bathrooms. Sleeping quarters over the garage. . . ."

Marcus gasped. He knew his wife. This was the house she wanted, and, being Emma, she'd get it. Probably had it all arranged with the agent.

"How much?" he asked patiently, and waited for the blow to fall.

Mama fairly wriggled with excitement and joy.

"Oh, Marcus, you dear! You're going to get it for me."

Marcus sighed.

"How much?"

"*Only* thirty thousand, but I'm sure you could get it for twenty-eight."

"Thirty thousand dollars! Good Lord, Em, you're crazy!"

She raised an aggrieved face.

"Why, dear, it's only the sort of home our girlies have a right to expect. Would you want Ruthie to be married *here?*" she added tragically.

Marcus, being a good bargainer, got the house for twenty-six five.

They moved in at once, though not much of their furniture went with them. The girls agreed with Emma that it wouldn't suit the new house. So they had a sale and were able to buy a really good divan with the proceeds. Of course a divan does not furnish a house completely, but Marcus could buy the rest of the furniture to go with it. And rugs—and hangings—and lamps; everywhere lamps; silk and satin and chiffon, parchment and wicker shades; table, floor, and bridge lamps. Looking around at his cheerfully lighted home, Marcus smiled grimly. Then he took out a mortgage on the store building.

So Ruth was married with much ceremony. Invitations from Tiffany, caterers, florists; Dorcas for maid of honor, and Barbara securely hidden by the other bridesmaids. The place of honor was really Barbara's due, and Mama remonstrated weakly with Ruth about it. That young lady was firm.

"This wedding is going to be right. Barbara as maid of honor would gum it. Curt's going to have Taylor Green for best man . . . he's mad about Dorc'. This might cinch things. Barbara looks like sin in green and has a bum line. If you won't let me have Dorc' I'll ask Sally Holmes."

Dorcas triumphed. She outshone even the bride, who had some moments of misgiving. Marcus sighed. He saw the expenses of another wedding in the distance. But Emma did not wait for that.

Six months after Ruth's return from her honeymoon Em telephoned Marcus at the store. Would he please come home at once? Marcus, a bit pale around the gills, fled. He found the family as usual. Dorcas, in riding clothes, was entertaining a bevy of males; Barbara, nose buried in a book; Mama sat on the divan, a lace handkerchief clasped tightly in her hand. She patted the place beside her, indicating that Marcus be seated. Bewildered, he sank beside her.

"It's about Ruthie," she informed him coyly. "She's expecting."

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Marcus's face lit up.
"Oh, I say, that's great."
Mama simpered.
"I went over to see her this morning, and she's just dead from working so hard. I said, 'For heaven's sake, Ruthie, why don't you get a girl?' and she said, 'Goodness knows I'd like to, mother, but the budget won't stand it.' So I said: 'Don't you worry, Papa'll never let you wear yourself out like this. I'll speak to him about getting one.'"

"But," Marcus interposed weakly, "seem's if that's not *our* business. It's Curt Martin's. And if he and his wife live on a budget it's not up to us to bust it up."

"But I stopped at Stone's agency and got a girl," wailed Mama. "I thought you'd *want* me to."

"Oh, well," said Marcus.

"We wouldn't want to settle in that neighborhood."—Page 328.

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He went up-stairs to his bedroom and faced his problem. He was willing to care for the woman he had sworn to protect and cherish; to give his daughters every advantage possible to his pocket-book, and more; to give them good weddings and a substantial wedding check; but there he felt his responsibility ended. In fancy he saw Dorcas and Barbara married, other babies fastening themselves like leeches on him, sucking his income, driving him to rash investments. And while his daughters frivolled and his wife played interminable rubbers of bridge, he must shut himself in a musty office and endure the veiled sneers of men who thought him close and misanthropic. Misanthropic, he who worked unceasingly for his family, who more than anything yearned for the good-fellowship of his friends and neighbors.

Marcus banged his fist down on the window-sill and his ears rang. Suddenly he gasped and sank shuddering into a chair. A horrid tearing pain had caught him knife-like in the side. In a moment it was gone, but in that moment he realized something. He was getting old. Old! If he wanted to play he must take time, take it now. Briefly he telephoned the store he would not be down for three or four days, an unheard-of thing.

He gave himself up to plans. He would run the car, play golf when spring came again, take a fishing trip, perhaps a trip abroad. He'd show 'em he was no weak-minded old fool, a human bank. He picked up the paper, glanced absently through the financial page, then jumped up with a shout, the figures dancing before him. That oil stock! He seized a pencil and multiplied quickly. Over a hundred thousand dollars pure "gravy." Instinctively he started to call Emma, then sat down, a sudden furtive smile playing about the corners of his mouth. He saw Em with that money, a new motor, clothes, more servants, a trip abroad for the girls. No! Money earned by the sweat of his brow had been theirs. He had given gladly and expecting no thanks, even as they gave none. But this, bread cast upon the waters returned to him, this was his own. He anticipated Bill's congratulations with the first deliberate lie he had ever told.

"Golly, Bill, wish I'd hung on to that oil stock. Bet the fellow I pawned it off on is a happy guy."

"What a damn shame for both of us," said Bill, his visions of a fifty-fifty split fading away.

Despite the protests of the family, Marcus splurged. He used the car, his anyway, whenever he wanted it. He demanded meals at strange and unearthly hours, and enjoyed himself.

One gray afternoon in late November Curt Martin, white-faced, rushed over from the next block.

"It's come. They think perhaps everything isn't all right . . ." He halted miserably.

Marcus was at the telephone in a leap. The best obstetrical specialist, anything, spare no expense. Hours of suspense, ages of torture, where he walked beside his son-in-law, gripping his shoulder, or patted Mama awkwardly. Then dawn. A new life and his daughter saved.

He tiptoed fearfully into the room. Ruth, wan and pale, smiled up at him.

"It's a boy. I hope he'll be just like you, Dad."

And Marcus, bending to kiss her, flushed at the first word of commendation he had received in years.

And that kid! He was some boy.

Mama reproached him.

"You never went on like that over your own," she reminded him somewhat bitterly, and went on to her bridge club.

Dorcas in the hall gripped his sleeve feverishly. She was plainly frightened of something. He stopped, halted by the look in her face.

"Dad, I've got to have seven hundred dollars. I've *got* to have it."

"If it's for a new fur coat, go to White's and charge it."

"It isn't," she said petulantly. "I tell you I need the cash. Debts."

He gripped her hard.

"Gambling?"

She hung her head, then raised it defiantly.

"Will you give it to me?"

"I'll tell you later."

He passed on to his room, his head roaring. He was responsible for this. Leeches they were, but by his very granting of their every desire he had made

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Drawn by George Wright.

Dorcas, ultra-sophisticated for seventeen . . . free for petting with men in uniform.—Page 330.

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"Dad, I've got to have seven hundred dollars."—Page 334.

them more dependent. Barbara, frittering her life away; his wife, turned from a capable helpmeet into a frivolous fool; Dorcas— His eyes closed. His hand went to his side. The awful, awful pain.

Hours later, it seemed, he awoke to find a grave-faced man at his bedside.

"I know," he said briefly. "But how long?"

"Maybe weeks. At most a year. Exercise of any sort, or shock would carry you off like that." He snapped his fingers.

"Exercise?" There was a speculative gleam in Marcus's eyes.

"Yes. Fond of it?"

Marcus smiled enigmatically in answer.

"Better take it easy," the doctor warned as he left him.

The next day Marcus Maddern dropped in at his lawyer's.

"I should like to change my will, or at least amend it. The first part remains the same. Everything to my wife, a life-interest in the business, the house, unentailed, and my life insurance, which, as you know, is arranged in monthly payments. More than enough to live on sensibly."

The lawyer was politely interested. A queer old codger, Maddern, probably

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wanted to dispose of some personal stuff. Marcus's next statement staggered him.

"I recently came into possession of some money, something considerably over a hundred thousand dollars. About a hundred thirty, to be exact."

He waited to let this sink in.

Then:

"I should like you to draw up regularly a codicil to my will, disposing of that money as follows: To my daughter Barbara the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, to be expended for a course in domestic science, at the completion of which she is to put said course into practical use by assuming the entire management of her mother's house for one year. If she does this successfully and thoroughly, at the end of that year the sum of thirty-five hundred dollars shall be paid to her to use as she sees fit.

"To my daughter Ruth the sum of five thousand dollars shall be paid as soon as she has demonstrated her ability to run her house for one year on a budget compatible with her husband's income.

"To my daughter Dorcas, upon my death the sum of seven hundred dollars, to discharge a certain financial obligation recently discussed. Besides this she shall be paid the sum of forty-three hundred dollars as soon as she has earned that much herself by some honest means of livelihood.

"Everything else to my grandson, Marcus Maddern Martin, including sole interest in the business at the death of my wife. This to be placed in trust for him until the age of twenty-one with his mother, Ruth Maddern Martin, and she shall see to it that he is brought up to play the golf his grandfather missed!"

Marcus ceased speaking and looked at his lawyer quizzically. That gentleman seemed profoundly disturbed.

"Of course you realize it's a very strange will . . . a most unusual will, Mr. Maddern?" he said mildly.

"Not at all," answered Maddern. "A man wants to do what's best for his children. I consider this the best for mine. They may develop into something yet."

Somehow, with the will legally drawn up and witnessed, Marcus felt better. Well, that was taken care of, anyway. He smiled as he turned up the brick walk, bordered with hawthorn. The house smiled back at him, its pleasant lamp-lit interior shining through the windows to greet him. Voices, strident, halted him on his way up-stairs.

Dorcas, petulantly: "Well, we've got to give him something. Christmas is only a week off. But don't expect much from me. Dad knows well enough what I want, and he's too tight to come across."

"I suppose it's a bad time to ask him about a new town car," said Em. "Right at the holidays and all, but if he asks you what I want . . ."

"Oh, Dad'll do something handsome. He always does, even if he crabs about it." Thus Barbara easily.

Marcus Maddern caught his breath sharply. No longer did he feel bitter toward these, his women. Only a profound pity stirred him. Was he capable of one last act of self-denial? Could he pay that great price? The smile of a martyr illumined his face as he opened the door to his room and strode across to the closet. Exercise, the slightest out-of-the-ordinary exercise, the doctor had said. Marcus fondled a pair of Indian clubs wistfully. The fire burned rosily in the grate; outside the dark pines bent low under a burden of snow; the sunset flamed in the west. Marcus stood by the window, drinking in the beauty of the late afternoon. Living, he was not strong enough to break the habits of a lifetime: a crab, a grouch—that's what they would call him; a misanthropic old cuss. Dead, by the force of his will he could control their destinies.

He threw off his coat sharply, took up the Indian clubs, smiled as he swung them above his head.

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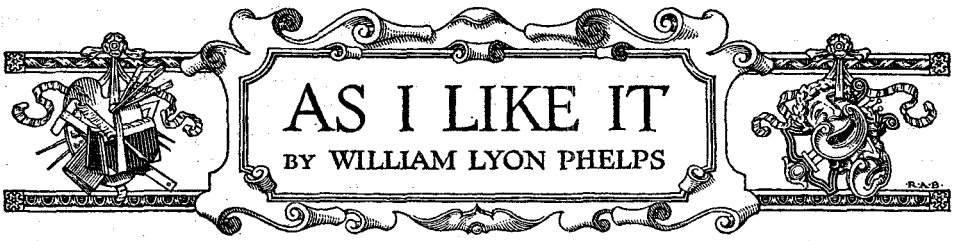

THE declining days of the year 1923 were enlivened in Great Britain by two attacks, both coming from professional physicians, on the game of golf. The first consisted of the solemn pronouncement that for persons over fifty years of age golf was dangerous. According to the newspaper despatch, this statement caused "no end of trouble to middle-aged golfers with nervous wives and daughters." Well, I have a high respect for the opinions of physicians; only, where the authorities differ, their divergent opinions cannot be treated with equal reverence, not if the layman is outside of a sanatorium and has his own life to live. I agree with these conservative medicos in their warnings on golf, but only to this extent. I think myself that men over fifty should not devote all their time to golf; some of it should be given to tennis. There are two forms of exercise that I abominate. One is a slow, aimless walk, a saunter, either solitary or in company; it is so fearfully exhausting. If I go for a "stroll," gazing idly into shop-windows, or contemplating the fields, I return nearly fainting with fatigue. My back is one complete ache; my legs shake under me, and my feet are abominably sore. But if I go out and play five sets of tennis doubles, where both sides are equally matched in skill and in the burning lust for victory, I return glowing with health and vigor, feeling as if I had renewed my youth. Or, if I hie me to the Country Club and play eighteen holes in a congenial foursome, where every man is eager to do his best, I feel at the end of the match as though I were walking on air. There is only one thing better than eighteen holes at golf; and that is thirty-six holes. It is true that once in a while some man dies on a golf course; but what a "dear, beauteous death," as Henry Vaughan remarked. God's blue sky above, the green grass beneath, and friendly companions present at the last moment.

There is only one thing more exhausting than a saunter, either along city pavements or country roads; and that is to go sightseeing, especially when accompanied with a guide whose tongue is as tireless as his feet. I shall never forget my first long morning in Paris, when an unselfish but inhuman friend attempted to show me the "chief places of interest." I was only twenty-five years old, and in the pink of condition; but after we had tramped the streets, and entered the various churches and museums, each one prefaced by a "Here we see the spot where," etc., I had a thousand little shoots of pain, dominated by one overwhelming, all-pervading sense of fatigue, as importunate as a toothache, only covering the whole anatomy. I told him along about lunch-time, the importance of which meal had apparently not occurred to him, that I had had enough; I cared no more for architecture, or paintings, or historic places; the *summum bonum* to me just then was a restaurant, where there were chairs to sit on and food to eat. He paid no attention to this remark, but dragged me in front of another masterpiece. After looking at that with lack-lustre eyes, I suggested lunch. He said, "We will now enter this interesting building across the street. Here we have the place"—but he, being in front, entered it alone. So soon as he was safely inside, I ran with surprising agility toward a passing omnibus, climbed to the *impériale*, neither knowing nor caring whither I was going. Merely to remember that terrible day in Paris brings back the agony of total exhaustion. After that experience, I understood instantly why so many of my fellow countrymen in Europe looked so unhappy; I knew the cause of that "tired feeling." Some eager friend, who "knew the ropes," had been showing them the sights; and they had reached the stage where they would rather see hell alone than be personally conducted through heaven.

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I said there were two forms of exercise which I abominated. One I have described. Its only merit is that it is mainly in the open air. The other lacks even that blessing. I refer, of course, to gymnasium work and all systems of weights, pulleys, clubs, dumb-bells, and "building up exercises." These are doubtless extremely beneficial to growing boys and girls, who will have fun enough outside to counteract the grind; they are essential in training for some specific contest or to overcome or nullify some physical defect. When the gymnasium and other indoor exercises are taken under the direction of a physical trainer or medical man, much good may result; but the one prime requisite is lacking—*fun*. As men and women grow older they need not less, but more, recreation; they must have some fun. The only way to combine the element of physical exercise with the element of mental diversion is to play some exciting game in the open air. Children may *want* fun, but men and women need it. They need it as a fish needs water.

Every person over thirty years of age has something to worry about every week; and in addition to the worries abundantly supplied by life and nature, every person is able to think up enough imaginary worries to take up the spare time. It is therefore necessary if one is to live happily that one should have the mind diverted as well as the body actified (my own word). There is nothing like golf or tennis for this. They combine all the essentials of joy. One breathes the air of heaven; one has agreeable company; one is so intent on winning that all other thoughts vanish, and the ordinary worries of the mind are swept out like dust under a refreshing shower. Furthermore, one of the necessary elements of happiness is anticipation. If one has something pleasant to look forward to every day, one cannot remain unhappy. I believe that hard-working men and women who yet insist on finding time for outdoor games not only enjoy their games but enjoy their work a hundredfold more than those whose lives are made up merely of work and rest. Fond as I am of sport, I should hate to have sport as a major occupation; I should not care to be a professional athlete or an amateur whose only occupation is sport; although both these classes are usually composed of attractive individuals. But the certainty that golf or tennis is to follow the day's or the morning's work adds enormously to my enjoyment of that work. For example: during the morning hours of hard labor, if I know that late in the afternoon I am to have tennis or golf, my mind, while not distracted from the serious toil on which I am engaged, is in a warm glow of delight, like that of a child on the day before Christmas. On that day of all days—by which I mean the day before—the child may really be thinking of something else, and yet the core of its being is bliss. It is like a well-heated house in winter; you don't think of the furnace, but you enjoy the heat. For this reason, I think it is important for men and women to take their golf engagements seriously. Never play one match of tennis or golf without arranging definitely for the next one. Allow nothing to interfere with that. Thus I am never accessible at three o'clock in the afternoon. There are unthinking people who will appoint committee meetings and personal interviews and business engagements at three o'clock in the afternoon. I had rather have them at three o'clock in the morning. One interview, one committee meeting, one business engagement at three ruins the entire afternoon. I have no doubt that there are now thousands of men in their graves who would be alive and well had it not been for the detestable habit of three o'clock engagements. I am sometimes willing to be seen at two or at six, perhaps in winter at five; but never at three. Do not, I implore you, leave pleasure to chance; don't indulge in outdoor games when everything else is done. Everything else is never done. Make the date ahead. It ensures you the fun at the stipulated time, and it saves telephoning, which, I mean telephoning, is exactly my notion of physical exercise without pleasure. To get your telephone connection, says *Figaro*, is not an achievement; it is a career.

It is now eleven o'clock in the morning. I am hard at work writing this article. I am absorbed in it, giving to it my entire attention. Whether bad or not, it is the best I can do. But at the back of my mind there is the radiant unconscious consciousness that at three o'clock this

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afternoon I am to have a rattling game of tennis. And as the sun is shining in an unclouded sky, the tennis is as certain as anything can be. As the psychologists would not say, my cerebrum is engaged on this essay; my cerebellum is filled with tennis. This is as near as I can get to expressing a combination of brain and stomach.

I am having an extremely good time writing this article; but my pleasure is distinctly enhanced by the knowledge of what is going to happen this afternoon.

I am absolutely certain that the reason for so many stodgy men and women, so many mechanical and monotonous minds, is that they do not arrange their lives so as to have some exciting games in the open air. They would enjoy both work and play, which would be an amazing change from their present condition. Now they have no play, and they do not enjoy their work.

Furthermore, I am a tremendous believer in the virtue of sweat. A game that brings out the sweat not only relieves the body of accumulated poison but cleanses the mind of much perilous stuff. Religious doubts, social problems, business worries, personal griefs and sorrows, cannot be solved or obliterated by sweat; but the sufferer can by sweat be put into a condition to triumph over them. Old Francis Quarles, the great Emblem poet of the seventeenth century, exclaimed with perhaps too much pungency for fastidious tastes,

"I see no virtues where I smell no sweat."

Just as there are persons who do not laugh enough, so there are persons—usually the same ones—who do not sweat enough. My readers are all familiar with faces whose expression seldom changes; these people always look about the same. They have a horrible passivity. You cannot imagine them suddenly laughing or crying; such a demonstration would crack their features. How strange it is that in a world like this there are so many human beings who regard it with expressionless eyes! If one of these worthies would sit down and review his existence for the last two weeks, he would discover that there were two things he had not done; he had not once laughed aloud and he had not once been plunged in sweat. Man may exist, but man cannot live without sweating and laughing.

Harking back to the beginning of this essay, it will not be remembered that I said the game of golf had been made the object of *two* professional medical attacks. The first came from those physicians who said that it was too violent an exercise for men of over fifty; I shall be fifty-nine before this paper is printed. The second was made in the London *World* by Doctor Harold Dearden, who warned brain-workers and tired business men to keep away from golf as from the plague. He is quoted as saying, "Of all games for tired brain-workers, I believe golf to be the worst." Now if he had said chess, I should not only have understood him; I should have agreed with him. I absolutely refuse to play chess. Burton, in his marvellous book, "The Anatomy of Melancholy," published three hundred years ago, said the last word on chess. I have not the book here, and I doubt if a copy can be found in this Florida town where I am writing; but I can remember the pith and current of his remarks. Chess he declared to be very bad for men of sedentary lives, "all but as bad as study." It enrages the mind as well as tires it, being "very offensive to him that loseth the mate." He recommended it to such as go on long voyages or who are daily engaged in violent labor. Like nearly everything that lonely scholar wrote, his remarks on chess are of the innermost essence of wisdom. If I engaged passage on a sailing ship out of New York, first stop Honolulu, I should certainly take along the implements for this ancient game. I also cordially recommend chess to prize-fighters, lumber-jacks, carpenters, sculptors, dentists, and postmen. But never to those whose work is mainly done in a chair.

I suppose that Doctor Dearden's disapproval of golf for sedentary people is based on its excitement, on the necessity of mental concentration on every stroke, and on the rage that results from missed putts. But while there are those whose temperament unfits them for any competitive contest, the necessity of concentration in golf is its greatest asset. All other worries vanish. What the human mind needs is not rest; what it needs is

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change of work. Most people rest their minds too much; and it is a significant and highly interesting fact—which I might easily make the subject of a whole article—that the least active minds seem to require the most rest. The motion-picture houses and the musical-comedy theatres are filled with people who are resting their minds, when what these minds need is a tonic. The excitement of golf is its greatest blessing to a tired business man or a nervous brain-worker. It is like a change of air.

I shall never be able to decide whether explosions of wrath or self-control are better for the golf-player. There can be no doubt that control is better for his game and more agreeable for his partner; and the lack of it is better for his opponent. The moment a player begins to rave and curse and roar about his bad luck, that moment his antagonist begins to improve. But how about the condition of the player's physical and mental system? I know men who curse outrageously and yet the game seems to do them good. On the other hand, I remember an excellent man who never lost his temper while playing, and never used heated language. I saw him repeatedly in a foursome, where one of the men, putting first and putting badly, let out a stream of curses, for, as the undergraduate said, "I find that in golf sailors have nothing on college professors in fluency of speech"; whenever this happened, my friend would say quietly, "Now it is my turn to putt; suppose you say nothing until I have finished. Then you may roar all you like." And his shot was followed by no comment. You could not tell from his face or his voice what had happened. I admired his self-control immensely, and respected the sublimity of his character; but he afterward became incurably insane. So that now I wonder; I wonder if perhaps he had released his disappointment in a torrent of curses?—but with his iron self-control he kept all the poison in his system, and eventually it was too much for him.

There are those whose bad playing and resulting disappointment overweigh the pleasure of the game. As one man put it, "you come out at three o'clock with a headache, you are tired and nervous; then you play eighteen holes in the glorious open air, and go home feeling a blank sight worse than when you came out." I advise all such men to go right on playing. The advice is superfluous. They cannot let it alone.

Physicians differ curiously here. One doctor will tell you that violent explosions of rage and noisy imprecations cause changes in the tissue that will result in cancer or in insanity; in other words, you must control yourself if you wish to remain in bodily health. Other physicians say that these rages are extremely beneficial; they are like a magnificent internal massage. There are many scientific men who are studying daily the effect of anger on the body; I am glad I am not one of the animals on which they are experimenting.

Nearly all men are merely grown-up children when it comes to games. I suppose the truly rational man would not care whether he won or lost, so long as he had the exercise, the open air, and good company. But there is no rational man. How eager we are to win, how we hate to be beaten! One day in 1913, as I was dressing in the locker-room after a game of golf, in came the most good-natured man in the world, the Honorable William Howard Taft. He never uses profane language; but on this occasion he hurled his bag of clubs to the floor and emitted a snort of rage. "What's the matter?" I inquired; "did you get licked?" "Yes," said he, "and I played a rotten game." "Why," I said innocently, "you seem to feel worse about losing to-day's golf game than you did at losing the Presidential election." "Well, I do *now*," he replied emphatically. Which was absolutely true, and it would be true of most men. The sting of defeat does not last very long; but while it lasts it is bitter. For this reason, a man who has just won a hole in golf should never call his opponent's attention to the beauty of the natural scenery; at that moment he is in no proper attitude to appreciate such things. Perfectly respectable men, after making a poor shot in golf, will leap up and down in a frenzy of rage, use words that would astound some of their acquaintances, and smash an expensive club. At one course where there was a water-hole, a good citizen drove his ball into the lake; he teed up another and drove that also into the lake. Then he threw each one of his clubs into the lake, finally the bag, and

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then went home. Now did that explosion improve or injure his general health? A man told me that on one golf course he saw a bank president, an admirable person and one whose judgment in business was universally respected—he saw him foozle a shot with his brassie. Then the bank president broke the implement and, holding the mutilated remainder, he *bit* it with insane violence.

Why do we care so much? The professionals set us an example here that none of us duffers can follow. Although success and failure in the game mean everything to them, for it is their means of livelihood, they almost never give way to passion. In the first place, they know that passion spoils their accuracy; and in the second place, men never show as much outward irritation over important as over unimportant things. Had this bank president who bit his club been told of the sudden failure of his bank, he would not have bitten anything.

The late Professor William Dwight Whitney, who was the foremost Sanskrit scholar in the world, and who was a model of courtesy and dignity, was forbidden by his physician to play any game whatever, croquet, cards, checkers, or anything else; because he was so downcast by defeat that the doctor was sure he was injuring his health. Such a situation gives one plenty of material for prolonged reflection. What is there in mere victory or defeat that excites us so? And why is the whole Anglo-Saxon world crazy about competitive sport?

Many years ago Wilkie Collins wrote a long novel against athletics, called "Man and Wife." He did everything he could to attack "the athletic craze" in the English universities; in his account of a four-mile running race between two men, he said with utter contempt that thousands of spectators were gathered to see which of two men—neither of whom was of any importance—could run faster than the other. His book, though well written and filled with unanswerable arguments, produced no impression. Look at the interest in university athletics fifty years after his fulminations! It all gets down to the point made by ex-President Arthur T. Hadley—have you or have you not sporting blood? If you have not, the general excitement over sport and one's own chagrin at defeat are both alike ridiculous and irrational. But if you have sporting blood, you can no more reason yourself into an attitude of indifference to athletics or into indifference to defeat than you can reason yourself into another kind of animal. For sporting blood is an animal instinct, like jealousy; it is hard to control it by reason.

Knowing my love of literature, the fine arts, and everything that makes for culture and the life of the mind, a lady asked me an extremely awkward question. "You have been teaching at Yale for many years. You have devoted your life to developing the minds of your pupils. Now tell me honestly: which would you rather see, one of your pupils make a brilliant recitation in the classroom or make a touch-down against Harvard?" The love of truth that I try to inculcate in my students forced me not to flinch. I replied: "Well, I am deeply gratified when one of my students makes a brilliant recitation, only I do not smash my hat."

To those who are interested in golf and the human nature revealed by the game, let me heartily recommend Sandy Herd's autobiography, called "My Golfing Life," with a preface by Field-Marshal Earl Haig. This is not a manual for the beginner or for the expert; it is not a manual at all. Sound elementary advice is given in the last chapters; but the book follows its title. It is the story of Sandy Herd's rise from caddie to champion. It is filled with entertaining anecdotes, giving intimate portraits of Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, and other stars; he describes his two journeys to America, with many observations on our national characteristics. But it is the history of his own life that captivates the reader—his ambition to excel even when he was a child. His personality is peculiarly attractive. One feels acquainted with him. As a professional teacher of other things, I can estimate his own skill as a teacher, and I can see why he has been so successful. Best of all is the fact that although he makes his living by golf, there is no amateur in the world who loves it more. It is fine to see such enthusiasm. It seems clear from this book that Sandy Herd has never

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played a match mechanically or given a lesson without giving himself with it. His interest in golf is infectious; no player can read Herd's account of close contests without feeling a thrill. And how comforting to the mediocre golfer to hear of the short putts missed by professionals!

There is a whole philosophy of life in a missed short putt, and it makes for pessimism. One does not need to know what a putt is to understand what I mean. For what I mean is this. It is strange that men and women should be so constituted that they can do things easily when the doing of them is of no importance; whilst the moment it becomes essential to do that very thing the doing of it becomes a thousandfold harder. To knock a golf-ball into a hole two feet away is so easy that the ordinary man or woman, while practising alone, could probably do it two hundred times successively; but when a championship depends upon sinking a two-foot putt, there is not a man or woman in the world who is not in danger of missing it. There seems to be a curse on humanity, which lessens ability when it is most needed. Why should the intense desire to do a thing reduce a man's ability to do it? In a perfect world, it would be just the other way around; the more important the crisis, the greater would be the performer's skill. But among the children of men, a consuming eagerness to accomplish something—no matter what it may be—usually makes its accomplishment far more difficult. This is why "Casey at the Bat" is at once one of the most pessimistic poems in the language and one of the truest to human nature. Why do the most skilful surgeons refuse to operate on members of their own family? Why do the greatest orators only seldom rise to an occasion? Why is it that in the complete works of Wordsworth, only a fourth part is good? Why is it that Shakespeare, who had a command of language so marvellous that he seemed to be able to find the right word without effort—why is it that only about seven of his plays are generally read and about thirty neglected? Why is it that the greatest humorists cannot be funny when they most strenuously wish to be? Why did Richter say that every great poet goes to his grave with his best poems unwritten? Why are so few happy retorts made in conversation? Why does the after-dinner speaker always make his most brilliant speech on the way home from the banquet?

It seems that, after all, the happiest people may be those who have no ambition; who are merely content to live in obscurity, taking only what the day provides, satisfied with simple things. Many hard words have been said against ambition, by Shakespeare, Milton, and others; the attack on ambition is based on the loss of happiness resulting from the disparity between dream and reality. For in this world the ambitious man must struggle not only against the ordinary obstacles in the way of success; he must struggle against the scheme of things, like a swimmer against the current.

Success is the sweeter on those rare occasions when it comes, because it is a victory over the conditions of life. We do well to honor those who reach the top. There are only a very few "consistent performers" in any line of intellectual, artistic, or athletic effort; only a very few who do their best when their best is most essential. Look back over the history of the world, and think, out of all the millions of speeches that have been delivered, how few survive and how small a proportion each one of those bears to its speaker's total. We are right therefore in paying tribute to genius; and the old writer in the Apocrypha said a fine thing finely when he said, "Let us now praise famous men."

I am glad that William Butler Yeats received the Nobel prize. He is a man of genius, and a noble character. He has excelled in poetry, drama, and criticism. He is not only one of the foremost of living poets, he is unquestionably the greatest lyrical poet Ireland has ever produced. So long as the Nobel prize is to be given only to those who have "arrived," and a glance over the list of the twenty-three recipients demonstrates that such has been the policy, Mr. Yeats richly deserves it. Gerald Stanley Lee has suggested that the prize should be given only to young writers of promise, in order that the attention of the world might be drawn to them and that they might be encouraged. As

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it is now, the Nobel prize is merely a ratification of popular opinion. This is unquestionably the safer method of award.

In a previous article, I wrote of my pleasure in reading Oscar Browning's autobiography. One of my correspondents sends me the following tribute to Mr. Browning's girth, written by a Cambridge undergraduate:

"O. B., oh be obedient
To Nature's stern decrees,
For though you be but one O. B.,
You may be too obese!"

Librarians have developed faster than booksellers. Years ago, in the Society Library on University Place, New York, there was an assistant librarian who was puzzled by the frequent inquiries for a book called Shakespeare. He could never find out who wrote this book, so he finally asked a lady member—who seems analogous to the lady from Philadelphia and the Peterkin family: "Who wrote Shakespeare?" A correspondent informs me that this is an absolutely true incident. But I think it is fortunate that the lady was not a Baconian. This happened years ago; but only the other day, so a clergyman writes me, he inquired in a book-shop for Addison's Essays, and the clerk said, "You mean Thomas Edison?" "No," said the man of God, "Joseph Addison, Addison and Steele, you know," and the clerk, catching the name of Addison's collaborator, and thinking it to be a common noun, directed the purchaser to the technical books. He bought a volume of Ruskin and left. I think he made a double error. He should have bought nothing in such a shop; and he should not have gone away without giving the clerk some elementary instruction in his job.

I am writing in Miami, in the most glorious winter climate in the world. This is not an advertisement, for I am paying my own hotel bill. Other "winter resorts" can be cold; I shall return to this subject in a later essay. But Miami has eternal summer, and the visitor can be certain of finding it here. I came hither for the climate, but there are many distinguished people who are brought here for the same reason that brings ordinary pilgrims like me. At the next table to mine in the dining-room sits George Ade, national humorist, playwright, and philosopher; his "Fables in Slang" are pungent criticisms of human nature. I am glad that he has at last arranged to have his complete dramatic works published; they will appear early in 1924. E. W. Howe, the exponent of common sense and shrewd sincerity, has lived here for many winters. Briggs, by all odds the foremost cartoonist in America, is here.

Yesterday afternoon, December 29, some of us went to a large lawn-party and musical recital at the beautiful home of William Jennings Bryan. The lawn slopes down to the sea; some hundred people, in light summer clothing, sat in chairs placed on the grass and listened to the piano played in the open air by a young gentleman of nineteen, Schuyler Aldrich, whom my friend Aldrich of the New York *Times* would be glad to claim as a relation. The boy played Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Moszkowski, Debussy, and other composers, and played so exquisitely that perhaps some day we shall all be talking about him. The surroundings were harmonious; the iridescent sea of Florida, the blue sky, the balmy air, and the setting sun made up a magnificent accompaniment. Mr. Bryan gracefully introduced the musician and added to the pleasure of the company. I will say nothing of his views on politics and theology. But I will say two things. He is unquestionably the foremost of living American orators, and in the political history of America there have been only three men with so large a personal following—they are Henry Clay, James G. Blaine, and Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Bryan has survived three defeats for the Presidency, and every form of attack, ranging from argument to ridicule. There is probably no man in the United States who has half so many personal followers as he. The reason for this leads one into various interesting speculations; but I think it comes down in the end to sincerity and kindness of heart, backed by the mysterious genius of Personality. There are millions who would not vote for Mr. Bryan, but there are not a score who hate him. There is something in his temperament and character that is the essence of America.

There is one thing he ought to do, and

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he ought to begin doing it now. He ought to write his autobiography. If he would tell in simple, natural language the story of his life, leaving out all propaganda on politics and theology, he would I think write a book that would live forever. He would have to eschew the oratorical style and, what would be more difficult, the moralizing manner. If he would simply tell the world his own life-story from boyhood to the present day, tell of the various incidents in his campaign, of the persons he has known in Europe and in America, from Tolstoi to the most humble of his supporters, it would be a permanent record of a phase in American political and social life, and a contribution to the literature of the world.

THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY SARGENT AND OTHERS

I AM tempted, for once, to talk about an exhibition without seeing it, to visualize a collection of paintings before it is hung upon the walls. My excuse is that it promises to be in some ways the most interesting affair of the season and, besides, it wakes old and delightful memories. I refer to the retrospective exhibition of the works of John S. Sargent which is now being organized by the management of the Painters and Sculptors' Gallery and will be on view at the Grand Central when this number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is published. I write in confident anticipation of its brilliance, for, if Sargent is not the greatest of living painters, then who is?

A Frenchman, I dare say, would be quick enough with a reply to that question. He would cite Besnard (who, by the way, is going to visit America in the spring), and he could make out a pretty good case for his man as a formidable rival. He might also have something suggestive to say about Claude Monet. But in neither instance, I think, could the challenge to Sargent's supremacy be maintained if the argument be confined to the core of the matter, which is an artist's command over his instruments. Of all the elements constituting a great painter there is none more potent, there is none so indispensable, as just *the ability to paint*. Sargent has that ability in a measure recalling the miraculous days of the old masters, and appreciation of that fact is deepened when you grasp the instinctive nature of his power as a craftsman. He had extraordinary talent when, as a young man, he entered the studio of Carolus-Duran, and it took him hardly any time at all to outstrip his master. Probably our hypothetical Frenchman would fall in a fit if you told him that. The fact is that the French have their doubts about Sargent. I gather that when the exhibition of water-colors by Winslow Homer, Sargent, and Dodge Macknight was held in Paris last summer the indifference of the public to our great painter was marked. Of course it is possible that this was due in part to the inroads that modernism has made in French taste. People there, quite as much as people in New York, are heavily oppressed by bandwagonomania, and they are so afraid of not being "in the movement" that they slacken in old fidelities. I wonder what the French will do about the "Carmencita," which they bought years ago and placed in the Luxembourg. It was moved along with the other foreign works in that museum when those works were established in a home of their own in the famous Salle de Jeu de Paume in the gardens of the Tuileries. Will it be left there indefinitely or will it in due course migrate to the Louvre? Naturally that question cannot be answered now. A picture is not supposed to enter the

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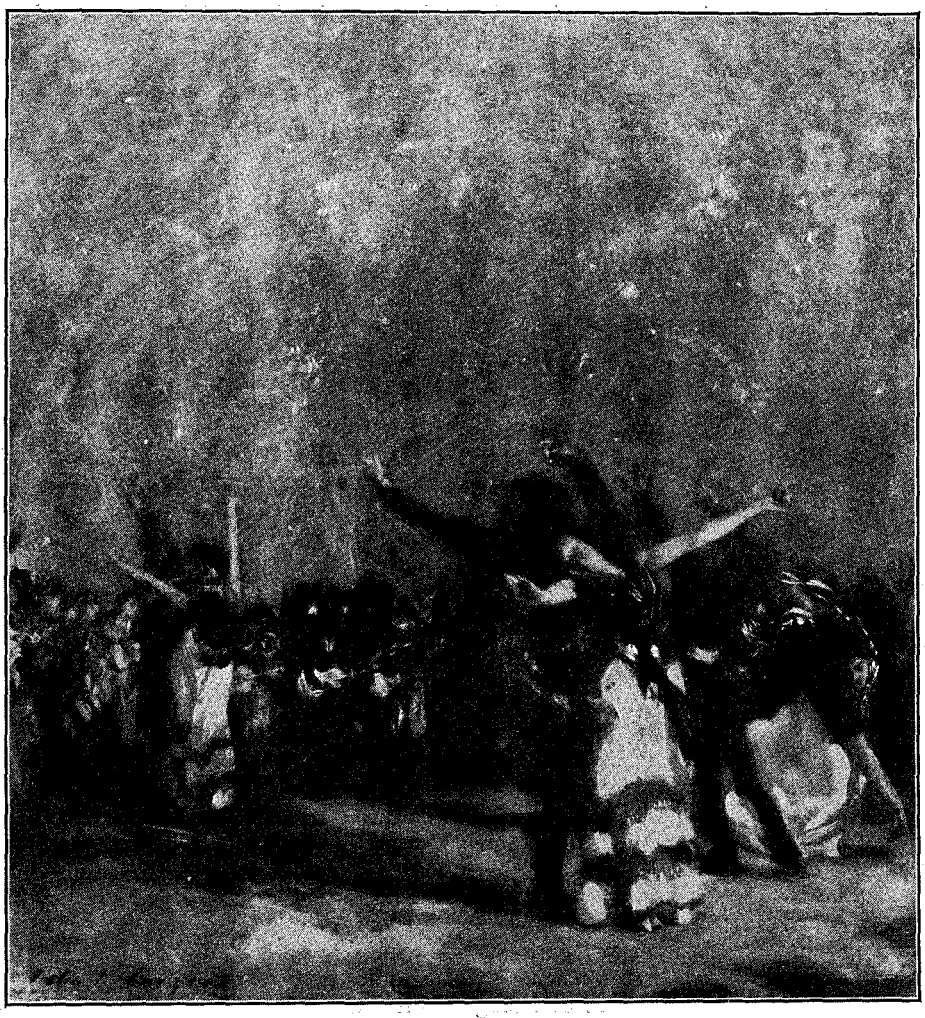

Spanish Dance.
From the painting by Sargent.

Louvre until the painter has been dead ten years. Whistler died twenty years ago, and up to the present moment no sign has been given that the "Mother" is to be translated to the greater museum. It will doubtless be a long time—and for obvious reasons I earnestly hope it may be—before the "Carmencita" reaches its rightful haven. But I don't see how it can with fairness ultimately land in any other place.

* * *

I SPEAK of these things because in any discussion of Sargent it is impossible to ignore the circumstance that it has come to be the fashion in some quarters, especially among artists of a certain type, to disparage his work. Painters who are not worthy to untie his latchet will tell you that "the Sargent trick" is played out. I am a little amused by the conceit in these remarks but more disgusted by their stupidity. There never was such a thing as a Sargent trick. He is as sincere in his virtuosity as Frans Hals was in his. But your big man always finds plenty of little men eager to drag him down to their own level. They crumple up when it comes to the real test, that *ability to paint* to which I have alluded. I remember how Sar-

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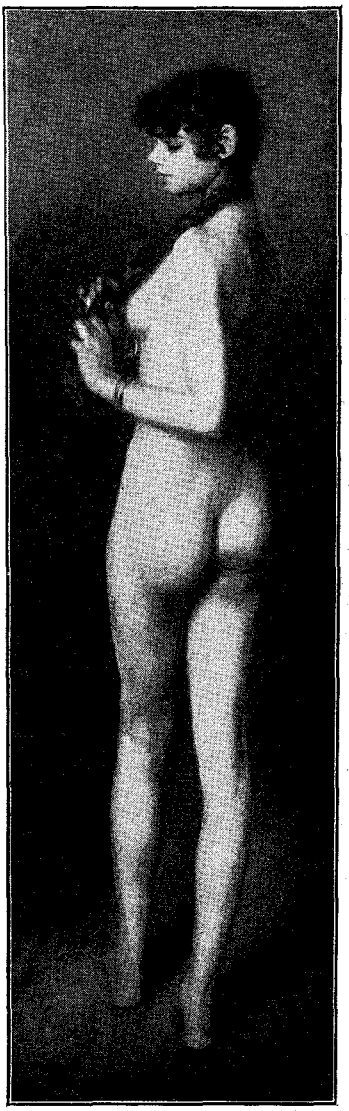
gent's possession of it took one's breath away twenty-five years ago when the Boston Art Students' Association got together its exhibition of forty finished portraits, with a lot of miscellaneous paintings and studies. I remember feeling then the absolute pre-eminence which he affirmed as a technician. There was no one living then who could have made the same magnificent gesture. You could miss divers things. He couldn't even begin to be the colorist that Whistler was at one end of the scale and La Farge was at the other. He hadn't anything like the serenity and grandeur of Puvis or anything like the decorative flair and the *joie de vivre* so characteristic of Besnard. But, O my brethren, how he could paint! Manet used a broader, more clean-cut stroke, was nearer to the directness of Velasquez, but Manet was never surer and never half so dazzling. I wasn't then and I have never since been beguiled by his tonality. There are no transparent depths in Sargent. There is no mystery about him and he is not one of those who allure by the beauty of sheer painted surface. But in the beauty of sheer brush-work he is more than alluring, he is overwhelming.



Javanese Girl.
From the painting by Sargent.

He has the two great resources of the triumphant realist, a seeing eye and a consummate hand. I think this incontrovertible truth would be more widely accepted even than it is if people had a livelier sense of Sargent's relation to life at large. They think of him as a portrait-painter who has also deviated into mural decoration, and they forget how frequently he has interested himself in *genre*. It is significant that in a recent as well as in an old "Who's Who," where the biographical information is presumably supplied by a man himself, there are listed for Sargent, before a few portraits, "Fishing for Oysters at Cancale," "Neapolitan Children Bathing," and "El Jaleo," the Spanish dance picture now in the Boston Museum, which he sent to the Salon early in his career. There are some fascinating studies of Spanish life and types of his in Alma Strettell's "Spanish and Italian Folk-Songs," which was published as far back as 1887. He has been making studies from life, apart from portraiture, ever since he has been painting. In this category of his works belong the early Venetian street scenes and interiors, which to this day gleam sombrely resplendent in the mass of his art. At Chicago, in 1893, he took the student of technique by storm with his Javanese nudes. With oils and with water-colors he has ranged up and down the world in Italy and Spain, in the high Alps and in the Holy Land, and wherever he has gone he has painted superbly what he has seen, not imaginatively, not romantically, not dramatically, but just with a devouring ocular passion for the substance and movement and color of life. He has held a mirror up to nature if ever a painter did so, and to his reflection of it he has added that which gives such a reflection validity,

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a sharp, sophisticated, intensely modern accent of style.

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IT is that modern style of his as well as his technique which it seems to me will sustain his fame as a great painter long after his petty detractors are dust. We hear a good deal first and last about the importance of an alliance between an artist and the spirit of his time. There Sargent is on ground which he has made his own as emphatically as a Titian or a Rembrandt. The prevailing mood in his case is not far to seek. The characteristic impulse of the eighteenth century was cerebral. That of the nineteenth, by the time Sargent came into vogue, was nervous. We are of a lively though prosaic generation. How "high-strung" we may be, and how many subtle implications go with that state, I leave for the psychologist to determine, but without venturing into his troubled waters I think it may safely be asserted that what Sargent has had to portray has been a restless race. I can recall a few placid types on his canvases when I recall the noble "Mrs. Marquand" and the lovely "Lady Agnew," and there are others I might cite. But the conclusively representative Sargent in this matter of modernity is the alert "Mrs. Boit" or the tense "Mrs. Charles Russell." It is this tenseness that is always cropping out. Artists have their special felicities. Van Dyck had a way of painting hands. Sargent has a wonderful way of painting eyes. Look at them and at the mouth in a portrait by him and you will see how he makes his people think and feel, so that their characters are exposed before us.

There is a familiar story which I cannot forbear retelling because it is so closely related to this point. It concerns an invalid sitter whose ailment baffled all the physicians. When Sargent painted her portrait the doctors were at once able to base upon it a correct diagnosis of her trouble. If portrait-painting means interpretation then Sargent is unquestionably its modern master. He is the very antithesis of his most famous compatriot. Said Whistler: "Take the picture of my mother, exhibited at the Royal Academy as an 'Arrangement in Grey and Black.' Now that is what it is. To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait?" With Sargent the public cannot but care. The identity of the portrait is of high importance. It is so because when Sargent concerns himself with it he is himself deeply interested. The bane of portraiture nowadays is the treatment of the sitter as so much still life. A beautiful woman is portrayed with enough feeling for her beauty to assure what is nominally "a good likeness," but there is nothing behind her eyes, and her lips might be those of the Sphinx for all that they tell of her secret. For the rest she is enveloped in a cloud of *frou-frou* obviously put together for the occasion. Sargent's women wear pretty clothes as though they had worn them before. There was a time long ago when he too was betrayed by clothes, putting forth occasionally a full-length that survives chiefly as a master brushman's record of satins and laces, but once he got into his stride he concentrated on that "identity of the portrait" with deadly surgeon-like precision and success. That is why he so easily displaced the fripperies of Carolus-Duran, and that is why he made it utterly impossible for any modern portrait-painter to go back to the conventional mode embodied in, say, Cabanel. That is why, again, he has exerted so wide an influence, despite the persistence of the still-life hypothesis.

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I HAVE never heard of his having any pupils, but you cannot visit any exhibition of contemporary portraiture without feeling that the example of Sargent has passed that way. He is largely responsible, I believe, for what I can only describe as the prevailing realistic spontaneity, steadily combating the "still-lifers." It is in their negation of all things academic that the famous series of the Wertheimer portraits, uniquely received into the National Gallery during the painter's lifetime, constitutes not only a monument to Sargent but one to the art of a period. To note this circumstance is to note incidentally losses as well as gains. When modern portraiture, as so conspicuously represented in Sargent, went in for real-

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ism, spurning the more organized styles in historic precedence, it weakened its hold upon two priceless factors in great portraiture: drawing and design. Look at the "Comtesse D'Haussonville" of Ingres. There is a melancholy interest attaching to its beauty. Design and draftsmanship like that, making of no consequence at all the chronology of the dress, have gone out. They went out long ago, even as far back as the "Waiting for the Carriage," by Alfred Stevens, reproduced here, which is virtually a portrait. In the manipulation of pigment, Stevens was a necromancer, and its splendid blacks and yellows pulled this painting through. But it is "dated" by an old-fashioned costume, as the Ingres is not, and I think this is because it wants in draftsmanship and composition the quality that it has in color and surface.

Mrs. Boit.
From the portrait by Sargent.

Sargent draws skilfully, even powerfully, but not like an angel. He doesn't make you love his line for its own sake. And by the same token while he puts a portrait together with a lot of *maestria* he has never struck me as adding to one's

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anthology of design any of those felicities which stay in the mind forever, new-minted, yet with a dateless perfection about them. In 1900 I went repeatedly to stand with the throng before "The Three Graces," as every one immediately decided to call Sargent's group of Lady Elcho, Mrs. Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane. Of course the world raved about it. The world couldn't help itself, the thing was so brilliant, so captivating in its sweep and splendor. But in the first place there wasn't in the drawing of the heads, arms, and hands an atom of charm, of distinction; and the design, though workmanlike, has never seemed to me to reach the level of the occasion. It was a moment in which to take a leaf from the book of Reynolds, to revert to the academy, and its cult for *ordonnance*. I speak, of course, not of personalities and conventions but of principles, of design for its own sake. Sargent has painted more than one group in portraiture. He did the "Misses Hunter." He did the "Ladies Acheson," in which eighteenth-century influence is suggested. But design in the magnificent eighteenth-century sense never comes off

Waiting for the Carriage.
From the painting by Alfred Stevens.

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The Comtesse D'Haussonville.
From the portrait by Ingres at the Château de Coppet.

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in his work. Design as such has simply not been vouchsafed unto him. If it had, then the mural decorations in Boston would long ago have detached themselves from the debatable ground on which they indubitably remain.

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PERHAPS the gift would have proved incompatible with the modernity which has so much to do with Sargent's vital force. He couldn't paint a Sir Joshua if he would, what time he is trafficking in the tenseness on which I have already paused. Grant him that—and you've got to grant it to him as part of the air he breathes—and presently you perceive that such design as he has partakes of its nervous, piquant nature. Take in illustration the celebrated "Mrs. Meyer and her Children," a glittering *tour de force*. That is of the very essence of its period. The lady on her sofa, the two children behind her, seem almost to slide toward you from the decorative wall in the background. The whole affair is "posed" with an intentional elegance that only needed to be a little more strained to recall what is "smart" in Helleu or bizarre in Boldini. Only in this portrait you are brought back to that matter which I mentioned at the outset, Sargent's imperial command over his instruments. What does it matter if the grand style eludes him? He is gloriously at one with his modern inspiration, with the tenseness that belongs to his sitters, and finding for his latter-day material a latter-day unity he hits it all off with incomparable bravura. That was one of the portraits that left me breathless in Boston in 1899, and I can see it yet; in memory I am still stirred by its gorgeously authoritative touch. Never were velvets and lighter stuffs more magically handled. The pearls around Mrs. Meyer's throat and those running down to the hem of her dress were flicked in with a kind of sublime dexterity. Legends of Sargent's procedure point to a good deal of deliberation in his art, sometimes involving innumerable sittings, and, for all I know, he may have lingered over those pearls with the thoughtfulness we associate with Vermeer. But his is emphatically the art which conceals art. However he may have meditated over them, Mrs. Meyer's pearls make us feel that his brush must have fairly danced. His art is the apotheosis of workmanship, yet you cannot see how the wheels go round. A great painter? There is only one word to explain technical powers like his, the word "genius." By virtue of the operation of that element in his interpretation of modern life, and in his brush-work, he is the greatest painter living. That is why I have shamelessly ventured to pay the foregoing tribute to an exhibition which I have not seen.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 19.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Drift of Events on Home and Foreign Markets

DOMINANT INFLUENCE OF POLITICS—WATCHING AMERICAN TRADE RETURNS—THE COMMOTION IN THE FOREIGN EXCHANGES

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THUS far in 1924 the course of events has exemplified the principle, well known from experience but habitually ignored around New Year's Day, that what Wall Street calls the "turn of the year" does not mark the opening of a new and different financial chapter. For the most part events which have actually happened have represented, as they usually do at this time of year, continuance of tendencies visible three or four months ago—modified on the one hand by the fact that trade activity, which always reaches its climax in the late autumn, will have diminished; on the other hand by the fact that the consequently reduced demand for credit in the business community will have occasioned increase in surplus bank reserves and decline of money rates.

Different Viewpoints on the Markets

This does not mean that the speculative markets have ceased to move. On the contrary, their activities have been continuous since the end of 1923; at times becoming spectacular. In so far as they have expressed the financial community's mood, its expectations or hopes or fears, some striking contrasts have been presented. Hopefulness over the outlook in America and apprehension over the outlook in Europe, complete alternation of feeling over such matters as the grain trade outlook, or the problem of supply, demand, and prices in the cotton trade, has stirred up animated discussion on the markets and caused exceptionally wide swing of prices.

TO some extent, the facts on which this display of speculative sentiment was based were exaggerated. When Wall Street ascribed the rising stock market of January to a "boom in trade," it was talking of what it hoped for, not of what it saw. Nevertheless, there were many highly favorable indications in the financial and industrial movement. If production of steel and iron, for instance, did not recover with the swiftness of a year ago, when every month from December to May reported rapid increase, at least the progressive monthly reduction since last May had been arrested. Weekly loadings of railway freight began the year with a decrease from January, 1923, but they presently began to show an increase as compared even with that exceptionally active transportation season.

Industrial and Financial Weather Signs

That is to say, visible evidence of a sound and normal business situation—of a condition of things in which, if there was no "boom" there was equally no "reaction"—continued to influence financial sentiment, and of this the markets naturally took account. If the financial imagination was not greatly aroused by the state of trade, it found a stimulus in the banking position, which was very remarkable. A year ago the gold in our twelve Federal Reserve banks increased $35,000,000 during January, the outstanding note circulation decreased $260,000,000, and this, with the usual reduction of loans and deposits after the year-end, carried the reserve percentage against loan and deposit liabilities from 72⅛ to 76⅞.

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In January of the present year, gold reserves increased $71,000,000, note circulation was reduced $318,000,000, and the "reserve ratio" rose from 73⅓ per cent to 81⅓; a percentage which was actually the highest since the month when we went to war with Germany. As a measure of potential credit facilities, it meant much more than the ratio of 1917; because the actual cash reserve in 1917 was only one-third of what it was this year, so that the same ratio of reserves to note and deposit liabilities which left, in the war year, an excess of only $559,000,000 over the legally required percentage, left in 1924 a surplus of $1,750,000,000.

Political and Financial Influences

ALONG with this extraordinary banking and credit situation, the political horizon seemed to clear. The tentative "Presidential booms" of professional-agitator candidates met repeated rebuffs at the primaries. Henry Ford, over whose somewhat amusing candidacy Washington had been indulging in excited conjecture, settled that problem by declaring for President Coolidge's nomination. Coolidge himself appeared, even to doubting Wall Street, to be managing his own preliminary campaign with extraordinary shrewdness.

His conservative attitude on public questions seemed to be making unexpectedly favorable impression on the country at large, which responded also to Secretary Mellon's tax-reduction plan with a spontaneous enthusiasm which oddly disconcerted political oracles who had been sure that any proposal for reducing taxes on the rich would invite popular odium. What would be the political consequences of the unhappy and sordid scandal over the government oil leases and the "Teapot Dome," nobody knew. But to the financial mind, the political outlook was completely changed from the very recent days when Wall Street was being warned of a "radical sweep," an electoral contest pivoting on denunciation of railroads and Federal Reserve, or a "farmers' inflation movement."

THESE aspects of the financial and political situation found natural reflection in an improving stock market. Both the advance of investment securities and the abundance of money offered in Wall Street were distinctly promoted by yet another influence; the sudden transfer of European capital from London and Paris to New York. Such a movement has not in the past been at all unusual, on occasions when the American position was marked by rapid industrial and financial recovery. In years such as 1912, 1909, 1899, 1895, and 1879, the inflow of foreign capital was described exactly as increased purchases on our Stock Exchange by American capitalists would have been described—as evidence of a better outlook in American finance. It was always accompanied in those earlier years by fall of foreign-exchange rates, "movement of sterling in our favor." A violent decline of exchange on London occurred at the opening of the present year, as it did in the prewar years which I have mentioned.

The "Flight of Capital" from Europe

But the circumstances, both of this year's inflow of European capital and of this year's break in European exchange rates, were very different from those of prewar movements. No one described January's collapse in exchange rates on London and Paris as primarily a sign of American prosperity. Even on Wall Street it was taken as evidence that things must be going wrong with Europe.

IT is now possible, in retrospect, to see why this view should have prevailed. Against the sterling market there had operated, as I have heretofore had occasion to point out, a long succession of unsettling influences: strain on the Anglo-French Entente, Lord Curzon's clumsy diplomacy, loose-tongued talk of "inflation" by irresponsible juniors in the Ministry, Baldwin's inexplicable political adventure into a general election with the unpopular policy of a protective tariff, and, finally, the electoral results of December 6, which transformed a previous Conservative House of Commons majority of 132 over Liberal and Labor membership combined into a minority of 74, with none of the three parties holding a majority but with the Labor party second in representation.

Markets and British Labor Ministry

(Financial Situation, continued on page 58)

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From a drawing by Clarence Rowe.

EVERY ONE BEGAN TO LOOK AT ME, AND THEN I UNDERSTOOD THAT I WAS THE SUBJECT OF THIS BADINAGE.

—"The Apollo d'Oro," page 400.

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